THE EPISTLES AND ART OF POETRY OF *HORACE.*

In LATIN and ENGLISH.

WITH

Critical NOTES collected from his beſt Latin and French COMMENTATORS.

Primùm ego me illorum, dederim quibus eſſe poetis,
Excerpam numero; neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis — SAT. 4. L. 1.

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Q. Horatii Flacci

EPISTOLÆ.

THE

EPISTLES

OF

HORACE.

VOL. IV.

Q. Horatii Flacci EPISTOLARUM LIBER PRIMUS.

Epistola I. *Ad* Mæcenatem.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camenâ,
Spectatum satis, & donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

Non

It may be worth observing, that the Disquietude of Mankind in their several Conditions of Life, and their Inconstancy of Temper, is the Subject of our Author's first Ode, Satire, and Epistle, as if all our Errours, and all his Philosophy, rose from the same Principle. He now declares, that the gay Amusements of Pleasure and Poetry, which entertained his Youth, shall give place to Cares more useful; that he has no other Passion, but for Philosophy, which alone can form our Manners, and instruct us how to find out Truth; that this only can make us happy, by making us virtuous; that all other Studies are an idle Speculation, or a barren Curiosity, and that whatever hinders his Progress in a Science so necessary to all Mankind, is become insupportable to him. In this Epistle he would convince us, that Happiness does not arise from our Possession of large Fortunes, and considerable Employments; but that the Levity of our Hearts, which hurries us from one Object to another, hinders us from perceiving, it consists in Virtue only.

Vers. 1. *Primâ dicte mihi.*] The Poet, says Torrentius, opens his Epistles with an Address to Mæcenas in Imitation of the Invocations to Jupiter and other Gods. Thus Theocritus, Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμισθα καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε Μῶσαι, and Virgil, *A te principium, tibi*

THE FIRST BOOK FO THE EPISTLES of *HORACE.*

EPISTLE I. *To* MÆCENAS.

O Thou, to whom the Muſe firſt tun'd her Lyre,
Whoſe Friendſhip ſhall her lateſt Song inſpire,
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would You thus engage
Your Bard, diſmiſt with Honour from the Stage,
Again to venture in the Liſts of Fame,
His Youth, his Genius, now no more the ſame?

Secure

tibi deſinet: And in a late Parody by Mr. Pope, *With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end.*

2. *Donatum rude.*] The Gladiators, in learning their Exerciſes, played with wooden Swords, called *rudes*, as we uſe Foils in Fencing-Schools. When they had ſerved three Years, they received their Diſmiſſion; or for any uncommon Proof of Courage and Dexterity they were ſometimes immediately diſmiſſed by the People, and afterwards wore the *Rudis*, as a Mark of their Freedom. They could not again be compelled to fight, but were uſually purchaſed at a large Expence, if ever they appeared on the Stage. TORR.

3. *Antiquo includere ludo.*] Horace began to write about four and twenty Years of Age, and he is now paſt fifty, which he expreſſes by *antiquo ludo*, in Alluſion to the Schools, where the Gladiators performed their Exerciſes. *Mens* may be underſtood either for a poetical Genius, or an Inclination to Poetry. SAN. DAC.

Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. Veianius, armis
Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.
Eſt mihi, purgatam crebrò qui perſonet aurem:
Solve ſeneſcentem maturè ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque & verſus & cætera ludicra pono:
Quid verum atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum:
Condo & compono, quæ mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges, quo me duce, quo Lare tuter;
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.

Nunc

5. *Armis Herculis ad poſtem fixis.*] After Hercules had wandered through the World deſtroying Monſters, he was received by Greece and Italy among the Gods, who preſided over athletic Exerciſes. There was generally a Temple of this God near their Amphitheatres, in which the Ceremonies of receiving a new Gladiator into the Company were performed. From hence the Cuſtom of conſecrating their Arms to Hercules.

6. *Extremâ toties exoret arenâ.*] Horace would authoriſe his Reſolution of writing no more, by the Example of Vejanius, who having often fought with Succeſs, was now retired into the Country, determined never to expoſe himſelf on the Stage again. If a Gladiator, who had obtained his Diſchage, ever engaged a ſecond Time, he was obliged to have a ſecond Diſmiſſion, and going to the End of the Stage, *extrema arena*, implored the People to give him his Freedom. CRUQ.

10. *Nunc itaque & verſus.*] A prompt and chearful Obedience is an Effect of the *purgata auris*, an Ear, which hears diſtinctly. When the Soul is pure and diſengaged from Paſſion, it hears with Eaſe the Voice of Reaſon, and with Chearfulneſs obeys its Commands. DAC.

Yet Mr. Sanadon obſerves, that our Poet had more than once made this Reſolution, and broken it as often. Almoſt all Rhimers do the ſame, and theſe poetical Oaths are a Kind of Language, which always ſuppoſes a Right of being perjured.

Secure in his Retreat Vejanius lies,
Hangs up his Arms, nor courts the doubtful Prize;
Wiſely reſolv'd to tempt his Fate no more,
Or the light Croud for his Diſcharge implore.
The Voice of Reaſon cries with piercing Force,
Looſe from the rapid Car your aged Horſe,
Leſt in the Race derided, left behind,
He drag his jaded Limbs, and burſt his Wind.
Then farewel all th' Amuſements of my Youth,
Farewel to Verſes, for the Search of Truth
And moral Decency hath fill'd my Breaſt,
Hath every Thought, and Faculty poſſeſt;
And now I form my Philoſophic Lore,
For all my future Life a treaſur'd Store.
You aſk, perhaps, what Sect, what Chief I own;
I'm of all Sects, but blindly ſworn to none;
For as the Tempeſt drives I ſhape my Way,
Now active plunge into the World's wide Sea:

Now

11. *Verum atque decens.*] To unite theſe two Parts is the Perfection of Philoſophy. The firſt, when alone, fills the Mind with a barren, abſtracted Knowledge. The ſecond, renders us Men, by teaching us to regulate our Actions, and preſerve whatever are called Decencies in Life. SAN.

14. *Nullius addictus*, &c.] *Addicti* were properly thoſe Debtors, whom the Prætor adjudged to their Creditors, who might diſpoſe of them as they pleaſed. But here the Poet alludes to Soldiers, who took the military Oath at the Time they were enliſted. We have a pleaſant Uſe of the Word in Shakeſpeare. *Leave off all thin Potations*, ſays Falſtaffe, *and* addict *thyſelf unto Sack.*

15. *Tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.*] A Philoſopher is a citizen of the World, and ſhould be prepared, like a Mariner in a Tempeſt, to live in every Country to which the Storm ſhall drive him, as if he were naturalized there. Horace had, perhaps, in his View a Paſſage of Cicero, who tells us, the Philoſophers ſtuck to the Sect into which they were driven, as it were by Violence of a Tempeſt, as ſhip-

Nunc agilis fio, & merſor civilibus undis ;
Nunc mihi res, non me rebus ſubjungere conor,
Virtutis veræ cuſtos, rigiduſque ſatelles ;
Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim præcepta relabor.
Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica, dieſque
Lenta videtur opus debentibus ; ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum ;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod
Æquè pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus æquè ;
Æquè neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit.

Reſtat,

wrecked Mariners do to a Rock on which they are thrown. But indeed almoſt all People, who are enliſted in a Profeſſion or a Party, are equally tenacious of their Principles. Mr. Sanadon underſtands by *Tempeſtas* the Opportunities, Hazards, and Conſequences of our Actions.

16. *Nunc agilis fio*, &c.] In the common Arrangement of theſe Lines, the third but ill agrees with the firſt, or the ſecond with the fourth. How ſhall we reconcile that Flexibility of Spirit, neceſſary for dexterouſly managing our Affairs, with the Stiffneſs of a rude and auſtere Virtue? What can be more oppoſite to the Character of Ariſtippus, pliant and ſupple even to Meanneſs, than a Stoical Indepandance of Mind, which maſters and ſubdues the Buſineſs of the World? By this new Arrangement the Difficulties, which perplexed the Commentators, diſappear: There is no longer any Obſcurity in the Thoughts, or Confuſion in the Characters. SAN.

18. *Virtutis veræ cuſtos.*] The Virtue of the Stoics, whom our Author here means, was real; nor did any other School give more excellent Leſſons: but, in Practice, they mixed ſuch an unreaſonable Severity of Manners, as made them unfit for the common Affairs of Life, that frequently require a certain Temper and Addreſs, of which they were incapable. In general, we ſhall better ſucceed by an eaſy Compliance with any uncommon Occurrences, than by a rigid Oppoſition to them. SAN.

19. *Nunc in Ariſtippi.*] This naturally follows the three preceding Lines. Horace could not long be reconciled to the two former Syſtems; one required too much Action; the other too much Severity; and neither of them was agreeable to his Inclination. The Morals

Now Virtue's Precepts rigidly defend,
Nor to the World——the World to me ſhall bend:
Then make a looſer Moraliſt my Guide,
And to a School leſs rigid ſmoothly glide.
As Night ſeems tedious to th' expecting Youth,
Whoſe Fair-one breaks her Aſſignation-Truth;
As to a Slave appears the lengthen'd Day,
Who owes his Taſk——for he receiv'd his Pay;
As, when the Guardian Mother's too ſevere,
Impatient Minors waſte their laſt, long Year;
So ſadly ſlow the Time ungrateful flows,
Which breaks th' important Syſtems I propoſe;
Syſtems, whoſe uſeful Precepts might engage
Both rich and Poor; both Infancy and Age;

Morals of Ariſtippus, who founded the Epicurean Sect, were more to his Taſte; but as this Philoſophy was very ſeverely treated by the Stoics, and Cynics, the Poet pleaſantly ſays, he was obliged, with Privacy, *furtim*, to follow its Doctrines. SAN.

Horace by the Word, *furtim*, might probably mean, that he did not paſs, at once, from the Sentiments of *Zeno* to thoſe of Ariſtippus, as it were from one Extreme to another, but by Degrees, and inſenſibly. DAC.

20. *Ut nox longa*, &c.] Nothing can give us an higher Idea of that Ardour, which our Author felt for Philoſophy, than by comparing it to an Impatience, with which a Lover expects his Miſtreſs at her midnight Aſſignation: An Impatience which he himſelf had experienced. Beſides, the Compariſon appears more ſtrong, and is an higher Honour to Philoſophy, thus drawn from Vice, and employed in the Cauſe of Virtue. DAC.

21. *Dieſque lenta videtur.*] The common Editions, by reading *longa*, have loſt that beautiful Variety of Epithets, with which Horace hath enlivened his Language. *Nox longa, dies lenta, annus piger, tarda tempora. Lenta* was found in an old Manuſcript by Barthius, and has been received into the Text by Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon.

Opus debentibus.] Not only Hirelings, but Perſons, who work for Wages, which they have already received. We call this, in an homely Proverb, *working for a dead Horſe.*

Reſtat, ut his ego me ipſe regam ſolerque elementis.
Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi :
Neu, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Eſt quadam prodire tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
Fervet avaritiâ, miſeroque cupidine pectus ?
Sunt verba ac voces, quibus hunc lenire laborem
Poſſis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes ? ſunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, amator ;
Nemo adeo ferus eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modò culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

Virtus

27. *Elementis.*] The Remainder of this Epiſtle contains what the Poet calls the firſt Principles and Elements of Wiſdom, by which he deſigns to regulate his future Life, and comfort himſelf for not having had Leiſure to form a more complete and perfect Syſtem of Morality. Such are, *You cannot ſee like Lynceus : You have not the Limbs of Glycon : Yet every Step to Virtue*, &c. Dac.

30. *Invicti membra Glyconis.*] The Commentators tell us, from Diogenes Laertius, that Glycon was a Philoſopher, who had made himſelf famous by his Dexterity and Skill in Athletic Exerciſes. But more probably the Poet alluded to a Statue, which is ſtill preſerved in Rome, and of which Montfaucon ſpeaks thus. Hercules of Farneſe, the fineſt of all, is a Maſter-piece of Art. It is the Performance of Glycon the Athenian, who hath immortalized his Name, by putting it at the Bottom of this admirable Statue.

33. *Fervet avaritiâ.*] The Difference between Avarice, and a Deſire of increaſing our Wealth, is here ſtrongly marked. *Avaritia, miſeroque cupidine.* The former dares not enjoy what it poſſeſſes : the latter ardently wiſhes for whatever ſeems to gratify its Deſires. San.

37. *Ter pure lecto.*] Although the Numbers ten and ſeven had a myſterious Reverence paid to them by the Ancients, yet the Number

Three

But meaner Precepts now my Life muſt rule,
Theſe, the firſt Principles of Wiſdom's School.
What though you cannot hope for Eagle's Eyes,
Will you a lenient, ſtrengthening Salve deſpiſe?
Though matchleſs Glycon's Limbs You cannot gain,
Will you not cure the Gout's decrepid Pain?
Though of exact Perfection you deſpair,
Yet every Step to Virtue's worth your Care.
Even while You fear to uſe your preſent Store,
Yet glows your Boſom with a Luſt of more?
The Power of Words, and ſoothing Sounds appeaſe
The raging Pain, and leſſen the Diſeaſe.
Is Fame your Paſſion? Wiſdom's powerful Charm,
If thrice read over, ſhall its Force diſarm.
The Slave to Envy, Anger, Wine or Love,
The Wretch of Sloth, its Excellence ſhall prove:
Fierceneſs itſelf ſhall bear its Rage away,
When liſtening calmly to th' inſtructive Lay.

Three ſeems to have been of more ſolemn Superſtition. Heaven, Earth, and Hell; the Myſteries of Religion; the Affairs of Politics; and the Actions of Morality, were governed by it. Inſtead of a thouſand Proofs let this one be ſufficient. *Ejuſdem cauſa ludi magni voti trecentis triginta tribus millibus trecentis triginta tribus triente.* For the ſame Reaſon they vowed the great Games to Jupiter; in which was to be expended a Sum of three hundred thirty-three thouſand three hundred thirty-three pieces, and one Third of Braſs.

Pure.] *With Purity of Mind.* Books of Morality are Works conſecrated to Virtue, and ought not to be touched by profane Hands. This Idea furniſhed Horace with the Terms *piacula* and *pure*, which are taken from Religion. Before they approach theſe Myſteries, they ſhould be obliged to purify themſelves. Thus the Word *recreare* is borrowed from Magic and Medicine (which were uſually practiſed by the ſame Profeſſors) and properly ſignifies, *to reſtore to Life*, ἀναζώχειν. SAN. DAC.

40. *Culturæ.*] Philoſophy, ſaith Cicero, is the Culture of the Mind; it tears up our Vices by the Roots; it prepares the Soul to receive the Seed of Virtue, and ſows whatever will produce the moſt plentiful Harveſt.

Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; & ſapientia prima,
Stultitiâ caruiſſe. Vides, quæ maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi capitiſque labore?
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes;
Ne cures ea, quæ ſtultè miraris & optas,
Diſcere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis?
Quis circùm pagos & circùm compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmæ?
Vilius eſt argentum auro, virtutibus aurum.
O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primùm;

Virtus

41. *Virtus eſt, vitium fugere.*] This Definition is a little ſoftened in the Tranſlation, for indeed our Flight from Vice is only a negative Virtue; yet, with Regard to the World in general, we ſhould be contented to eſteem Mankind as virtuous, if they be not really vicious. In the ſame Manner we may compute in our Accounts of Wiſdom and Folly.

45. *Curris mercator ad Indos*] Before the Reduction of Ægypt, and Arabia, the Paſſage to India was unknown to the Romans. Strabo tells us, that while Ælius Gallus governed Ægypt, in the Year 727, a Fleet of twenty-ſix Merchantmen ſet ſail from the Red Sea, for India. The Romans, attentive to their Intereſts; flattered by an immenſe Profit ariſing from this Trade, and allured by the rich and beautiful Merchandiſe, which it brought home, applied themſelves earneſtly to this Commerce, from whence the Poet reproaches them with exceſſive Covetouſneſs. SAN.

47. *Ne cures ea, &c.*] The Conſtruction, which hath ſome Difficulty, ſhould be formed in this manner: *Non vis diſcere & audire, & meliori credere, ne cures, id eſt, contemnas ea, quæ ſtulte miraris & optas.* BOND.

49. *Quis circùm pagos.*] The Man, who for trivial and uncertain Profit, expoſes himſelf to great and real Dangers, is here compared to a Gladiator, who deſperately hazards his Life on a Country-ſtage for worthleſs Applauſe, and an inconſiderable Prize. But his Folly appears in a ſtronger Light, if he might have Hopes, *cui ſpes*, and even an Aſſurance, *conditio*, of gaining the Crown at the Olympic

Even in our Flight from Vice ſome Virtue lies,
And free from Folly, we to Wiſdom riſe.
A little Fortune, and the foul Diſgrace,
To urge in vain your Intereſt for a Place;
Theſe are the Ills you ſhun with deepeſt Dread;
With how much Labour both of Heart and Head?
To diſtant Climes, that burn with other Suns,
Through Seas, and Rocks, th' undaunted Merchant runs
In ſearch of Wealth, yet heedleſs to attend
To the calm Lectures of ſome wiſer Friend,
Who bids him ſcorn, what now he moſt deſires,
And with an Idiot's Ignorance admires.
What ſtroling Gladiator would engage
For vile Applauſe to mount a Country-Stage,
Who at th' Olympic Games could gain Renown,
And without Danger bear away the Crown?
Silver to Gold, we own, muſt yield the Prize,
And Gold to Virtue; louder Folly cries,
Ye Sons of Rome, let Money firſt be ſought;
Virtue is only worth a ſecond Thought.

pic Games, without Danger or Labour, *ſine pulvere.* This laſt is a figurative Expreſſion taken from the Sand, with which the Stage was covered. Thus, in the moral World, we purſue, with Difficulty and Danger, the Crown, which Wiſdom offers to us, without Hazard or Expence.

50. *Magna coronari Olympia.*] Horace, in Imitation of Pindar, calls the Olympic Games, *magna*, great, becauſe they were the moſt famous of all that were celebrated in Greece. *Coronari Olympia* may be conſidered, as a Greek Phraſe, or we may underſtand *inter*, or *ad*. *Vincere Olympia* is found in Ennius, and *Qui Pythia, Iſthmia, Nemea, Olympia vicit,* in Feſtus. TORR.

53. *O cives, quærenda pecunia.*] The Poet ſuppoſes Wiſdom, in Perſon, crying out, that Virtue is preferable to Money; but Folly, and her Croud of Votaries, are better heard, when they declare, that when we have made our Fortune, we may then endeavour to be virtuous. DAC.

Virtus poſt nummos: hæc Janus ſummus ab imo
Prodocet; hæc recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque.
Eſt animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua fideſque;
Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint,
Plebs eris. At pueri ludentes: Rex eris, aiunt,
Si rectè facies. Hic murus aëneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi, nullâ palleſcere culpâ.
Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum
Nenia, quæ regnum rectè facientibus offert,
Et maribus Curiis, & decantata Camillis?
Iſne tibi meliùs ſuadet, qui, rem facias; rem
Si poſſis rectè; ſi non, quocunque modo rem;

Ut

54. *Janus ſummus ab imo.*] The Latins ſometimes gave the Name of *Janus* to thoſe grand Arcades, which croſſed their Streets, like triumphal Arches, and under which they walked. They had many of this Kind in the different Streets of Rome, but we are expreſsly told by Livy, that there were three in the Forum. *Forum porticibus taberniſque claudendum, & Janos tres faciendos locavere.* Here the Bankers, Merchants, and Uſurers, had their Shops. San.

55. *Prodocet.*] We do not find this Word in any other Author. Some Editions read *perdocet.*

56. *Eſt animus tibi.*] The Line, *Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos, tabulamque lacerto,* which in the common Editions appears next to—— *Juvenes dictata ſeneſque,* is juſtly ſuſpected by Mr. Cuningham, and thrown out of the Text by Mr. Sanadon. Horace hath already uſed it, and with much Propriety, in the ſixth Satire of the firſt Book. It is there ſpoken of Schoolboys, who carry their Satchels on their Arms to School; but cannot juſtly be applied to Bankers, or Merchants in their Shops. The Word *dictata* probably occaſioned the Miſtake, which does not neceſſarily ſignify, the Precepts dictated by Maſters to their Scholars. The Poet would only ſay, that old People received theſe Maxims from their Fathers, which are repeated by them to their Children. Another Alteration, equally manifeſt, is in the Tranſpoſition of the Lines in this Sentence, by putting *Eſt animus tibi* before *ſed quadringentis.* They are here reſtored to their proper Place, according to the neceſſary Senſe of the Paſſage, on the Authority of four Manuſcripts and two late Editions. *Sed, deſint,* and *eſt,* inſtead of *ſi, deſunt,* and *et,* are all equally well ſupported.

This Maxim echoes through the Banker's Street,
While Young and Old, the pleaſing Strain repeat:
For though you boaſt a larger Fund of Senſe,
Untainted Morals, Honour, Eloquence,
Yet want a little of the Sum, that buys
The titled Honour, and you ne'er ſhall riſe
Above the Croud: yet Boys, at play, proclaim,
I F you do well, be Monarch of the Game.
Be this thy brazen Bulwark of Defence,
Still to preſerve thy conſcious Innocence,
Nor e'er turn pale with Guilt. But prithee tell,
Shall Otho's Law the Children's Song excel?
The Sons of ancient Rome firſt ſung the Strain,
Which bids the Wiſe, the Brave, the Virtuous reign.
My Friend, get Money; get a large Eſtate,
By honeſt Means; but get, at any Rate,

That

58. *Plebs eris.*] Horace here ſpeaks according to the Law of Roſcius Otho, by which a Roman Knight was to be poſſeſſed of four hundred thouſand Seſterces (about 3125 *l.* of our Money) and a Senator, of eight hundred thouſand. Auguſtus afterwards raiſed the Sum to twelve hundred thouſand. A Seſterce is here computed at one Penny, Half-penny, Farthing, Half-farthing of our Money.

At pueri ludentes.] We cannot juſtly ſay what this Game was. Torrentius, with much Probability, conjectures, that it was the Urania of the Greeks, in which a Ball was thrown into the Air, and the Boy, who ſtruck it oftenеſt before it fell to the Ground, was called King of the Game.

Nothing is more proper, ſays Mr. Dacier, to confound the Politics of Men, than the reaſoning of Children in their Sports. It hath been uſed by Socrates with much Addreſs; but to ſhew the Force and Wiſdom of this kind of Reaſoning in its ſtrongeſt Light, our Saviour hath not diſdained to uſe it in that beautiful Paſſage in the eleventh Chapter of St. *Matthew*, where he rebukes the Perverſeneſs of the Jews by a Compariſon taken from Children, ſitting in the Market, and calling unto their Fellows, ſaying, *We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; We have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.*

Ut propiùs ſpectes lacrymoſa poemata Pupî :
An qui Fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ
Liberum & erectum præſens hortatur & aptat ?
Quòd ſi me populus Romanus fortè roget, cur
Non, ut porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar îſdem,
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipſe vel odit :
Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam : Quia me veſtigia terrent
Omnia te adversùm ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
Bellua multorum eſt capitum ; nam quid ſequar, aut quem ?
Pars hominum geſtit conducere publica : ſunt qui
Cruſtis ac pomis viduas venantur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant :

Multis

66. *Lacrymoſa poemata Pupî.*] Mr. Dacier underſtands this Epithet in a ſatirical, ironical Senſe ; *piteous, lamentable Tragedies.* But an Epitaph, written by Pupius himſelf, will vindicate the Character of his Plays.

Flebunt amici & bene noti mortem meam,
Nam populus, me vivo, lacrymatus eſt ſatis.

68. *Præſens hortatur & aptat.*] *Aptat te reſponſare fortunæ* ; *aptat te certamini cum fortuna.* This Reading appears in more than ten Manuſcripts. A wiſe and faithful Friend is not contented to exhort us to Virtue, *hortatur*, but forms and faſhions us to the Practice of it, *aptat*. The Word *præſens*, marks the Vigilance and Aſſiduity of a Friend, who never leaves us, and is always ready to aſſiſt us. CRUQ. SAN.

70. *Non, ut porticibus, &c.*] A wiſe Man, in whatever Country, is a good Citizen and a good Subject : He obſerves the Laws and Duties of Society, which Reaſon preſcribes ; but his Manner of Thinking depends not on the Air he breathes ; the Perſons, with whom he converſes, nor the Uſages eſtabliſhed in any particular Country. Horace, among the Crouds of Rome, like Reynard among the Beaſts of the Foreſt, obſerves the different Roads, that are taken by Mankind in their Purſuit of Riches and Employments, to which they ſacrificed their Repoſe, their Honour, and their Conſcience ; Then wiſely concludes, in Oppoſition to the vulgar Opinion, that Virtue alone can render us truly happy. SAN.

That You may riſe diſtinguiſh'd in the Pit,
And view the weeping Scenes that Pupius writ.
But is He not a Friend of nobler Kind,
Who wiſely faſhions, and informs thy Mind,
To anſwer, with a Soul erect and brave,
To Fortune's Pride, and ſcorn to be her Slave?
But ſhould the People aſk me, while I uſe
The public Converſe, wherefore I refuſe
To join the public Judgement, and approve,
Or fly whatever they diſlike, or love;
Mine be the Anſwer prudent Reynard made
To the ſick Lion——Truly I'm afraid,
When I behold the Steps, that to thy Den
Look forward all, but none return again.
But what a many-headed Beaſt is Rome?
For what Opinion ſhall I chuſe, or whom?
Some joy the public Revenues to farm;
By Preſents ſome the ravening Widow charm;
Others their Nets for dying Dotards lay,
And make the childleſs Batchelor their Prey;

By

75. *Bellua multorum eſt capitum.*] The Poet hath already ſhewn the Danger of imitating the People; he now aſſerts that it is equal Folly, becauſe their Inconſtancy perpetually hurries them from the Purſuit of one Object to another. He no longer addreſſes himſelf to the People, from whence, through a Careleſſneſs of Attention, the common Editions read *Bellua es.* BENT. CUN.

76. *Conducere publica.*] We muſt underſtand *vectigalia* or *tributa.* It is amazing to examine the public Revenues of the Roman Empire; we are ſoon loſt in the Account, and know not what to believe. They, who have made the moſt exact Computations, ſhew, that the Capitation of the Gauls alone, ſuppoſing them fifteen Millions of Men, amounted to an immenſe Sum. Then how can we conceive the Total produced by Rome, Italy, and all the Provinces of her Empire? The Receipt of theſe Revenues was farmed to Perſons called *publicani.*

Multis occulto creſcit res fœnore. Verùm
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?
Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit dives; lacus & mare ſentit amorem
Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi vitioſa libido
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta Teanum
Tolletis, fabri. Lectus genialis in aulâ eſt?
Nîl ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vitâ:
Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid pauper? ride. Mutat cœnacula, lectos,
Balnea, tonſores; conducto navigio æquè
Nauſeat ac locuples, ducit quem priva triremis.

Si

80. *Eſto, aliis alios, &c.*] It were of little Conſequence, that Mankind differed from each other, if they could agree with themſelves. We might believe they had found the Way to Happineſs, if they would always continue in it. But how can they direct us with Certainty, who are not determined themſelves?

84. *Vitioſa libido fecerit auſpicium.*] The vicious and corrupted Paſſions of his Heart are of ſacred, religious Authority to this Man of Wealth. He hath founded a magnificent Palace on the Baian Shore; his Fancy changes, and he orders the Builders to Teanum, a large and populous City of Campania. The Commentators have neglected to remark, that Teanum, in Oppoſition to his firſt Situation, is an inland Town; yet in this Senſe alone the Force and Spirit of the Paſſage appear.

86. *Lectus genialis in aulâ.*] The nuptial Bed was conſecrated to Genius, the God of Nature, who preſided over the Birth of Human Kind. It was placed in the *Aula*, or *Atrium*, the Hall, where the Statues of the Anceſtors of the Family were ranged, and where the Women generally ſat to let the Public be Witneſſes of their domeſtic Induſtry. *Matres-familias veſtræ in atriis operantur domorum, induſtrias teſtificantes ſuas.* ARNOBIUS.

90. *Quid pauper?*] It might well ſeem, that this Inconſiſtency, this wandering of Spirit, might be the peculiar Folly of the Rich.

But

By dark Extortion ſome their Fortunes raiſe;
Thus every Man ſome different Paſſion ſways:
But where is He, who can with ſteady View
Even for an Hour his favourite Scheme purſue?
If a rich Lord, in wanton Rapture, cries,
What Place on Earth with charming Baiæ vies!
Soon the broad Lake and ſpreading Sea ſhall prove
Th' impatient Whims of his impetuous Love;
But if his Fancy point ſome other Way
(Which like a Sign from Heaven he muſt obey)
Inſtant, ye Builders, to Teanum haſte,
An inland Country is his Lordſhip's Taſte.
Knows he the genial Bed, and fruitful Wife?
"How happy then is an unmarried Life!"
Is he a Batchelor? the only bleſt,
He ſwears, are of the bridal Joy poſſeſt.
Say, while he changes thus, what Chains can bind
Theſe various Forms; this Proteus of the Mind?
But now to lower Objects turn your Eyes,
And lo! what Scenes of Ridicule ariſe.
The Poor, in mimickry of Heart, preſumes
To change his Barbers, Baths, and Beds and Rooms,
And, ſince the Rich in their own Barges ride,
He hires a Boat and pukes in mimic Pride.

If

But it is the Folly of human Nature, to which the Poor are equally liable, although they are guilty of it only in Miniature. The wealthier People of Rome indulged to ſuch exceſſive Luxury, that they had Apartments, not only for every Seaſon, but for every Month, in the Year; and in Juvenals's Time they had lighter or heavier Rings for Summer and Winter.

The French Commentators, perhaps, with too much Refinement, imagine, that Horace ſpeaks of himſelf in the Perſon of the Poor, though it muſt be confeſſed, that this kind of Inconſtancy was Part of his Character.

Si curatus inæquali tonſore capillos
Occurro, rides: ſi fortè ſubucula pexæ
Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar;
Rides. Quid? mea quùm pugnat ſententia ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
Æſtuat, ac vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;
Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
Inſanire putas ſolemnia me, neque rides,
Nec medici credis, neque curatoris egere
A prætore dati: rerum tutela mearum
Quùm ſis, & pravè ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem
De te pendentis, te reſpicientis amici.
Ad ſummam, ſapiens uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum;
Præcipuè ſanus, niſi quùm pituita moleſta eſt.

93. *Curatus.*] This is the Reading of all the Manuſcripts. The Romans uſed *curare capillos*, for *tondere*, *ſecare*; *Cura* and *curatio capillorum* for *capillorum ſectio* and *tonſura*. *Curtatus*, which hath been received by very many Editors, is entirely uſeleſs, and can by no means agree with the Poet's Thought. He is not ridiculous becauſe the Barber hath cut his Hair too ſhort, but becauſe he hath cut it unequally, *inæqulis tonſor*. BENT. CUN. SAN.

96. *Mea quùm pugnat ſententia ſecum.*] Horace, with equal Addreſs and Pleaſantry, by ſuppoſing himſelf guilty of all theſe Extravangancies, reproaches Mæcenas, for careleſsly ſuffering his Vices, though he be offended with inconſiderable Faults. Thus he teaches us an important Point of Morals, that we ſhould bear the Frailties of our Friends, but oppoſe their Vices. Theſe Reproaches are ſoftened by the utmoſt Tenderneſs, while he repreſents Mæcenas, as his Guardian and Protector, on whom his Fortune and Happineſs depend; on whom he looks with Awe and Reverence, as the Eyes of a Servant wait upon his Maſter, whoſe Orders he is always ready to obey: Such is the Force of *reſpicientis amici*. DAC. SAN.

105. *Ad ſummam.*] Our Poet here returns to his Subject, and undeceives his Readers, who by ſo many Stoical Precepts might well believe him a perfect Stoic. He turns their wiſeſt Maxims into Ridicule, and manages his Raillery with ſo much Art, as that it does not appear until the laſt Line. SAN.

EPIST.

If ſome unlucky Barber notch my Hair,
Or if my Robes of different Length I wear;
If my new Veſt a tatter'd Shirt confeſs,
You laugh to ſee ſuch Quarrels in my Dreſs:
But if my Judgement, with itſelf at Strife,
Should contradict my general Courſe of Life;
Should now deſpiſe, what it with Warmth purſu'd,
And earneſt wiſh for what with Scorn it view'd;
Float like the Tide; now high the Building raiſe;
Now pull it down; nor round, nor ſquare can pleaſe;
You call it Madneſs of the uſual Kind,
Nor laugh, nor think Truſtees ſhould be aſſign'd
To manage my Eſtate; nor ſeen afraid
That I ſhall want the kind Phyſician's Aid,
While yet, my great Protector and my Friend,
On whom my Fortune, and my Hopes depend,
An ill-par'd Nail you with Reſentment ſee
In one, who loves and honours You like me.
In ſhort, the Wiſe is only leſs than Jove,
Rich, free, and handſome; nay a King above
All earthly Kings; with Health ſupremely bleſt——
Except when driveling Phlegm diſturbs his Reſt.

107. *Quàm pituita.*] This Ridicule will appear in a ſtronger Light by reading a Paſſage of Epictetus, which hath been preſerved to us by Arrian. *Can there be a Providence*, cries an Epicurean, *or could it ſuffer this continual Defluxion to torment me thus? Slave as thou art*, ſays Epicurus, *why are you formed with Hands? Were they not given you to wipe your Noſe? Yes; but were it not better*, anſwers the Diſciple, *that there was no ſuch Thing as Phlegm in the World? And is it not better*, replies Epicurus, *to wipe your Noſe, than deny the Being of Providence?*

Epist. II. *Ad* Lollium.

TROJANI belli ſcriptorem, maxime Lollî,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Prænesteve relegi:
Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius ac meliùs Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim (niſi quid te detinet) audi.
Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento colliſa duello,
Stultorum regum ac populorum continet æſtus.
Antenor cenſet belli præcidere cauſam:
Quid Paris? ut ſalvus regnet vivatque beatus,

Cogi

Tranſlated by Dr. Dunkin.

Lollius, who was Conſul in the Year 733, had two Sons, one of whom was the Father of the Empreſs Lollia Paulina. Horace writes this Epiſtle to the elder Brother, *Maxime Lollî*; and while he directs him in what manner to read Homer, he gives him ſome excellent Precepts, to guard him againſt Envy, Avarice, Debauchery, and Anger. We are obliged to Cardinal Norris for this Explaination of the Epiſtle, and we ſhall in the Remarks find it well ſupported againſt the general Opinion of the Commentators, and particularly Mr. Dacier.

Verſe 2. *Dum tu declamas Romæ.*] Young People of Diſtinction at Rome, uſed to improve and exerciſe their Genius for Eloquence, by public Declamations upon feigned Subjects, before they ventured to appear at the Bar. But at what Time of Life can we ſuppoſe Lollius the Father, if we believe this Epiſtle was written to him, amuſing himſelf in this Manner? After the Battle of Actium we find him, honoured with the Confidence of Auguſtus, and employed in the moſt important Negotiations. Before the Battle he was indeed young, but Horace was not older; nor could he juſtly treat him as a Boy, *puer*, or pretend to give him Inſtructions for his Conduct. He was really a bad Man, but was he debauched, envious, avariſcious and paſſionate in his Youth, or could Horace alone diſcern theſe Vices, which Lollius had Art enough to conceal for thirty Years from the piercing Eyes of Auguſtus and his Court? The Reader may find his Character in the Notes on the ninth Ode of the fourth Book.

San.

EPIST. II. *To* LOLLIUS.

WHILE You, my Lollius, on ſome choſen Theme,
With youthful Eloquence at Rome declaim,
I read the Grecian Poet o'er again,
Whoſe Works the Beautiful and Baſe contain;
Of Vice and Virtue more inſtructive Rules,
Than all the ſober Sages of the Schools.
Why thus I think, if not engag'd, attend,
And, Lollius, hear the Reaſons of your Friend.
The well-wrought Fable, that ſublimely ſhows
The Loves of Paris, and the lengthen'd Woes
Of Greece in Arms, preſents, as on a Stage,
The giddy Tumults, and the fooliſh Rage
Of Kings and People. Hear Antenor's Scheme;
"Cut off the Cauſe of War; reſtore the Dame:"
But Paris treats this Counſel with Diſdain,
Nor will be forc'd in Happineſs to reign.

While

4. *Planius.*] This is the Reading of the Scholiaſt; of almoſt half the Manuſcripts, and of all the beſt Editions, ancient and modern. He ſpeaks here of Examples, which clear and render plain the Difficulties, that occur in our Obſervation of Precepts. *Melius* is for Perſuaſion, and this is another Advantage ariſing from Examples. Precepts indeed inſtruct, yet, properly ſpeaking, have but little Perſuaſion.

10. *Quid Paris?*] This Paſſage hath much perplexed the Commentators. Some correct the Text, and others alter the Punctuation.

Cogi poſſe negat. Neſtor componere lites
Inter Peliden feſtinat & inter Atriden.
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine, & irâ,
Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.
Rurſum quid virtus, & quid ſapientia poſſit,
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulyſſen:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inſpexit, latumque per æquor,
Dum ſibi, dum ſociis reditum parat, aſpera multa
Pertulit, adverſis rerum immerſabilis undis.
Sirenum voces, & Circæ pocula noſti;

Quæ

tion. Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cunigham, and Sanadon, read *Quod Paris*; *ad quod Paris, ſcilicet, belli præcidere cauſam, negat ſe poſſe cogi, etiam ut ſalvus regnet.* An unuſual Hardneſs of Expreſſion to ſay, *quod cogor*, for *ad quod cogor*, and without Example. Others read the Line thus, *Quid Paris, ut ſalvus regnet, vivatque beatus?*

13. *Hunc amor.*] Mr. Sanadon here enters into an important Debate with the Commentators, who aſſert that Achilles never was in Love: That this Quarrel with Agamemnon aroſe from a Reſentment of his injured Honour, not from his Paſſion for Briſeis; and that when Horace ſays,

A Slave could fierce Achilles move,
And bend his haughty Soul to Love,

he only ſpeaks in a Tone of Gallantry and Gayety. On the contrary, Achilles himſelf declares, in the ninth Iliad, 342 Line,

Love is the Paſſion of the Wiſe and Brave,
And though the bright Briſeis be a Slave,
With Tenderneſs I lov'd———

Sophocles, Ovid, Propertius, and Plutarch are quoted to prove

How much he ſuffer'd for the beauteous Dame,
And for his raviſh'd Fair what Griefs enflame
The Hero's Breaſt.

Omnia

While hoary Neſtor, by Experience wiſe,
To reconcile the angry Monarchs tries.
His injur'd Love the Son of Peleus fires,
And equal Paſſion, equal Rage inſpires
The Breaſts of both. When doating Monarchs urge
Unſound Reſolves, their Subjects feel the Scourge.
Trojans and Greeks, ſeditious, baſe, unjuſt,
Offend alike in Violence and Luſt.
To ſhew what pious Wiſdom's Power can do,
The Poet ſets Ulyſſes in our View,
Who conquer'd Troy, and with ſagacious Ken
Saw various Towns and Policies of Men;
While for himſelf, and for his native Train,
He ſeeks a Paſſage through the boundleſs Main,
In Perils plung'd, the patient Hero braves
His adverſe Fate, and buoys above the Waves.
The Siren-Songs and Circe's Cups you know,
Which with his Mates, voracious of their Woe,

If

Omnia formoſam propter Briſeïda paſſus;
Tantus in erepto ſævit amore dolor!

14. *Quidquid delirant reges, &c.*] The People, ſays Heſiod, pay for the Follies of their Kings; and Achilles in Homer begs, the Greeks may be driven with Slaughter to their Ships, *that they may enjoy their Monarch.*

——Ἵνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται Βασιλῆος.

19. *Domitor Trojæ.*] It is remarkable, that Homer calls Ulyſſes, *The Conqueror of Troy*; a Character, which he never gives to Achilles, Agamemnon, Diomed or Ajax: as if he would inſinuate, that Conduct gains more Conqueſts than Courage.

23. *Sirenum voces.*] Cicero was ſo charmed with this Paſſage, that he tranſlated it. He bids us obſerve the Poet's Art, when juſtly apprehenſive, that his Fiction would be but ill received by the World, if he made ſo wiſe a Man as Ulyſſes delay his Voyage for the Amuſement of a Song, he tells us, that they promiſed to teach him Wiſdom: A Promiſe, which, without a Miracle, might make Ulyſſes forget the Love of his Country.

Quæ ſi cum ſociis ſtultus cupiduſque bibiſſet,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuiſſet turpis & excors;
Vixiſſet canis immundus, vel amica luto ſus.
Nos numerus ſumus, & fruges conſumere nati,
Sponſi Penelopæ, nebulones, Alcinoique
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus;
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &
Ad ſtrepitum citharæ ceſſantem duc.. e ſomnum.
Ut jugulent hominem, ſurgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut teipſum ſerves, non expergiſceris? Atqui
Si nolis ſanus, cures hydropicus: & nî
Poſces ante diem librum cum lumine; ſi non
Intendes animum ſtudiis ac rebus honeſtis;
Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquebere. Nam cur
Quæ lædunt oculum feſtinas demere; ſi quid
Eſt animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incipe.

24. *Stultus cupiduſque.*] *Like a Fool, and a Man enſlaved to his Paſſions.* Ulyſſes did not drink this Beverage, until he had made uſe of the Plant given him by Mercury, as of ſovereign Power againſt Enchantments. No other Pleaſures are forbidden, ſays Mr. Dacier, to a wiſe Man, but thoſe, which hurt the Soul; and Socrates juſtly proves, that Wiſdom itſelf could not be well eſteemed the ſupreme Good, if it were not accompanied with Pleaſure. Such Reaſoning is, in this Place, a little unguarded, conſidering what kind of Pleaſures the Poet here indulges to his Hero.

27. *Nos numerus ſumus.*] A proverbial Manner of Expreſſion, *One of the many.* Horace, to ſhew what a Fund of Inſtruction may be found in the Works of Homer, begins to apply, to common Life, thoſe Examples which the Poet propoſes. From thence he takes Occaſion to enter into a Detail of Morals equally uſeful and inſtructive. SAN

34. *Si nolis ſanus, cures hydropicus.*] This Reading appears in all Dr. Bentley's Manuſcripts, except one or two, and thoſe leſs ancient. *Si nolis ſanus expergiſci, cures expergiſci hydropicus*, which has a natural Connexion with the Line preceding and the Verſe following. The Dropſy may here ſignify all Diſeaſes in general, and in a metaphorical

If he had blindly taſted, he had been
A brutal Vaſſal to a luſtful Queen;
Had liv'd a Dog, debas'd to vile Deſire,
Or loathſome Swine, and grovel'd in the Mire.
But we, meer Cyphers in the Book of Life,
Like thoſe, who boldly woo'd our Hero's Wife,
Born to conſume the Fruits of Earth; in truth,
As vain and idle, as Phæacia's Youth;
Mere Outſide all, to fill the mighty Void
Of Life, in Dreſs and Equipage employ'd,
Who ſleep till Mid-day, and with melting Airs
Of empty Muſic ſooth away our Cares.
Rogues nightly riſe to murder Men for Pelf,
Will you not rouſe you to preſerve yourſelf?
But though in Health you doze away your Days,
You run, when puff'd with dropſical Diſeaſe.
Unleſs you light your early Lamp, to find
A moral Book; unleſs you form your Mind
To nobler Studies, you ſhall forfeit Reſt,
And Love or Envy ſhall diſtract your Breaſt.
For the hurt Eye an inſtant Cure you find;
Then why neglect, for Years, the ſickening Mind?
Who ſets about hath half perform'd his Deed;
Dare to be wiſe, and, if you wou'd ſucceed,
Begin.

phorical Senſe, all the ſoftneſſes and Vices, which our Author afterwards mentions. The uſual Reading, *curres*, although leſs ſupported by Manuſcripts, and hardly to be connected with the reſt of the Paſſage, (*a re prorſus aliena*, ſays Dr. Bentley) yet hath its Value. It was received by the Scholiaſt Porphyrio, with this Remark, that People in the Dropſy were ordered by their Phyſicians to *run*, and the ſame Cure for that Diſtemper is preſcribed by Celſus. However, Watchfulneſs and Waking were equally recommended to cure the Dropſy, and have been approved of by the Experience of all Ages.

Incipe. Vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis : at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Quæritur argentum, puerique beata creandis
Uxor, & incultæ pacantur vomere ſylvæ.
Quod ſatis eſt, cui contingit, nihil ampliùs optet.
Non domus & fundus, non æris acervus & auri
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas. Valeat poſſeſſor oportet,
Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum ſic domus ac res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,
Auriculas citharæ collectâ ſorde dolentes.
Sincerum eſt niſi vas, quodcunque infundis, aceſcit.
Sperne voluptates ; nocet emta dolore voluptas.
Semper avarus eget ; certum voto pete finem.
Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis :
Invidiâ Siculi non invenêre tyranni
Majus tormentum. Qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet eſſe, dolor quod ſuaſerit ac mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim feſtinat inulto.

Ira

52. *Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ.*] That Strength of colouring, which gives greater Pleaſure to a good Eye, affects a weak, ſore Eye with greater Pain.

Fomenta podagrum.] The Gout proceeds from ſuch an inward Sharpneſs of Humours, as no outward Remedies can correct. We muſt regulate our whole Courſe of Life in Hopes of a Cure. Thus, in the Diſorders of the Soul, all outward Applications of Wealth and Power are uſeleſs, and as Anacreon ſays of his Combat with Love,

Outward Arms in vain he tries,
When the Foe within him lies.

56. *Certum voto pete finem.*] Since Avarice is neither enlarged by Abundance, nor contracted by Want, the wiſe Man alone can mark, for his own Happineſs, the proper Bounds to which it ſhould extend. CRUQ.

60. *Dolor ac mens.*] For *dolor mentis*, That Grief which riſes from Reſentments of an Injury received. TORR.

Begin. The Man, who has it in his Pow'r
To practiſe Virtue, and protracts the Hour,
Waits till the River paſs away: but lo!
Ceaſeleſs it flows, and will for ever flow.
At Wealth, and Wives of Fruitfulneſs we aim,
We ſtub the Foreſt, and the Soil reclaim;
Who hath ſufficient, ſhould not covet more:
Nor Houſe, nor Lands, nor Heaps of labour'd Ore
Can give the feveriſh Lord one Moment's Reſt,
Or drive one Sorrow from his anxious Breaſt;
The fond Poſſeſſor muſt be bleſs'd with Health,
To reap the Comforts of his hoarded Wealth.
Demaine and Fortune gratify the Breaſt,
For Lucre luſting, or with Fear depreſt;
As Pictures, glowing with a vivid Light,
Afford Amuſement to a blemiſh'd Sight;
As chafing quells the Gout, or Muſic chears
The tingling Organs of impoſthum'd Ears.
For tainted Veſſels ſour what they contain;
Then fly from Pleaſures, dearly bought with Pain.
He wants for ever, who wou'd more acquire,
Set certain Limits to your wild Deſire.
The Man, who envies, muſt behold with Pain
Another's Joys, and ſicken at his Gain:
Nor could Sicilia's Tyrants ever find
A greater Torment, than an envious Mind.
The Man, unable to controul his Ire,
Shall wiſh undone, what Hate and Wrath inſpire:
To fate his Rage, præcipitate he flies,
Yet in his Breaſt th' unfated Vengeance lies.

61. *Dum pœnas odio, &c.*] He, who will not moderate his Anger, ſhall certainly repent of having, by a precipitate Violence, attempted to ſatisfy an Hatred, which never thinks itſelf ſufficiently revenged.

Ira furor brevis eſt. Animum rege; qui, niſi paret,
Imperat; hunc frænis, hunc tu compeſce catenâ.
Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magiſter
Ire viam, quâ monſtret eques: venaticus, ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,
Militat in ſylvis catulus. Nunc adbibe puro
Pectore verba, puer; nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens, ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu. Quòd ſi ceſſas, aut ſtrenuus anteis;
Nec tardum operior, nec præcedentibus inſto.

67. *Adbibe puro pectore verba, puer.*] Theſe Expreſſions of *Janus*, *puro pectore* and *puer*, can be juſtly applied only to a Youth. The younger Lollius went with Auguſtus to the War of Spain, when he was about ſixteen Years of Age, as we ſhall find in the eighteenth Epiſtle, which is addreſſed to him. SAN.

70. *Quòd ſi ceſſas.*] If you will run the Race of Wiſdom with me, let us run together; for if You either ſtop, or endeavour to get before me, I ſhall neither wait for You, nor ſtrive to overtake You. When we enter the Liſts of Virtue, to wait for thoſe behind us is Indolence; too earneſtly to purſue thoſe before us, is Envy.
TOR. DAC.

Anger's a ſhorter Frenzy: then ſubdue
Your Paſſion, or your Paſſion conquers You.
Let lordly Reaſon hold the guiding Reins,
And bind the Tyrant with coercive Chains.
The Jockey forms the tender Steed with Skill,
To move obedient to the Rider's Will.
Since firſt the home-taught Hound began to bay
The Buck-ſkin trail'd, he challenges his Prey
Through woody Wilds. Now pliantly inure
Your Mind to Virtue, while your Heart is pure;
Now ſuck in Wiſdom; for the Veſſel, well
With Liquor ſeaſon'd, long retains the Smell.
But if you lag, or run a-head, my Friend,
I leave the Slow, nor with the Swift contend.

Epist. III. *Ad* Julium Florum.

JULI Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
Claudius, Auguſti privignus, ſcire laboro.
Thracane vos, Hebruſque nivali compede vinctus,
An freta vicinas inter currentia turres,
An pingues Aſiæ campi colleſque morantur?
Quid ſtudioſa cohors operum ſtruit? Hoc quoque curo,
Quis ſibi res geſtas Auguſti ſcribere ſumit?
Bella quis & paces longum diffundit in ævum?
Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora?
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus,
Faſtidire lacus, & rivos auſus apertos;
Ut valet? ut meminit noſtri? fidibuſne Latinis
Thebanos aptare modos ſtudet, auſpice Muſâ?

An

Florus attended Tiberius in his Dalmatian Expedition. This Prince continued ſome Years viſiting and regulating the Eaſtern Provinces, until he had Orders to lead his Troops into Armenia, while Auguſtus propoſed to march againſt the Parthians through Syria. Our Poet here marks the Route of Tiberius through Thrace, the Helleſpont and Aſia Minor, and thus makes his Epiſtle a kind of public, hiſtorical Monument. To conſider this Piece in its epiſtolary Character, it preſents, in one ſhort View, whatever is pleaſing, natural, critical and moral. Florus had reproached our Poet for never writing to Him, and Horace, in a pleaſant kind of Revenge, reckons a large Number of Particulars of public and private News, which he expects in Anſwer to his Letter. We may fix the Date of this Epiſtle in the year 733. San.

Verſe 4. *Vicinas inter currentia turres.*] Muſæus names two Cities, Seſtos and Abydos, on the oppoſite Shores of Europe and Aſia, but becauſe he does not mention the Tower of Abydos, our later Editors read *terras*. The Word appears in ſome valuable Manuſcripts, but ſeems to be too looſe and indetermined, to mark the particular Place, which the Poet had in his View.

Epist. III. *To* Julius Florus.

FLORUS, I long to know where Claudius leads
The diſtant Rage of War: Whether he ſpreads
His conquering Banners o'er the Thracian Plains,
Or freezing Hebrus bound in ſnowy Chains.
Or does the Helleſpont's high-tower'd Sea,
Or Aſia's fertile Soil his Courſe delay?
What Works of Genius do the Youth prepare,
Who guard his ſacred Perſon? Who ſhall dare
To ſing the Glories of Auguſtus' Name,
And give his peaceful Honours down to Fame?
How fares my Titius? Say, when he intends
To publiſh? Does he not forget his Friends?
He, who diſdains the Springs of common Fame,
And dauntleſs quaffs the deep Pindaric Stream,
Does he deſign, while all the Muſe inſpires,
To tune to Theban Sounds the Roman Lyres?

Or

6. *Quid ſtudioſa cohors.*] The young Gentlemen, who attended Tiberius in this Expedition, at once to form his Court and to guard his Perſon, were Men of Letters and Genius, from whence they are called *ſtudioſa cohors.*

9. *Quid Titius?*] We cannot ſay, with Certainty, who this Titius was, who propoſed in a ſhort Time to publiſh his Works, *Romana brevi venturus in ora.*

10. *Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus.*] This Expreſſion is of a Pindaric Boldneſs, beyond what the Tranſlator dare attempt, or perhaps, our Language can bear. Other Authors are compared to Lakes and Rivulets, whoſe Waters are open to the World; but Pindar is an impetuous River, and a Man muſt be bold indeed, who does not turn pale, when he ventures to quench his Thirſt in a Current of

An tragicâ deſævit & ampullatur in arte?
Quid mihi Celſus agit? monitus multúmque monendus,
Privatas ut quærat opes, ac tangere vitet
Scripta, Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo:
Ne ſi fortè ſuas repetitum venerit olim
Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula riſum
Furtivis nudata coloribus. Ipſe quid audes?
Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? Non tibi parvum
Ingenium, non incultum eſt ac turpiter hirtum.
Seu linguam cauſis acuis, ſeu civica jura
Reſpondere paras; ſeu condis amabile carmen;
Prima feres ederæ victricis præmia. Quòd ſi
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere poſſes;
Quò te cœleſtis ſapientia duceret, ires.
Hoc opus, hoc ſtudium parvi properemus & ampli,

Si

ſuch Rapidity. Thus our Poet deſcribes the River Aufidus in the firſt Satire——

> With its torn Banks the Torrent bears away
> Th' intemperate Wretch——

14. *Deſævit & ampullatur.*] The firſt of theſe Words marks the Paſſions, which animate Tragedy; the ſecond that Majeſty of Style, which is proper to expreſs them.

16. *Privatas ut quærat opes.*] This Advice is of Importance, and if it were better followed, we ſhould not have ſo many of thoſe literary Thefts, with which Horace reproaches Albinovanus. We cannot too often read the Authors, who are univerſally eſteemed; we cannot ſtudy them with too much Attention. We may form our Taſte, and improve our Underſtanding, by their Genius and Manner; by the Juſtneſs of their Sentiments; their Art of Compoſition; the Beauty of their Style, and the Purity of their Elocution. But our Productions ought to be at our own Expence, and from our own proper Funds we ought to draw whatever we preſent to the Public. SAN.

17. *Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo.*] We have already mentioned, in the Notes on the thirty-firſt Ode of the firſt Book, the Temple

Or, with the Tranſports of Theatric Rage,
And its ſonorous Language, ſhake the Stage?
Let Celſus be admoniſh'd, o'er and o'er,
To ſearch the Treaſures of his native Store,
Nor touch what Phœbus conſecrates to Fame,
Leſt, when the Birds their various Colours claim,
Stripp'd of his ſtolen Pride, the Crow forlorn
Should ſtand the Laughter of the public Scorn.
What do You dare? who float with active Wing
Around the thymy Fragrance of the Spring?
Not yours the Genius of a lowly Strain,
Nor of uncultur'd, or unpoliſh'd Vein,
Whether You plead with Eloquence his Cauſe;
Or to your Client clear the doubtful Laws;
Then ſure to gain, for amatorious Lays,
The Wreaths of Ivy, with unenvied Praiſe.
Could You the Paſſions, in their Rage, controul,
That damp the nobler Purpoſe of the Soul;
Could You theſe ſoothing Diſcontents allay,
Soon ſhould You riſe where Wiſdom points the Way;
Wiſdom heaven-born, at which we all ſhould aim,
The little Vulgar, and the known to Fame,

Temple and Library, which Auguſtus dedicated to Apollo upon Mount Palatine, from whence the God is here called Palatinus.

23. *Linguam cauſis acuis.* Whether You form your Eloquence for the public Pleadings at the Bar; or give Advice and Counſel to your Clients. *Civica jura reſpondere paras*, which our Poet in another Place expreſſes *clienti promere jura.* TORR.

26. *Frigida curarum fomenta.*] The Commentators think, that Ambition, Riches, Power, were thoſe cold Remedies that Horace means, which only ſooth, not allay the Diſtemper. But ſince he has not mentioned what they were, we can only ſay, that Florus could not miſtake them, and conſequently muſt have felt the Moral, which the Poet draws from them.

Si patriæ volumus, ſi nobis vivere cari.
Debes hoc etiam reſcribere ; ſi tibi curæ eſt,
Quantæ conveniat, Munatius ; an malè ſarta
Gratia nequicquam coit ac reſcinditur ; & vos
Seu calidus ſanguis, ſeu rerum inſcitia vexat
Indomita cervice feros ? Ubicunque locorum
Vivitis, indigni fraternum rumpere fœdus,
Paſcitur in veſtrum reditum votiva juvenca.

30. *Si tibi curæ eſt.*] Miſunderſtandings are inevitable among the beſt Friends, but how ſhameful is it to loſe a Man, whom we have long loved and eſteemed, for a ridiculous Point of Honour, a careleſs Expreſſion which hath eſcaped in the Gayety of his Heart, an idle Story, or perhaps ſomething yet more worthleſs ? What was the Cauſe of Quarrel between Florus and Plancus, we know not ; but it ſeems to have been purſued by both of them with too much Warmth. They were reconciled by their common Friends, but ſuch forced Reconciliations are generally as little durable, as they are ſincere. SAN.

33. *Seu rerum inſcitia vexat.*] *Rerum humanarum & communis vitæ inſcitia.* We have in Terence, *Adoleſcentulos imperitos rerum* ; and in Cicero, *Homo & humanitatis expers, & vitæ communis ignarus.*

35. *Fraternum rumpere fœdus.*] This does not ſay, as it is generally underſtood, that they were really Brothers, but that they lived in an Union, ſuch as ought to be preſerved between Brothers. There was not at this Time any Perſon at Rome, who bore the Name of Julius, except Auguſtus, whoſe Family was greatly diſtinguiſhed from that of Munatius ; nor does it appear, that Munatius ever took the Surname of Florus. Mr. Dacier imagines with Reaſon, that Florus was of ſome provincial Family, whom Julius Cæſar permitted to take his Name, when he made them Citizens of Rome. Tacitus ſpeaks of three Julii in Gallia Belgica in the Time of Tiberius, one of whom was called Florus. From whence it is not improbable, that the Perſon, to whom this Letter is written, was of that Nation. RODELLIUS. SAN.

If we would live, within our proper Sphere,
Dear to ourſelves, and to our Country dear.
Now tell me, whether Plancus holds a Part,
(For ſure he well deſerves it) in your Heart?
Or was the Reconciliation made in vain,
And like an ill-cur'd Wound breaks forth again,
While inexperienc'd Youth, and Blood enflam'd,
Drive You, like Courſers, to the Yoke untam'd?
Where-e'er Ye are, too excellent to prove
The broken Union of fraternal Love,
A votive Heifer gratefully I feed,
For your Return, in Sacrifice to bleed.

Epist. IV. *Ad* Albium Tibullum.

Albi, noſtrorum ſermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?
Scribere quod Caſſî Parmenſis opuſcula vincat?
An tacitum ſylvas inter reptare ſalubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt? 5
Non tu corpus eras ſine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
Dî tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,

Qui

This Letter is written in the true Epiſtolary Taſte; with an eaſy Chearfulneſs and Vivacity, ſuch as Friendſhip permits between Perſons of the ſame Age, or rather demands. Our Poet here diſtributes his Praiſes, Morality and Raillery with a delicate Hand, nor have we any thing to regret but the Shortenefs of his Letter. We may fix the Date of it in 720, when Tibullus was about thirty Years of Age, and Horace one Year older. San.

Verſe 1. *Albi.*] The Reader may find the Character of this Poet in the Notes on the three and thirtieth Ode of the firſt Book.

3. *Caſſî opuſcula vincat.*] Tibullus too well knew the Value of Poetry, not to underſtand the Raillery of Horace, when he propoſes Caſſius as an Example for his Imitation. This Caſſius was a Verſificator, rather than a Poet. Perſuaded, that a great Number of Verſes made a good Poem, he abandoned himſelf to this miſerable Facility, and deluged the Public with his Writings. San.

4. *Sylvas inter reptare ſalubres.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that this Expreſſion is to be figuratively underſtood, for the Study of Philoſophy, and the Authors of the Academic Sect.

The Word *reptare*, which ſignifies to walk ſlowly and with Difficulty, and which conſequently cannot be applied to an agreeable, eaſy ſauntering in a Wood, ſeems in Mr. Sanadon's Judgement to ſupport this Opinion. If this be the Senſe of the Paſſage, Tibullus is repreſented,

Epist. IV. *To* Albius Tibullus.

ALBIUS, in whom my Satires find
A candid Critic, and a kind,
Do you, while at your Country-Seat,
Some rhiming Labours meditate,
That ſhall in volum'd Bulk ariſe,
And even from Caſſius bear the Prize;
Or, ſauntering through the ſilent Wood,
Think what befits the wiſe and good?
Thou art not form'd of lifeleſs Mould,
With Breaſt, inanimate and cold;
To thee the Gods a Form complete,
To thee the Gods a large Eſtate
In Bounty gave, with Skill to know
How to enjoy what they beſtow.
Can a fond Nurſe one Bleſſing more
Even for her favourite Boy implore,

With

preſented, advancing in his philoſophical Meditations, as it were Step by Step, from one Propoſition to another.

7. *Divitias dederunt.*] Mr. Dacier tells us, that Tibullus was an Extravagant, who had reduced himſelf to the laſt Diſtreſſes, and had now retired to the Country to repair his broken Fortune. It is not unpleaſant to ſee the Critic labouring through the Difficulties himſelf hath raiſed; painfully accounting for the Riches, here given to Tibullus, and aukwardly explaining away the Compliment of that Art, which the Gods had given him of enjoying them. Let it however be ſome Honour to Mr. Dacier, that nothing leſs than his critical Sagacity could have found ſuch Abſurdities; nothing leſs than his great Learning could have ſupported them; and nothing leſs than his own Art could have palliated them in ſuch a Manner as to impoſe on his own Judgement.

Qui ſapere, & fari poſſit quæ ſentiat, & cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
Et mundus victus, non deficiente Camenâ?
Inter ſpem curamque, timores inter & iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum.
Grata ſuperveniet, quæ non ſperabitur, hora.
Me pinguem ac nitidum bene curatâ cute viſes,
Quum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

EPIST.

9. *Qui ſapere*, &c.] They, who read *quam ſapere & fari*, have thrown a Perplexity into the Text, which they can never explain but by ſubſtituting their own Meaning to that of the Poet, and adding *ut*, which neither appears in the Copies, nor ancient Impreſſions.

11. *Non deficiente Camenâ.*] This Correction is of Claudius Boivinus. To ſee the Neceſſity of it, let us conſider the whole Sentence. A Man, ſays Horace, who hath good Senſe, Reputation, Health, and an elegant Table, what can he wiſh for more? According to the common Editions, he wiſhes that his Wealth may never fail. But can it fail, while we ſuppoſe it affords him an elegant Table? Beſides, *Victus* may ſignify all the Conveniencies of Life, which Money can purchaſe. Or does Horace, like a Nurſe, childiſhly repeat this firſt of Wiſhes, *Wealth*, for his favourite Boy? But this was a Bleſſing Tibullus already poſſeſſed, although in leſs Abundance, than before he ſuffered for the Cauſe of Liberty. Could we expect, that Horace, while he wrote to one of the beſt Poets of his Time, would have forgotten this Part of his Character when he had ſo eaſy, and obliging an Opportunity of remembering it? Poets uſually better underſtand the Value of their poetical Talents. Indeed, this was the only Happineſs, that could be added to his Circumſtances, and is Part of our Author's own Prayer to Apollo,

> Give me to ſtrike the tuneful Lyre,
> And Thou my lateſt Song inſpire.

12. *Inter ſpem curamque.*] We may only read Tibullus his Elegies to be convinced, that Horace here means thoſe Paſſions of Hope and Fear, which ſucceſſively actuated his Breaſt in the Courſe of his Amours. Our Poet propoſes to him, as a Remedy, the grand Maxim, with which he uſed to regulate his own Paſſions, and prevent the Diſorders, to which we are expoſed by our Purſuit of Pleaſure. An Epicurean, who conſiders every Day as his laſt, will enjoy the Pleaſure, that laſt Day brings. He bounds all his Hopes, Fears, Cares and Projects in this little Compaſs, without diſquieting himſelf for what

With Senſe and clear Expreſſion bleſt,
Of Friendſhip, Honour, Health poſſeſt,
A Table, elegantly plain,
And a poetic, eaſy Vein?
By Hope inſpir'd, depreſt with Fear,
By Paſſion warm'd, perplex'd with Care,
Believe, that every Morning's Ray,
Hath lighted up thy lateſt Day;
Then, if To-morrow's Sun be thine,
With double Luſtre ſhall it ſhine.
Such are the Maxims I embrace,
And here, in ſleek and joyous Caſe,
You'll find, for Laughter fitly bred,
An Hog by Epicurus fed.

what may happen To-morrow, which neither depends upon him, nor he upon it. Such is the Doctrine to which Horace attributes his own joyous Plight of Body, his Good-humour, and eaſy Careleſſneſs of Life. SAN.

14. *Grata ſuperveniet.*] Hope ſometimes takes from us more Pleaſure, than it gives us. An unexpected Bleſſing is always beſt received, becauſe the Heart, not having waſted itſelf in deſiring, ſeizes its Pleaſure with its whole Force. Even the Surprize is a new Pleaſure. SAN.

Epist. V. *Ad* Torquatum.

SI potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ,
Supremo te ſole domi, Torquate, manebo.
Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffuſa paluſtres
Inter Minturnas Sinueſſanumque Petrinum.
Si melius quid habes, arceſſe; vel imperium fer.
Jamdudum ſplendet focus, & tibi munda ſupellex.
Mitte leves ſpes, & certamina divitiarum,
Et Moſchi cauſam. Cras, nato Cæſare, feſtus

Dat

We have in this Epiſtle ſome Strokes of Morality, for which Torquatus might poſſibly have occaſion. They are enlivened by a Panegyric upon Wine, ſhort, but ſpirited, as if it were a Declaration of the Good-humour, with which he propoſed to receive his illuſtrious Gueſt. San.

Verſe 1. *Archiacis lectis.*] Such is the Reading of all the Manuſcripts; *priſcorum quantum ubique eſt codicum*, ſays Dr. Bentley, and both the Scholiaſts tell us, that Archias was a Perſon, who made Beds of a lower, ſhorter Kind. Beſides, *Archaicis* has the ſecond Syllable long, nor is it indeed a Latin Word.

2. *Olus omne.*] The Commentators make Horace invite his Gueſt to more than a frugal Entertainment, when he promiſes him nothing but Herbs, and that there ſhall even be ſo little a Quantity of them, that he ſhall eat them all. Let us learn better to underſtand our Author, and with Mr. Sanadon, conſtrue *olus omne*, all Kinds of Herbs, *ex omni genere olerum.* This was not a contemptible Entertainment, for Cicero tells us, they dreſſed Herbs in ſuch a manner, that nothing could be more delicious.

4. *Iterum Tauro diffuſa.*] The ſecond Conſulſhip of Taurus was in the Year 728, ſo that this Wine muſt be four or five Years old. San.

Epist. V. *To* Torquatus.

If, dear Torquatus, you can kindly deign
To lie on Beds, of ſimple Form and plain,
Where Herbs alone ſhall be your frugal Feaſt,
At Evening I expect you for my Gueſt.
Nor old, I own, nor excellent, my Wine,
Of five Years Vintage, and a marſhy Vine;
If you have better, bring th' enlivening Chear,
Or, from an humble Friend, this Summons bear.
Bright ſhines my Hearth, my Furniture is clean,
With Joy my courtly Gueſt to entertain:
Then leave the Hope, that, wing'd with Folly, flies;
Leave the mean Quarrels, that from Wealth ariſe;

Leave

6. *Arceſſe; vel imperium fer.*] If you have better, bring it with you; if not, be ſure to come on the Conditions I propoſe. Cruq.
Mr. Dacier underſtands the Monarchy and Empire of the Bottle, when a King of the Entertainment was made; but this Royalty was determined by Lot, nor was it the Property of the Hoſt or any particular Gueſt.

9. *Et Moſchi cauſam.*] The Scholiaſts inform us, that Moſchus was a Rhetorician of Pergamus, whoſe Defence Torquatus undertook, when he was accuſed of poiſoning.

Cras, nato Cæſare.] Mr. Dacier and Mr. Maſſon are here, in Dr. Bentley's Language, upon another Occaſion, at Daggers-drawing. *Digladiantur*, in Defence of Julius Cæſar and Auguſtus. The latter was born the twenty-third of September, which could not be juſtly called a Summer's Night, *æſtivam noctem*. The other on the twelfth of July. Two Years after his Death the Triumvirs ordered, that his Birth-day ſhould be celebrated by the People crowned with Laurel, and that whoever neglected it ſhould be devoted to the Vengeance of Jupiter, and the deceaſed God himſelf. But as the Apollinarian

Games

Dat veniam ſomnumque dies. Impune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.
Quo mihi fortunas, ſi non conceditur uti?
Parcus ob heredis curam nimiumque ſeverus
Aſſidet inſano. Potare & ſpargere flores
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconſultus haberi.
Quid non ebrietas deſignat; operta recludit;
Spes jubet eſſe ratas; ad prælia trudit inertem;
Solicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fecundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contractâ quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa
Corruget nares; ne non & cantharus & lanx
Oſtendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet; ut coëat par,
Jungaturque

Games were annually celebrated, and that it was forbidden to mix the Feſtivals of any other God with thoſe of Apollo, Cæſar's Birth-day was ordered to be ſolemnized on the eleventh. Thus we have not only the Year and Month, but the very Day when this Letter was written, the tenth of July.

This Opinion is at leaſt as old as Porphyrion, who ſays, *Divi Cæſaris natalem ſignificat.* Torrentius thinks Horace means the Birth of ſome young Prince, Grandſon of Auguſtus, which the Words will indeed very well bear. *Nato Cæſare*, for *ob Cæſarem recens natum.* To give this Conjecture a kind of Certainty, Rodellius and Mr. Sanadon proclaim this Feſtival in Honour of Caius Cæſar, eldeſt Son of Agrippa and Julia. But Caius was born in the Beginning of September, and the Critics probably forgot the Circumſtance of lengthening out the Summer-Night.

14. *Aſſidet inſano.*] This Expreſſion is beautiful, but of a Peculiarity, like that in the laſt Epiſtle, *non tu corpus eras ſine pectore*, not to be attempted in Engliſh. Such is the Genius, or rather ſuch is the Humour of Languages.

23. *Corruget nares.*] *Wrinkle the Noſe.* Quintilian tells us, that Horace was the firſt, who ventured this Word.

Leave the litigious Bar, for Cæſar's Birth
Proclaims the feſtal Hour of Eaſe and Mirth,
While ſocial Converſe, and ſincere Delight,
Shall ſtretch, beyond its Length, the Summer's Night.
Say, what are Fortune's Gifts, if I'm denied
Their chearful Uſe? for nearly are allied
The Madman, and the Fool, whoſe ſordid Care
Makes himſelf poor, but to enrich his Heir.
Give me to drink, and, crown'd with Flowers, deſpiſe
The grave Diſgrace of being thought unwiſe.
What cannot Wine perform? It brings to light
The ſecret Soul; it bids the Coward fight;
Gives Being to our Hopes, and from our Hearts
Drives the dull Sorrow, and inſpires new Arts.
Whom hath not an inſpiring Bumper taught
A Flow of Words, and Loftineſs of Thought?
Even in th' oppreſſive Graſp of Poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the Wretch be free.
Chearful my uſual Taſk I undertake,
(Nor a mean Figure in my Office make)
That no foul Linen wrinkle up the Noſe;
That every Plate with bright Reflexion ſhows
My Gueſt his Face; that none, when Life grows gay,
The ſocial Hour of Confidence betray.

That

25. *Eliminet.*] An old Man at the Lacedemonian Entertainments pointed to the Door, as the Gueſts entered, and ſolemnly repeated, *Let nothing, ſaid in this Company, paſs through that Door.* From hence the Græcian Proverb, *I hate a Drinker with a Memory.*

Perhaps we ought to be more careful, than the Romans, in our midnight Converſations. Friendſhip had among them ſomething ſacred, which is now loſt in Profeſſions, and is become a meer companionable Language. Fidelity and Secrecy appeared ſo neceſſary at theſe unguarded Hours, that Forgetfulneſs was conſecrated to Bacchus. Yet ſince there is but little of this kind of Religion among our

Jungaturque pari. Butram tibi Septiciumque,
Et, nî cœna prior potiorque puella, Sabinum,
Detinet, aſſumam. Locus eſt & pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus eſſe velis, reſcribe; & rebus omiſſis
Atria ſervantem poſtico falle clientem.

our boon Companions, let us remember that the Heart opens and expands itſelf in Wine, and all its Secrets are looſe about it. The Ancients attributed two Effects to Wine, Sincerity, to ſpeak what they thought, and Forgetfulneſs, to conceal what they heard.

26. *Butram tibi Septiciumque.*] Away with this Brutus and Septimius, *Brutum Septimiumque* who have forced into the Room without an Invitation. If we believe the Manuſcripts, and ſurely we ought to believe them, Horace invited other Gueſts. Such is the ſpirited Language of Dr. Bentley, for the Honour of Manuſcripts. However, the Matter is not great, ſince we know none of the Company; yet the Perſons, now introduced into the Text, are received by Mr. Sanadon, and Mr. Cuningham, who is not extremely apt to be civil to any of the Doctor's Acquaintance, if they have not ſome other Merit.

28. *Locus eſt & pluribus umbris.*] It was a Civility paid to an invited Gueſt among the Ancients, to let him know, whatever Stranger came with him ſhould be welcome. This was done, ſays Plutarch, in Imitation of thoſe, who ſacrificing to ſome God, ſacrificed at the ſame time to all the Gods, that inhabited the Temple in which he was worſhipped, although they did not call any of them by their Names.

That all in equal Friendſhip may unite,
Your Butra and Septicius I'll invite,
And, if he's not engag'd to better Cheer,
Or a kind Girl, Sabinus ſhall be here.
Still there is Room, and yet the Summer's Heat
May prove offenſive, if the Croud be great:
But write me word, how many you deſire,
Then inſtant from the buſy World retire;
And while your tedious Clients fill the Hall,
Slip out at the Back-door, and bilk them all.

Epist. VI. *Ad* Numicium.

NIL admirari, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatum.
Hunc ſolem, & ſtellas, & decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti ſpectant. Quid cenſes, munera terræ?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas ditantis & Indos?
Ludicra, quid, plauſus & amici dona Quiritis?
Quo ſpectanda modo, quo ſenſu credis & ore?
Qui timet his adverſa, ferè miratur eodem

Quo

Admiration is one of the principal Sources of all our Follies, ſince it is almoſt the firſt Mover of the Paſſions. Some of the Philoſophers, as they declared for an Apathy, or Inſenſibility of the Miſeries of Life, ſo they aſſerted, that an Inadmiration, if the Word may be allowed, was the higheſt Proof of human Wiſdom. They conſidered Admiration as a Paſſion, and then we may be bold to ſay, that an Exceſs or miſtaken Application of it can alone prove criminal; for all our Paſſions, when preſerved in their original Purity, lead us to Virtue, and conſequently to Happineſs. Admiration, ſays Plato, is the Mother of Wiſdom, but when it is placed upon improper Objects, it loſes that amiable Title; and, when indulged to Exceſs, becomes vicious, and conſequently miſerable. Not to admire is above the Wiſdom of an human Creature, but not to place our Eſteem upon what the Generality of Mankind admire, is the wiſe Man's higheſt Character. Such are the pleaſing and important Truths, which our Poet endeavours to prove in this Epiſtle.

Verſe 2. *Facere & ſervare beatum*] All momentary Pleaſures are a kind of falſe Reaſoning ariſing from falſe Principles. Man was created for Happineſs; but Wiſdom alone can put him into Poſſeſſion, and Virtue inſure the Continuance of it.

4. *Sunt qui.*] Pythagoras, Democritus and Epicurus contemplated the Structure of the World without Admiration, becauſe they

 regarded

Epist. VI. *To* Numicius.

NOT to admire, is of all Means the beſt,
The only Means, to make, and keep us bleſt.
There are, untainted with the Thoughts of Fear,
Who ſee the certain Changes of the Year
Unerring roll; who ſee the glorious Sun,
And the fix'd Stars, their annual Progreſs run:
But with what different Eye do they behold
The Gifts of Earth; or Diamonds or Gold;
Old Ocean's Treaſures, and the pearly Stores,
Wafted to fartheſt India's wealthy Shores?
Or with what Senſe, what Language, ſhould we gaze
On Shows, Employments, or the People's Praiſe?
Whoever dreads the oppoſite Extreme
Of Diſappointment, Poverty, or Shame,

Is

regarded it as a Work of Chance. But were it not a Subject of Admiration, that Chance had produced ſuch a Work? San.

7. *Ludicra.*] If it is beneath the Dignity of a wiſe Man to admire the Works of Nature, he muſt ſurely look with Contempt upon thoſe of human Art. Yet it was a Stoical Maxim, Μὴ θαυμάζειν τὴν θέαν, Not to admire the public Shows. Dac.

9. *Qui timet his adverſa.*] Wealth, Power, and Popularity, have a kind of imaginary Value ariſing from the Opinions of Mankind; but as we do not all view them in the ſame Point of Light, we are not equally charmed with them. Riches preſerve us from the Diſtreſſes of Poverty; public Entertainments are valued as Amuſements; and Employments raiſe us above Contempt and Obſcurity. Such is the Language of the World. But our Poet would convince us, that our Deſires and our Fears ariſe from the ſame Principle, and are therefore equally vicious. San.

Quo cupiens pacto. Pavor est utrobique molestus,
Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:
Gaudeat, an doleat, cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si quidquid vidit melius pejusve suâ spe,
Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?
Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;
Ultra quàm satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.
I nunc, argentum & marmor vetus, æraque & artes
Suspice; cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores;
Gaude, quòd spectant oculi te mille loquentem;
Gnavus manè forum, & vespertinus pete tectum;
Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus, & (indignum quod sit) pejoribus ortus
Hic tibi sit potiùs, quàm tu mirabilis illi.
Quidquid sub terrâ est, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet, condetque nitentia. Cùm bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conspexerit Appî;
Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit & Ancus.
Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi. Vis rectè vivere? quis non?

Si

16. *Ultra quàm satis est.*] All Exceſſes, even of Virtue itſelf, are vicious. Our beſt Studies ought, ſays Cicero, to be extremely temperate; and if the Deſires, which Virtue excites in our Hearts, be too violent, we ſhould employ all our Wiſdom to moderate them.

24. *Quidquid ſub terrâ eſt.*] This Admirer would excuſe his Ambition and Avarice, by ſaying, that he values Riches and Employments only becauſe they ſupport the Dignity of his Family, and preſerve him from the Pain of ſeeing ſome low-born Scoundrel raiſed above him. But Jealouſy and Envy are always vicious. They oppoſe the Courſe of Nature, and the Laws of Time, which hide ſome illuſtrious Families in Obſcurity, and raiſe others, as it were, out of the Earth, upon the Ruins of the former. Dac.

26. *Porticus Agrippæ.*] It was called the Arcade of good Luck, *Porticus boni eventus*, and ſituated near the Pantheon, at the Entrance of

Is raptur'd with almoſt the ſame Deſires,
As he, who doats on what the World admires;
Equal their Terrors, equal their Surpriſe,
When accidental Dangers round them riſe:
Nor matters it, what Paſſions fill his Breaſt,
With Joy or Grief, Deſire or Fear oppreſt,
With down-fix'd Eyes who views the varying Scene,
Whoſe Soul grows ſtiff, and ſtupified his Brain.
Even Virtue, when purſu'd with Warmth extreme,
Turns into Vice, and fools the Sage's Fame.
Now go, Numicius, and with higher Guſt
Admire thy treaſur'd Gold, the Marble Buſt,
Or bronze Antique, the Purple's various Glow,
And luſtred Gem; thoſe Works which Arts beſtow.
Let gazing Crouds your Eloquence admire,
At early Morn to Court, at Night retire,
Leſt Mutus wed a Wife of large Eſtate,
While, deeper your Diſhonour to compleat,
The low-born Wretch to You no Honour pays,
Though You on Him with Admiration gaze.
But Time ſhall bring the latent Birth to Light,
And hide the preſent glorious Race in Night;
For though Agrippa's awful Collonade,
Or Appian Way, thy paſſing Pomp ſurvey'd,
It yet remains to tread the drear Deſcent,
Where good Pompilius, and great Ancus went.
Would You not wiſh to cure th' acuter Pains,
That rack thy tortur'd Side, or vex thy Reins?
Would You, and who would not, with Pleaſure live?
If Virtue can alone the Bleſſing give,

With

of the Campus Martius. This Epiſtle muſt have been written after the Year 729, when the Arcade was finiſhed.

Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare; fortis omiſſis
Hoc age deliciis. Virtutem verba putas, &
Lucum ligna? cave ne portus occupet alter,
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.
Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro &
Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, & amicos,
Et genus, & formam regina Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum rex:
Ne fueris hic tu. Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere rogatus:
Quî poſſum tot? ait: tamen & quæram, & quot habebo,
Mittam. Poſt paulò ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum, partem vel tolleret omnes.

Exilis

30. *Si virtus hoc una poteſt.*] If Riches and Honours cannot cure the Body, much leſs can they cure the Diſorders of the Soul. But if You think, that Religion and Virtue are meer Creatures of our Imagination, then purſue the Pleaſures of Life; give a Looſe to the Paſſions, and enter into Trade, that You may get Wealth to ſupport them.

34 *Rotundentur*] *Rotundare* and *quadrare* were Terms of the Treaſury to ſignify a complete Sum. Cicero ſays, *quadrare ſeſtertia.* The Tranſlator hath taken the Liberty of uſing a modern mercantile Term of Art, a *Plumb*, an hundred thouſand Pounds.

39. *Mancipiis locuples eget æris.*] It is nor eaſy, ſays our Poet, to be rich. The Deſign is of vaſt Extent. Conſequently, whoever places his Happineſs in Riches, will for ever want ſome little Addition to make it complete. DAC.

Cappadocum.] Theſe People, were ſo born for Slavery, that when the Romans offered them Freedom, they refuſed it, and ſaid, they were not able to ſupport Liberty. They were ſo poor, that in the Time of Lucullus, an Ox was ſold for Four-pence, and a Man for about Sixteen-pence. But they loved their Slavery and Poverty, with the ſame Ardour, with which others purſue Liberty and Riches. All things conſidered, ſays Mr. Sanadon, they were perhaps more happy. A Remark well worthy of a Cappadocian or a Frenchman.

With ardent Spirit Her alone purſue,
And with Contempt all other Pleaſures view.
Yet if you think, that Virtue's but a Name:
That Groves are Groves, nor from Religion claim
A ſacred Awe; fly to the diſtant Coaſt,
Nor let the rich Bithynian Trade be loſt.
A thouſand Talents be the rounded Sum,
You firſt deſign'd; then raiſe a ſecond Plumb;
A third ſucceſſive be your earneſt Care,
And add a fourth to make the Maſs a Square;
For Gold, the ſovereign Queen of all below,
Friends, Honour, Birth and Beauty can beſtow:
The Goddeſs of Perſuaſion forms his Train,
And Venus decks the well-bemoney'd Swain.
The Cappadocian King, though rich in Slaves,
Yet wanting Money, was but rich by halves.
Be not like him. Lucullus, as they ſay,
Once being aſk'd to furniſh for a Play
An hundred martial Veſts, in Wonder cried,
Whence can ſo vaſt a Number be ſupplied?
But yet, whate'er my Wardrobe can afford,
You ſhall command; then inſtant wrote him Word,
Five thouſand Veſts were ready at his Call,
He might have Part, or, if he pleas'd, take all.

41. *Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere.*] Theſe Robes were probably wanted for ſome ſuch Entertainment, as we find in the firſt Epiſtle of the ſecond Book; though Plutarch tells us, Horace calls them five thouſand, that he may enliven his Tale by ſuch an Exaggeration, for the real Number was two hundred. The Point and Moral of the Story is to convince us, that the Neceſſaries and Conveniencies of Life are not ſufficient to make us happy. There muſt be ſome ſuperfluous Wealth, beyond what the Poſſeſſor enjoys; yet if he knows but half his Wealth, he conſequently can enjoy but half of it.

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You ſhall command; then inſtant wrote him Word,
Five thouſand Veſts were ready at his Call,
He might have Part, or, if he pleas'd, take all.

41. *Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere.*] Theſe Robes were probably wanted for ſome ſuch Entertainment, as we find in the firſt Epiſtle of the ſecond Book; though Plutarch tells us, Horace calls them five thouſand, that he may enliven his Tale by ſuch an Exaggeration, for the real Number was two hundred. The Point and Moral of the Story is to convince us, that the Neceſſaries and Conveniencies of Life are not ſufficient to make us happy. There muſt be ſome ſuperfluous Wealth, beyond what the Poſſeſſor enjoys; yet if he knows but half his Wealth, he conſequently can enjoy but half of it.

Exilis domus eſt, ubi non & multa ſuperſunt,
Et dominum fallunt, & proſunt furibus. Ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere & ſervare beatum;
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
Si fortunatum ſpecies, & gratia præſtat;
Mercemur ſervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodicet latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: Hic multùm in Fabiâ valet, ille Velinâ:
Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, importunus ebur. Frater, pater, adde,
Ut cuique eſt ætas; ità quemque facetus adopta.
Si bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet, eamus
Quò ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut olim
Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,
Differtum tranſire forum campumque jubebat:
Unus ut è multis, populo ſpectante, referret
Emtum mulus aprum. Crudi tumidique lavemur,

Quid

49. *Si fortunatum.*] After having ſpoken of Riches in general, he now ſpeaks of the different Uſe we make of them; either to ſupport a Magnificence of Equipage, a Luxury of eating, or the Pleaſures of Love and Mirth. But if all together cannot make us happy, (and certainly they cannot) it were ridiculous to expect our Happineſs from any one of them. DAC.

Species.] Magnificence in Dreſs, Equipage, &c. *Gratia*, public Authority, Popularity.

51. *Trans pondera dextram porrigere.*] The Streets of Rome were crouded with Coaches and Waggons. The Nomenclator, *qui dictet nomina*, directs his Maſter to turn theſe Impediments to his Advantage, by making an Acquaintance with them, who are ſtopped with him, or by croſſing to them, who are on the other Side of the Way. But perhaps our Poet by a Kind of pleaſant Hyperbole of ſtretching the Hand acroſs the Street, when crouded with Carts or Waggons, *trans pondera*, only means, that the Candidate throws out his Hand to his Voter, in ſomewhat the modern Manner of Salutation.

53. *Is faſces dabit.*] *Is* marks a third Perſon, and regularly follows *hic* and *ille*. By reading *hic* we ſeem to return to Him, who hath ſo much Intereſt in the Fabian and Velinian Tribe. The preſent Reading is of four Manuſcripts.

56. *Si bene qui cœnat, bene vivit.*] A luxurious Table is the ſecond Uſe of Riches, by which we hope for Happineſs. DAC.

59. *Forum campumque.*] The Manuſcripts and old Editions read

forum

Poor Houſe! where no ſuperfluous Wealth's unknown
To its rich Lord, that Thieves may make their own.
Well then, if Wealth alone our Bliſs inſure,
Our firſt, our lateſt Toil ſhould Wealth ſecure:
If Pride, and public Pomp the Bleſſing claim,
Let's buy a Slave to tell each Voter's Name,
And give the Hint, and through the crouded Street
To ſtretch the civil Hand to all we meet.
" The Fabian Tribe his Intereſt largely ſways;
" This the Velinian; there a third, with Eaſe,
" Can give or take the Honours of the State,
" The Conſul's Faſces, and the Prætor's Seat.
" According to their Age adopt them all,
" And Brother, Father, moſt facetious call.
If he lives well, who revels out the Night,
Be Gluttony our Guide; away; 'tis Light.
Let's fiſh, or hunt, and then, at early Day,
Acroſs the crouded Forum take our Way,
Or to the Campus Martius change the Scene,
And let our Slaves diſplay our hunting Train,
That gazing Crouds by one poor Mule be taught,
At what a Price the mighty Boar was bought.
Then let us bathe, while th' indigeſted Food
Lies in the ſwelling Stomach raw and crude,

forum populumque. But *populum* and *populo* in two Lines have a very bad Effect. *Differtum forum populumque* is unintelligible, and the Adjective can agree with only the firſt of theſe two Subſtantives. We cannot ſay *differtus populus.* Horace is not ſpeaking of a Street, but of ſome open Place, where the People uſed to meet, ſuch as the Forum or the Campus Martius. The Diſtance between theſe two Places makes the ridiculous Parade of Gargilius more probable. BENT. SAN.

61. *Crudi tumidique lavemur.*] The ancient Epicureans in good eating uſed to bathe after Dinner, that they might haſten the natural Digeſtion, and prepared themſelves for another Entertainment. SAN.

Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Cærite cerâ
Digni, remigium vitioſum Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas.
Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore jociſque
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.
Vive, vale. Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

62. *Cærite cerâ digni.*] The Cærites having received the Veſtal Virgins, and tutelary Gods of Rome, when it was ſacked by the Gauls, the Romans in Gratitude gave them the Privileges of Citizens. But having engaged in the Cauſe of Tarquin, they were deprived of the Right of voting at Elections, and a particular Roll was made for their Names, to which thoſe of other infamous Citizens were afterwards added. From thence came a Manner of Speaking, *dignus Cæritum tabulis*; *Cærite cerâ digni*. TOR.

Mr. Hardoin, the Jeſuit, hath a Remark, on this Paſſage, of much Sagacity. He would underſtand, *Cærite cerâ digni*, as if it were applied to *remigium vitioſum*, and ſignified Men ſo brutal and ſtupid, that they ought to have their Ears ſtopped with Wax, like the Companions of Ulyſſes, that they might not be ſeduced by the Songs

EPIST. VII. *Ad* MÆCENATEM.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax deſideror: atqui
Si me vivere vis ſanum rectéque valentem;

Quam

Liberty is the greateſt of all Bleſſings. It gives a Reliſh to all other Enjoyments. Mankind are prepoſſeſſed in Favour of theſe Sentiments, and tell us, that they are born for Freedom, and conſider it as the moſt glorious Privilege of their Nature. Yet there is nothing, which they ſo careleſsly reſign. Among all the Slaves in Life, they, who have engaged themſelves in the Service of the Great, are moſt to be lamented. Their whole Being is one continual Servitude, and he, whom they call their Patron, is properly their Tyrant. Our Poet was not of a Temper to ſacrifice his Liberty to his Intereſt. However obliged by Mæcenas, he knew how to diſtinguiſh Gratitude

Forgetting all of Decency and Shame,
From the fair Book of Freedom ſtrike our Name,
And like th' abandon'd Ulyſſean Crew,
Our Ithaca forgot, forbidden Joys purſue.
If Life's inſipid without Mirth and Love,
Let Love and Mirth inſipid Life improve.
Farewel, and if a better Syſtem's thine,
Impart it frankly, or make uſe of mine.

Songs of the Sirens. But this Gentleman is not a little famous for his critical Refinements.

65. *Mimnermus*,] Was an Ionian Poet, who lived about ſix hundred Years before the Chriſtian Æra. He had a peculiar Happineſs in Deſcriptions of Tenderneſs, Pleaſure and Love. His Style was eaſy, rich and florid.

67. *Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis*] The Poet ends his Epiſtle with an eaſy Politeneſs. Numicius could not find, in the Morals of Heatheniſm, any Syſtem of ſounder, wiſer Precepts, than what Horace propoſes. They inſpire an Eſteem for Virtue, and a Contempt of Vice. Yet ſome too ſagacious Critics have imagined, that he deſigned a Piece without Principles or Morals, and intended to eſtabliſh a criminal and ſenſeleſs Indifference for Vice and Virtue. SAN.

EPIST. VII. *To* MÆCENAS.

I Promis'd at my Country Farm to ſtay
But a few Days; yet Auguſt roll'd away,
And left your Loiterer here: But kind forgive,
(In chearful Health if you would have me live)

And

tude from Slavery, and happily for him, that great Miniſter allowed the Diſtinction. The natural eaſy Manner, with which Horace excuſes his not complying with all the Humours of his illuſtrious Friend, may well inſtruct us, that it is not impoſſible to enjoy the good Graces of the Great without Meanneſs or Baſeneſs.

This Epiſtle was probably written in 731, when our Author was in his forty-ſecond Year. SAN.

Verſe 2. *Sextilem*] The Romans began their Year at March, from whence the ſixth Month was called Sextilis, even after January

Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam; dum ficus prima calorque
Deſignatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, & matercula pallet;
Officioſique ſedulitas, & opella forenſis
Adducit febres, ac teſtamenta reſignat.
Quòd ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, & ſibi parcet,
Contractuſque leget: te, dulcis amice, reviſet
Cum Zephyris, ſi concedes, & hirundine primâ.
Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes,
Tu me feciſti locupletem. Veſcere ſodes.
Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantum vis tolle. Benignè.
Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quàm ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinquis.
Prodigus ac ſtultus donat quæ ſpernit & odit:
Hæc ſeges ingratos tulit, ac feret omnibus annis.

Vir

and February were added to the Calendar of Romulus. It afterwards took the Name of Auguſtus, *menſis Auguſtus*, as the Month before it was called *Menſis Julius* from Julius Cæſar.

8. *Officioſa ſedulitas.*] The Earneſtneſs and Aſſiduity of making our Court to the Great. *Opella forenſis*, the Pleadings, and Buſineſs of the Courts. DAC.

9. *Teſtamenta reſignat.*] *Puts us to death*; for Wills were never opened until the Death of the Teſtator.

12. *Contractuſque leget.*] Theſe Words have been very differently explained by different Commentators, and the Tranſlator confeſſes he does not underſtand them. Some think it a metaphorical Expreſſion taken from a Mariner's furling the Sail s in a Tempeſt. The Poet muſt then mean, that he will read with leſs Application and Earneſtneſs, *et ſibi parcet*. Others believe, that he would image to us a Man chilled with Cold, who collects and brings himſelf into leſs Compaſs, *frigore duplicatus*. Mr. Sanadon tranſlates it, *ſhut up, and warmly clothed*, againſt the Severity of the Weather. Yet in his Notes

And to my Fears the ſame Indulgence ſhow,
As to my real Illneſs You beſtow.
The purpled Fig now paints the ſickly Year,
And Undertakers in black Pomp appear;
The Father, and, with ſofter Paſſions warm'd,
The tender Mother for her Son's alarm'd;
The crouded Levee with a Fever kills,
And the long Lawyer's Plea unſeals our Wills;
But when the Snows on Alba's Mountain lie,
To ſome warm Sea-port Town your Bard ſhall fly,
There o'er a Book not too ſeverely bend;
Reſolv'd to viſit his illuſtrious Friend,
When weſtern Winds, and the firſt Swallows bring
The welcome Tidings of returning Spring.
In other Taſte to me your Bounty flow'd,
Than to his Gueſt the rough Calabrian ſhow'd—
"These Pears are excellent, then prithee feed."—
I've eaten quite enough —— "Well. You indeed
"Shall take ſome home —— as many as You pleaſe,
"For Children love ſuch little Gifts as theſe."
I thank You, Sir, as if they all were mine—
"Nay! if You leave, You leave them for the Swine."
Thus Fools and Spendthrifts give what they deſpiſe,
And hence ſuch thankleſs Crops for ever riſe.

The

Notes he thinks *contractus* may ſignify *contracto in loco*; *in anguſto conclavi*, becauſe ſmall Apartments are leſs cold, and conſequently more proper for Winter. The Tranſlator hath honeſtly ſet the Difficulty before his Reader, and wiſhes, although unſatisfied with them himſelf, that he may find any thing in theſe Remarks to explain it.

16. *Benignè.*] *Benè* and *benignè* were Words of Politeneſs and Modeſty among the Romans, as καλῶς and ἐπαινῶ among the Greeks, when they refuſed any thing offered to them. DAC.

20. *Prodigus ac ſtultus.*] They, who make Preſents of their Superfluities, or of what they deſpiſe, may perhaps be called prodigal,

Vir bonus & ſapiens dignis ait eſſe paratus:
Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent æra lupinis.
Dignum præſtabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quòd ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros anguſtâ fronte capillos;
Reddes dulce loqui; reddes ridere decorum, &
Inter vina fugam Cinaræ mœrere protervæ.
Fortè per anguſtam tenuis nitedula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti; paſtaque, rurſum
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore, fruſtra.
Cui muſtela procul: Si vis, ait, effugere iſtinc,

Macra

but can never be eſteemed liberal. Liberality gives with Diſcernment and Judgement. It knows the Value of what it beſtows, and the Merit of the Perſon, whom it obliges. Indeed, the Manner of giving is often the moſt engaging Part of an Obligation, and has the beſt Right to our Gratitude. Τὰς χάριτας ἀχαρίτως χαρίζεσθαι, to grant a Favour with ſo bad a Grace as not to make it an Obligation.

22. *Dignis ait eſſe paratus.*] *Vir bonus & ſapiens paratus dignis, ait ſe eſſe illis paratum.* The Grammarians are grievouſly ſcandalized at this kind of Conſtruction, yet it has a peculiar Elegance in Poetry, and the Poets have frequently uſed it. *Senſit medios delapſus in hoſtes.* Virgil. *Ait fuiſſe navium celerrimus.* Catul. And in our own Author, *Patiens vocari Cæſaris ultor. Uxor invicti Jovis eſſe neſcis.*

23. *Quid diſtent æra lupinis.*] *Lupina* a Sort of Pulſe, uſed for Play-houſe Money. Plautus in his Pœnulus. Act. 3. Scene 2.

AGAM. Agit, inſpicite: aurum eſt. COL. Profecto, ſpectatores, comicum. Macerato hoc pingues fiunt auro in Barbaria boves.

AGAM. *Hold; ſee; it is Gold.* COL. *Yes, truly, the Gold of Comedy. This is the Gold, with which, when it is well watered, they fatten Oxen in Italy.*

24. *Pro laude merentis.*] The Difficulty of this Paſſage ariſes from the Poet's dividing *pro* from the Participle *merentis*, *dignum præſtabo me etiam laude promerentis.* I will render myſelf, by my Gratitude, worthy of the Praiſes of my Benefactor. The ſame Manner of breaking a Word is in the ſixth Ode of the firſt Book, *Quam rem cunque ferox*, and in Virgil, *inque ſalutatam linquo.*

DAC. SAN.

29. *Tenuis nitedula.*] Reader, erect thine Ears, and be attentive, while we cut this Paſſage to the quick. All the Manuſcripts; all

The Wiſe and Good with better Choice beſtow,
Yet real Gold from Play-houſe Counters know.
But thus much Merit let me boldly claim,
No baſe ingratitude ſhall ſtain my Name;
And yet if I muſt never leave You more,
Give me my former Vigour, and reſtore
The Hair, that on the youthful Forehead plays;
Give me to prate with Joy, to laugh with Eaſe,
And o'er the flowing Bowl, in ſighing Strain,
To talk of wanton Cinera's Diſdain.

Into a wicker Caſk, where Corn was kept,
Perchance of meagre Corps a Field-mouſe crept,
But when ſhe fill'd her Paunch, and ſleek'd her Hide,
How to get out again, in vain ſhe try'd.
A Weezel, who beheld her thus diſtreſt,
In friendly ſort the luckleſs Mouſe addreſt,
" Would you eſcape, You muſt be poor and thin,
" To paſs the Hole through which you ventur'd in."

If

all Editions read *Vulpecula*, but I appeal to your Honour, ye Hunters, Farmers, and Naturaliſts, can a Fox eat Corn? Mr. Dacier, who reads *camera*, hath with much good Foreſight provided his Granary with Poultry and Pigeons. A pleaſant and facetious Conceit truly! A frugal Farmer, to be ſure, who lets his Poultry into his Barn, which muſt certainly be well covered againſt Rain, if it is open to Pigeons. But it ſeems, this was a lean Fox, that crept through a little Hole. I ſhould hardly believe it, although he were Skin and Bone. But how many Days and Nights muſt this wild Creature have lived indulging his Genius, like a tame, domeſtic Animal, in an Enemy's Houſe, amidſt the Noiſe of the Family? O Reader, whoſoever thou art, if thou haſt ever ſaluted Horace even at the Threſhold, canſt thou believe ſuch Abſurdities of him?

Such is the ſpirited and earneſt Criticiſm of Dr. Bentley, when he recommends to us the preſent Reading *nitedula*, which hath been received by Mr. Cuningham and Mr. Sanadon.

31. *Pleno corpore.*] Theſe Words are in Oppoſition, not only to *tenuis* but *macra*, and ſignify not only, that our Field-mouſe had

Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno:
Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudasti: rexque, paterque
Audisti coram, neque verbo parciùs absens.
Inspice, si possum donata reponere lætus.
Haud malè Telemachus proles patientis Ulyssei:
Non est aptus equis Ithacæ locus, ut neque planis
Porrectus spatiis, nec multæ prodigus herbæ:
Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.
Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus ac fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit, atque foro nimiùm distare Carinas
Jam grandis natu queritur; conspexit, ut aiunt,
Adrasum

filled her Belly, which she might have done at a single Meal, but that she stayed long enough to grow fat, and in good Plight of Body.
Bent. San.

35. *Nec somnum plebis laudo, &c.*] Our Author was not one of the many, who, when gorged with Luxury and good Chear, applaud the frugal Tables, and easy Slumbers of the Poor. His Love of Liberty and Repose was as natural to him in Poverty, as in Riches.
Tor.

37. *Sæpe verecundum laudasti.*] Horace is not afraid to call Mæcenas himself as a Witness of his Disinterestedness and Gratitude. You have often, says he, commended me for a Moderation, which could alone set Bounds to your Liberality. You know, that I ever spoke of You in the Language of Tenderness and Respect, as my Friend and Benefactor. To receive without Pride, and to resign without Pain, was a Stoical Maxim, which our Poet seems to have practised with much Sincerity.
Dac.

41. *Non est aptus equis Ithacæ locus.*] *Ithacæ non est locus aptus equis.* This Expression is pure Latin, and the Reading is of all the Manu-

If in this Tale th' unlucky Picture's mine,
Chearful the Gifts of Fortune I reſign;
Nor, with a Load of Luxury oppreſt,
Applaud the Sleep, that purer Meals digeſt.
Nor would exchange, for bleſt Arabia's Gold,
My native Eaſe, and Freedom uncontroul'd.
You oft have prais'd me, that no bold Requeſt,
A modeſt Poet! on Your Friendſhip preſt;
My grateful Language ever was the ſame,
I call'd you every tender, awful Name;
However try me, whether I can part
From all your Bounty, with a chearful Heart.
The Youth, whoſe Sire ſuch various Woes had try'd,
To Menelaus, not unwiſe, reply'd,
" Our Iſland hath no rich and fertile Plain,
" No wide-extended Courſe, in which to train
" The generous Horſe; then grant me to refuſe
" A Preſent, that You better know to uſe."
For little Folks become their little Fate,
And, at my Age, not Rome's imperial Seat,
But ſoft Tarentum's more delicious Eaſe,
Or Tibur's Solitude my Taſte can pleaſe.
Philip, whoſe Youth was ſpent in Feats of War,
Now grown a famous Lawyer at the Bar,
Returning home from Court one ſultry Day,
Complain'd, how tedious was the lengthen'd Way
To Folks in Years; then wiſtfully ſurvey'd
A new-trim'd Spark, who, joying in the Shade,
Loll'd

Manuſcripts. *Ithacæ* ſignifies *in Ithacâ*, nor is it governed of *locus*. Thus the Latins uſe *Cretæ* for *in Cretâ*, *Cypri* for *in Cypro*. SAN.

46. *Strenuus ac fortis Philippus.*] This little Tale is the longeſt, but not the leaſt agreeable of the three, with which Horace hath enlivened

Adraſum quendam vacuâ tonſoris in umbrâ
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.
Demetri (puer hic non lævus juſſa Philippi
Accipiebat) abi, quære, & refer; unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo ſit patre, quoque patrono.
It, redit, enarrat, Vulteium nomine Menam,
Præconem, tenui cenſu, ſine crimine notum,
Et properare loco, & ceſſare, & quærere, & uti,
Gaudentem parviſque ſodalibus, & lare certo;
Et ludis &, poſt deciſa negotia, campo.
Scitari libet ex ipſo quodcunque refers. Dic
Ad cœnam veniat. Non ſanè credere Mena:
Mirari ſecum tacitus. Quid multa? Benignè,
Reſpondet. Neget ille mihi? Negat improbus, ac te
Negligit, aut horret. Vulteium manè Philippus
Vilia vendentem tunicato ſcruta popello,
Occupat, ac ſalvere jubet prior. Ille Philippo
Excuſare laborem & mercenaria vincla,
Quòd non manè domum veniſſet; denique quòd non

Pro-

enlivened his Letter. It is told with that natural Eaſe and Vivacity, which can only make theſe Kinds of Stories pleaſing. Lucius Marcus Philippus was equally diſtinguiſhed by his Birth, Eloquence, and Courage, which raiſed him to the Cenſorſhip and Conſulſhip. SAN.

50. *Vacuâ tonſoris in umbrâ.*] *In umbra* covered from the Heat of the Sun, and *vacua* becauſe it was a Time of Day when all the World were retired to their own Houſes; or becauſe theſe Shops were uſually the Haunts of Idlers. *Vacui* and *otioſi.*

55. *Vulteium nomine Menam.*] By theſe Words Philip might know he was a Stranger; that he had been made free, and that his Patron's Name was Vulteius. Slaves had no Surname; but when they were made free, they took the Names or Surnames of their Patrons, to which they added thoſe of their Slavery. SAN.

57. *Et properare loco & ceſſare.*] *Properat ut quærat, & ceſſat ut quæſitis utatur. Loco* is equally applied to both Verbs, and ſignifies *tempeſtivè, in loco & in tempore.* SAN.

Loll'd in a Barber's Shop, with Eaſe reclin'd,
And par'd his Nails, full indolent of Mind.
" Demetrius (ſo was call'd his favourite Slave,
For ſuch Commiſſions a right-truſty Knave)
" Run and inquire of yonder Fellow ſtraight,
" His Name, Friends, Country, Patron and Eſtate."
He goes, returns——" Vulteius is his Name;
" Of little Fortune, but of honeſt Fame;
" A public Crier, who a thouſand Ways
" Buſtles to get what he enjoys with Eaſe.
" A boon Companion 'mongſt his Equals known,
" And the ſmall Houſe he lives in is his own.
" His Buſineſs over, to the public Shows,
" Or to the Field of Mars he ſauntring goes."
Methinks, I long to ſee this wonderous Wight;
Bid him be ſure to ſup with me to-night.
Menas, with aukward Wonder, ſcarce believes
The courteous Invitation he receives:
At laſt, politely begs to be excus'd——
" And am I then with Inſolence refus'd?
" Whether from too much Fear, or too much Pride,
" I know not, but he flatly has denied."
Philip next Morn our honeſt Pedlar found,
Dealing his Iron Merchandiſe around
To his ſmall Chaps;— the firſt Good-morrow gave;
Menas confus'd—" Behold a very Slave,
" To Buſineſs chain'd, or I ſhould ſurely wait
" An early Client at your Worſhip's Gate;

" Or

65 *Tunicato ſcruta popello.*] Menas was a public Crier, but exerciſed beſides a little Sort of Traffic; a kind of ſmall Ware Merchandiſe, in ſelling old Furniture and Moveables to the loweſt of the People. Horace calls the People *tunicato popelles*, becauſe they were obliged by their Poverty to go abroad in their Tunics, without the upper Garment uſually worn over them by the richer Romans.

Providiſſet eum. Sic ignoviſſe putato
Me tibi, ſi cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Poſt nonam venies: nunc i, rem ſtrenuus auge.
Ut ventum ad cœnam eſt; dicenda, tacenda locutus,
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Ergo ubi ſæpe
Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum,
Manè cliens, & jam certus conviva; jubetur
Rura ſuburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impoſitus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare. Videt, ridetque Philippus:
Et ſibi dum requiem, dum riſus undique quærit,
Dum ſeptem donat ſeſtertia, mutua ſeptem
Promittit; perſuadet, uti mercetur agellum.
Mercatur. Ne te longis ambagibus, ultra
Quàm ſatis eſt, morer; ex nitido fit ruſticus, atque
Sulcos ac vineta crepat mera: præparat ulmos:
Immoritur ſtudiis, & amore ſeneſcit habendi.
Verùm ubi oves furto, morbo periere capellæ,
Spem mentita ſeges, bos eſt enectus arando;
Offenſus damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum
Arripit, iratuſque Philippi tendit ad ædes.
Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus:
Durus

76. *Indictis Latinis.*] Philip could go to the Country only in the Holidays. They were called *indictæ* or *conceptivæ*, becauſe they were not celebrated upon any ſtated Days, *dies ſtatas*, but appointed at the Pleaſure of the Conſul. They were inſtituted in Honour of Jupiter, in Memory of a Peace concluded between Tarquinius Superbus, and the People of Latium.

80. *Dum ſeptem donat ſeſtertia.*] About *l.* 54. 13. 9. of our Money.

"Or had I firſt perceiv'd You— as I live"—
Well, ſup with me to-night, and I forgive
All paſt Neglect Be punctual to your Hour;
Remember I expect You juſt at four.
'Till then farewel; your growing Fortunes mend,
And know me for your Servant and your Friend.
Behold him now at Supper, where he ſaid,
Or right or wrong, what came into his Head.
When Philip ſaw his eager Gudgeon bite,
At Morn an early Client, and at Night
A certain Gueſt, his Project to compleat,
He takes him with him to his Country-Seat.
On Horſe-back now he ambles at his Eaſe,
The Soil, the Climate his inceſſant Praiſe.
Philip, who well obſerv'd our ſimple Gueſt,
Laughs in his Sleeve, reſolv'd to have his Jeſt
At any Rate; then lends him fifty Pound,
And promis'd more, to buy a Spot of Ground.
But, that our Tale no longer be delay'd,
Bought is the Ground, and our ſpruce Merchant made
A very Ruſtic; while at endleſs Rate,
Vineyards and Furrows are his conſtant Prate.
He plants his Elms for future Vines to riſe,
Grows old with Care, and on the Proſpect dies.
But when his Goats by Sickneſs, and by Thieves
His Sheep are loſt, his Crop his Hope deceives,
And his one Ox is kill'd beneath the Yoke,
Such various Loſſes his beſt Spirits broke.
At Midnight dragging out his only Horſe,
He drives to Philip's Houſe his deſperate Courſe;
Who, when he ſaw him rough, deform'd with Hair,
"Your ardent Love of Self, your too much Care

"Hath

Durus, ait, Vultei, nimis attentuſque videris
Eſſe mihi. Pol me miſerum, patrone, vocares,
Si velles, inquit, verum mihi ponere nomen.
Quòd te per Genium dextramque Deoſque Penates
Obſecro, & obteſtor; vitæ me redde priori.
Qui ſemel aſpexit, quantùm dimiſſa petitis
Præſtent; maturè redeat, repetatque relicta.
Metiri ſe quemque ſuo modulo ac pede, verum eſt.

96. *Qui ſemel aſpexit.*] *Ut primùm quis aſpexit.* They, who read *ſimul*, if they refer it to Vulteius, muſt be obliged to read *rediit repetitque* in the following Verſe, againſt the Faith of Manuſcripts. Lambinus and Mr. Dacier have given theſe three Lines to Philip. But Philip was perſuaded, from the Beginning, that Menas had better have continued in his firſt Condition, and only propoſed, as a Matter

EPIST. VIII. *Ad* CELSUM ALBINOVANUM.

CELSO gaudere & bene rem gerere Albinovano,
Muſa rogata, refer, comiti ſcribæque Neronis.
Si quæret, quid agam; dic, multa ac pulchra minantem,
Vivere nec rectè, nec ſuaviter: haud quia grando
Contuderit vites, oleamve momorderit æſtus;
Nec

If Horace, as our Commentators underſtand him, intended to draw his own Picture in this Epiſtle, it muſt be confeſſed, it is very little like the joyous Careleſſneſs of his Life in general. In almoſt perfect Health; poſſeſſed of an eaſy Fortune, and ſupported by a good Underſtanding, he makes himſelf miſerable with cauſeleſs Diſquietudes, and an unaccountable Waywardneſs of Temper. There are indeed too many Inſtances of theſe Weakneſſes among Mankind, but our Author's Epicurean Principles were of a more chearful Kind. The ancient Interpreter thinks, he puts on theſe Infirmities, that he may with more Politeneſs reproach Albinovanus,

" Hath ſurely brought You to this diſmal Plight."—
Oh! call me Wretch, if You would call me right,
The Caitiff cries; but let this Wretch implore,
By your good Genius ——— all that You adore,
By that right Hand, ſure never pledg'd in vain,
Reſtore to me my former Life again.

To his firſt State let him return with Speed,
Who ſees how far the Joys he left exceed
His preſent Choice: for all ſhould be confin'd
Within the Bounds, which Nature hath aſſign'd.

ter of Merriment, to make him change it; *videt ridetque Philippus.* The Sentiment therefore can only belong to the Poet, who draws this Moral from the Tale he had told. The preſent Reading is ſupported by two Manuſcripts, and ſeven beſt Editions. BENT.

EPIST. VIII. *To* CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

TO Celſus, Muſe, my warmeſt Wiſhes bear,
And if he kindly aſk you how I fare,
Say, though I threaten many a vaſt Deſign,
Nor Happineſs, nor Wiſdom, yet are mine.
Not that the driving Hail my Vineyards beat;
Not that my Olives are deſtroy'd with Heat;

Not

binovanus, who was really ſubject to them. But ſurely Tiberius would not employ a Secretary of this whimſical Character. Every Reader muſt determine for himſelf, what Degree of Probability there is in theſe Reaſons. The Letter ſeems to have been written in the Year 734.

Verſe 4. *Vivere nec rectè, nec ſuaviter.*] This Diſtinction is of pure Epicurean Morality. *Rectè vivere*, to live according to the Rules of Virtue; *Vivere ſuaviter*, to have no other Guidance for our Actions but Pleaſure and our Paſſions.

Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in arvis :
Sed quia mente minùs validus quàm corpore toto,
Nîl audire velim, nîl diſcere, quod levet ægrum :
Fidis offendar medicis, iraſcar amicis,
Cur me funeſto properent arcere veterno :
Quæ nocuere ſequar, fugiam quæ profore credam :
Romæ Tibur amem, ventoſus, Tibure Romam.
Poſt hæc, ut valeat ; quo pacto rem gerat, & ſe ;
Ut placeat juveni, percontare, utque cohorti.
Si dicet, rectè : primùm gaudere ; ſubinde
Præceptum auriculis hoc inſtillare memento :
Ut tu fortunam, ſic nos te, Celſe, feremus.

EPIST.

10. *Cur me funeſto.*] The Poet uſes *cur* for *quòd*, and it is too remarkable to be paſſed over. Perhaps there is not another Inſtance of it in the Latin Tongue.

12. *Romæ Tibur amem, ventoſus.*] This Inconſtancy of Temper is more deplorable, as it is almoſt incurable. It puts the whole Mind out of Order, and taints every Object of every Senſe.

14. *Ut placeat juveni.*] To enjoy the Confidence of a Prince without diſobliging his Courtiers, is an important Point, and at the ſame Time extremely difficult. Few People know this Art, without which they bring upon themſelves Diſgrace on one Side, or Jealouſy on the other. The laſt Line would induce us to believe, that Albinovanus made too much Uſe of his Intereſt with Tiberius.

SAN.

Not that my Cattle pine in foreign Plains—
More in my Mind than Body lie my Pains.
Reading I hate, and with unwilling Ear
The Voice of Comfort, or of Health I hear.
Friends or Phyſicians I with Pain endure,
Who ſtrive this Languor of my Soul to cure.
Whate'er may hurt me, I with Joy purſue;
Whate'er may do me good, with Horror view.
Inconſtant as the Wind, I various rove;
At Tibur, Rome: at Rome, I Tibur love.
Aſk how he does; what happy Arts ſupport
His Prince's Favour, nor offend the Court;
If all be well, ſay firſt, that we rejoice,
And then, remember, with a gentle Voice
Inſtil this Precept at his liſt'ning Ear,
" As You your Fortune, we ſhall Celſus bear."

17. *Ut tu fortunam.*] A Stroke of that Frankneſs and Liberty with which Horace treated his Friends, nor could Albinovanus be ſhocked at it, as it is ſoftened by the Line before it. SAN.

EPIST. IX. *Ad* CLAUDIUM TIBERIUM NERONEM.

SEPTIMIUS, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias. Nam quum rogat, & prece cogit
Scilicet, ut tibi se laudare & tradere coner,
Dignum mente domoque legentis honesta Neronis;
Munere quum fungi propioris censet amici,
Quid possim videt ac novit me valdiùs ipso.
Multa quidem dixi, cur excusatus abirem:
Sed timui, mea ne finxisse minora putarer,
Dissimulator opis propriæ, mihi commodus uni.
Sic ego, majoris fugiens opprobria culpæ,

Frontis

Among all the Duties of civil Life, there is not another, which requires more Discretion and Delicacy, than that of recommending a Friend, especially to a Superior. This Letter is a Proof of the Remark. The Poet was compelled to write by a sort of violent Importunity, which yet is not inexcusable in Septimius, persuaded as he was of our Author's Interest with Tiberius. There is through the whole Letter a certain happy Mixture of that manly Zeal, which a Friend has a Right to demand, and that modest Respect due to a great Prince. It may be a Pleasure to the Reader to know, that it had all the Success it deserved, for Septimius was afterwards honoured with the Confidence and Affection both of Tiberius and Augustus. We may date the Letter in 732, for Tiberius was sent the Year before to visit, and regulate the Government of the eastern Provinces. SAN.

Verse 1. *Nimirum intelligit unus.*] Some of our grave Commentators understand this Expression according to the Letter. Horace raillies his Friend upon the strong Persuasion he entertained of our Poet's Interest at Court, as if he were the only one of that Opinion. But this Persuasion is at once an Excuse for Septimius his Importunity, and for our Author's Compliance with it. *Rogat & prece cogit*, for *ita rogat, ut cogat rogando.*

EPIST. IX. *To* CLAUDIUS NERO.

SEPTIMIUS only knows, at leaſt, would ſeem
To know, the Share I hold in your Eſteem,
And when he aſks, nay would by Prayer prevail,
That I preſent him with my warmeſt Zeal,
Worthy of Nero's Family, and Heart,
Where only Men of Merit claim a Part;
When fondly he perſuades himſelf I hold
A Place among your nearer Friends enrol'd,
Much better than myſelf he ſees and knows
How far my Intereſt with Tiberius goes.
A thouſand Things I urg'd to be excus'd,
Though fearful, if too warmly I refus'd,
I might, perhaps, a mean Diſſembler ſeem,
To make a Property of your Eſteem.

Thus

4. *Dignum mente domoque.*] This one Line gives us an amiable and finiſhed Character both of Tiberius and Septimius. One takes the greateſt Care not to admit any but Men of Merit into his Confidence and Family; the other was worthy of a Choice ſo diſtinguiſhed and honourable. SAN.

5. *Propioris amici.*] Mr. Dacier has here found an ancient Cuſtom, inſtituted by Gracchus, of diſtinguiſhing between three Degrees of Perſons admitted to an Audience. But, without perceiving his Miſtake, he tells us, that it was re-eſtabliſhed by Tiberius, and conſequently could not have been known in the Time of Auguſtus, when this Letter was written. *Propior amicus*, is an eaſy, natural Expreſſion for an intimate Friend.

6. *Quid poſſim videt.*] This explains the *nimirum intelligit unus. Septimius muſt certainly be the only Perſon, who knows how much Intereſt I have with you, ſince I am ignorant of it myſelf.* This new Stroke of Modeſty gives a new Force to the Recommendation, and makes the Succeſs more eaſy. SAN.

Frontis ad urbanæ deſcendi præmia. Quòd ſi
Depoſitum laudas ob amici juſſa pudorem,
Scribe tui gregis hunc, & fortem crede bonumque.

11. *Frontis ad urbanæ deſcendi præmia.*] This Expreſſion, ſays Mr. Dacier, is uncommon and difficult, nor have we an Inſtance of it in any other Author. He therefore applies to the Greek Tongue, his uſual Recourſe in all Difficulties, and underſtands a certain Buffoonery, which is too often ſucceſsful among the Great. But even an Inſinuation of this kind would have been groſs, and rude to Tiberius. *Ad ea devenire auſus ſum, quæ ſunt aulicæ urbanitatis præmia*, ſays Mr. Sanadon. The Verb *deſcendi* ſignifies, I have attempted; I have engaged. *Frons urbana* is that aſſiduity, *audacia hominis urbani*, which gives a Courtier a Right to the good Graces of his Prince, and even that Right is a kind of Reward of his Services.

EPIST. X. *Ad* ARSITIUM FUSCUM.

URBIS amatorem Fuſcum ſalvere jubemus
Ruris amatores; hac in re ſcilicet unâ
Multùm diſſimiles; at cætera penè gemelli,
Fraternis animis: quidquid negat alter, & alter:
Annuimus pariter: vetuli notique columbi;
Tu nidum ſervas; ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, & muſco circumlita ſaxa nemuſque.
Quid quæris? Vivo & regno, ſimul iſta reliqui
Quæ vos ad cœlum effertis rumore ſecundo:
Utque ſacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuſo;
Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.

Vivere

There are few People inſenſible to the Pleaſures of the Country. This Taſte was in Horace a kind of Paſſion, and the Reaſons, with which he defends it in this Epiſtle, are equally pleaſing and inſtructive. SAN.

Verſe 3. *At cætera.*] Such is the Reading of the beſt Manuſcripts and Editions. *Ad* is unneceſſary, for the *Latins* uſe *cætera* abſolutely by underſtanding *quòad*. BENT. CUN.

Thus have I with a Friend's Requeſt complied,
And on the Confidence of Courts relied:
If you forgive me, to your Heart receive
The Man I love, and know him good and brave.

12. *Quòd ſi depoſitum laudas.*] He confeſſes that he hath offered Violence to his natural Modeſty, by thus trangreſſing the Bounds of that Reſpect due to Tiberius. But by the Word *laudas* he engages even Tiberius himſelf in his Party, and obliges him to approve of his Conduct, inſtead of being angry with him.

13. *Scribe.*] Let his Name be enrolled among the Officers of your Houſhold, and believe him a Man of Courage and Probity. DAC.

EPIST. X. *To* ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

TO Fuſcus, who in City-ſports delights,
A Country Bard with gentle Greeting writes;
In this we differ, but in all beſide,
Like twin-born Brothers, are our Souls allied;
And, as a Pair of fondly-conſtant Doves,
What one diſlikes the other diſapproves.
You keep the Neſt, I love the rural Mead,
The Brook, the moſſy Rock and woody Glade;
In ſhort, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
The Joys, You vaunt with Rapture to the Sky,
And like a Slave, from the Prieſt's Service fled,
I nauſeate honey'd Cakes, and long for Bread.
Would

10. *Utque ſacerdotis.*] The Prieſt's Slave, who is tired of living on the Delicacies offered to his Maſter's God, runs away from his Service, that he may get a little common Bread. Thus our Poet would retreat from the falſe Taſte and Reliſh of the Pleaſures of the Town to the ſimple and natural Enjoyments of the Country.

Vivere naturæ ſi convenienter oportet,
Ponendæque domo quærenda eſt area primùm ;
Noviſtine locum potiorem rure beato ?
Eſt, ubi plus tepeant hyemes ? ubi gratior aura
Leniat & rabiem Canis, & momenta Leonis,
Quum ſemel accepit ſolem furibundus acutum ?
Eſt, ubi divellat ſomnos minùs invida cura ?
Deteriùs Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis ?
Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
Quàm quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum ?
Nempe inter varias nutritur ſylva columnas ;
Laudaturque domus, longos quæ proſpicit agros.
Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen uſque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim faſtidia victrix.
Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus oſtro
Neſcit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,

Certius

12. *Vivere naturæ.*] The firſt Reaſon, for which he prefers the Country to the City, is, that we can there live more conformably to the Laws of Nature, and with greater Eaſe provide whatever ſhe demands, or diſengage ourſelves from Deſires of what ſhe does not really want. San.

15. *Eſt, ubi plus tepeant hyemes ?*] That is the pleaſanteſt Country, which hath Shade in Summer, and Sun in Winter, *æſtate habeat umbram, hyeme ſolem.* A rural Retirement certainly appeared to the Ancients the higheſt Happineſs of which the human Mind is capable. From whence they aſſigned to good Men in another State the Pleaſures of Woods, Groves, Fields, and Rivers, not of magnificent Dwellings and Palaces.

Nulli certa domus ; lucis habitamus opacis.
Riparumque toros, & prata recentia rivis.

16. *Momenta leonis.*] *Motus. Æſtus.* The Poet by this Expreſſion repreſents the Conſtellation of the Lion, as a furious Beaſt, agitated with exceſſive Heat, and ſpreading Deſtruction round him. The Latins uſed the Words *nomen* and *momentum* from the Verb *movere. Elementorum momenta*, for *elementorum motus.* Cic. San.

25. *Et mala perrumpet faſtidia.*] Avarice, Ambition, Luxury, which corrupt the Soul, and give it a Diſguſt of whatever is natural. Do they not live, ſays Seneca, againſt Nature, who plant Orchards on their higheſt Towers, while the Trees, with a kind of Impiety, fix their

Would you to Nature's Laws Obedience yield;
Would you a Houſe for Health or Pleaſure build,
Where is there ſuch a Situation found,
As where the Country ſpreads its Bleſſings round?
Where is the temperate Winter leſs ſevere?
Or, when the Sun aſcending fires the Year,
Where breathes a milder Zephyr to aſſwage
The Dog-ſtar's Fury, or the Lion's Rage?
Where do leſs envious Cares diſturb our Reſt?
Or are the Fields, in Nature's Colours dreſt,
Leſs grateful to the Smell, or to the Sight,
Than the rich Floor, with inlaid Marble bright?
Is Water purer from the burſting Lead,
Than gently murmuring down its native Bed?
Among your Columns, rich with various Dyes,
Unnatural Woods with aukward Art ariſe:
You praiſe the Houſe, whoſe Situation yields
An open Proſpect to the diſtant Fields.
Though Nature's driven out with proud Diſdain,
The powerful Goddeſs will return again;
Return in ſilent Triumph to deride
The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.
The Man, who cannot with judicious Eye
Compare the Fleece, that drinks the Tyrian Dye,
With the pale Latian; yet ſhall ne'er ſuſtain
A loſs ſo touching, of ſuch heart-felt Pain,

their Roots where their Branches ought not to have aſpired? Yet all theſe Arts, while they offer Violence to Nature, only prove the Taſte for Happineſs, which ſhe inſpires.

26. *Non, qui Sidonio*] Horace compares the Taſte of Nature to the true Purple; and that of the Paſſions to an adulterated, falſe Purple. *Contendere aliquid alicui*, to compare one Thing with another, *nam una tendunt pannos qui comparare & internoſcere volunt diſcrimina.* People, who compare Pieces of Stuff together, ſtretch them out near each other, better to diſcern the Difference. BAXTER.

Certius accipiet damnum, propiuſve medullis,
Quàm qui non poterit vero diſtinguere falſum.
Quem res plus nimio delectavere ſecundæ,
Mutatæ quatient. Si quid mirabere, pones
Invitus. Fuge magna : licet ſub paupere tecto
Reges ac regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.
Cervus equum, pugnâ melior, communibus herbis
Pellebat ; donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis, frænumque recepit :
Sed poſtquam victor victo diſceſſit ab hoſte,
Non equitem dorſo, non frænum depulit ore.
Sic, qui pauperiem veritus potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehit improbus ; atque
Serviet æternùm, parvo quia neſciet uti.
Cui non conveniet ſua res, ut calceus olim
Si pede major erit, ſubvertet ; ſi minor, uret.
Lætus ſorte tuâ vives ſapienter, Ariſti :
Nec me dimittes incaſtigatum, ubi plura
Cogere quàm ſatis eſt, ac non ceſſare videbor.

Imperat

30. *Quem res plus nimio.*] They who bound their Deſires within the Wants of Nature, and ſuch is uſually the Temper of a Country Life, are independent of Fortune's Favours and Reſentments ; her Anger and Inconſtancy. SAN.

34. *Cervus equum, pugnâ melior.*] If there be more Security, there is likewiſe more Servitude, in Cities than in the Country. Such is our Author's Application of this Fable, invented by Steſichorus, when the Hymerians were forming a Life-guard for Phalaris, whom they had appointed their General.

37. *Victor victo diſceſſit ab hoſte.*] This Reading, which appears in an Edition of the Year 1480, has been received by Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon ; and Dr. Bentley is perſuaded, that it was taken from ſome ancient Manuſcript. We have in different Editions, *victor violens*, *violens victor*, *violens victo*, and this very Difference juſtly makes the Text ſuſpected.

As he, who can't, with Senſe of happier Kind,
Diſtinguiſh Truth from Falſhood in the Mind.
They, who in Fortune's Smiles too much delight,
Shall tremble when the Goddeſs takes her Flight,
For if her Gifts our fonder Paſſions gain,
The frail Poſſeſſion we reſign with Pain.
Then leave the gaudy Bleſſings of the Great,
The Cottage offers a ſecure Retreat,
Where you may make a ſolid Bliſs your own,
To Kings, and Favourites of Kings, unknown.
A lordly Stag, arm'd with ſuperior Force,
Drove from their common Field a vanquiſh'd Horſe,
Who for Revenge to Man his Strength enſlav'd,
Took up his Rider, and the Bitt receiv'd:
But, when he ſaw his Foe with Triumph ſlain,
In vain he ſtrove his Freedom to regain,
He felt the Weight and yielded to the Rein.
So he, who Poverty with Horror views,
Nor frugal Nature's Bounty knows to uſe;
Who ſells his Freedom in Exchange for Gold,
(Freedom for Mines of Wealth too cheaply ſold)
Shall make eternal Servitude his Fate,
And feel a haughty Maſter's galling Weight.
Our Fortunes and our Shoes are near allied;
We're pinch'd in ſtrait, and ſtumble in the wide.
Then learn thy preſent Fortune to enjoy,
And on my Head thy juſt Repoach employ,

40. *Improbus.*] For *Improbe*, ſhamefully. The Latins uſed *improbus*, for *vilis*, *fœdus*, *turpis*. *Lavit improba teter ora cruor.* VIRG.

45. *Nec me dimittes incaſtigatum.*] The Poet makes uſe of this Corrective to ſoften that Advice, which he had given to his Friend. He deſires to be treated with the ſame Frankneſs, whenever he ſhall ſeem enſlaved to the ſame Paſſions. SAN.

Imperat aut ſervit collecta pecunia cuique,
Tortum digna ſequi potiùs quàm ducere funem.
Hæc tibi dictabam fanum poſt putre Vacunæ;
Excepto, quòd non ſimul eſſes, cætera lætus. 50

48. *Tortum digna ſequi*] A Metaphor taken from Beaſts, that are led with a Cord. Perſius hath uſed the ſame Figure, *funem reduco.* SAN.

49. *Prope fanum putre Vacunæ.*] Vacuna was the Goddeſs of Vacations, whoſe Feſtival was celebrated in December. There are ſtill

EPIST. XI. *Ad* BULLATIUM.

QUID tibi viſa Chios, Bullati, notaque Leſbos?
Quid concinna Samos? quid Cræſi regia Sardis?
Smyrna quid, & Colophon? majora minorane famâ?
Cunctane præ campo & Tiberino flumine ſordent?
An venit in votum Attalicis ex urbibus una? 5
An Lebedum laudas, odio maris atque viarum?
Scis, Lebedus quid ſit? Gabiis deſertior, atque
Fidenis vicus: tamen illic vivere vellem;
Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis,
Neptunum

We know not the Perſon to whom this Letter was written, but we may believe he had retired into Aſia, when the laſt Quarrel was breaking out between Octavius and Antony, that he might not again behold the Horrors of a Civil War. When it was ended, our Poet invites him to return to Rome, and gives him ſuch excellent Maxims, as might be uſeful to a Perſon, who by an unchearful Caſt of Mind is apt to deſpair upon every Accident or Alteration of his Fortune. Such was probably the Diſpoſition of Bullatius. The Letter ſeems to have been written in 725. SAN.

Verſe 7. *Scis, Lebedus quid ſit?*] Theſe Words, which the Poet puts into the Mouth of Bullatius, were certainly taken from ſome of

If e'r, forgetful of my former Self,
I toil to raiſe unneceſſary Pelf,
For Gold will either govern or obey,
But better ſhall the Slave, than Tyrant play.
This near the Shrine of Idleneſs I pen'd,
Sincerely bleſt, but that I want my Friend.

ſtill ſome Remains of her Temple on our Poet's Eſtate. He dates his Letter behind this Temple, to inſult Aſtriſtius with that Idleneſs and Liberty, which he enjoyed in the Country, in Oppoſition to the Buſineſs and Confinement of Rome. TORR.

EPIST. XI. *To* BULLATIUS.

DO the fam'd Iſlands of th' Ionian Seas,
Leſbos, or Chios, my Bullatius pleaſe?
Or Sardis, where great Crœſus held his Court?
Say, are they leſs, or greater than Report?
Does Samos, Colophon, or Smyrna, yield
Compar'd to Tibur, or to Mars's Field!
Would you, fatigu'd with Toils of Lands and Seas,
In Lebedus, or Aſia, ſpend your Days?
You tell me, Lebedus is now become
More deſert, than our Villages at home,
Yet there you gladly fix your future Lot,
Your Friends forgetting, by your Friends forgot;

of his Letters, in which he excuſed his not returning to Italy. Such a Manner of Writing is unknown, and would be perhaps unintelligible to an Engliſh Reader. The Tranſlator has therefore choſen a Turn of Expreſſion, familiar and uſual among modern Letter-Writers.

Since the Time of Lambinus, *quam ſit*, which is not even Latin, hath infected all our Editions, but all the Manuſcripes read *quid ſit*. TORR.

Neptunum procul è terrâ ſpectare furentem.
Sed neque qui Capuâ Romam petit, imbre lutoque
Aſperſus, volet in cauponâ vivere; nec, qui
Frigus collegit, furnos & balnea laudat,
Ut fortunatam plenè præſtantia vitam.
Nec ſi te validus jactaverit Auſter in alto,
Idcirco navim trans Ægeum mare vendas.
Incolumi Rhodos & Mitylene pulchra facit, quod
Penula ſolſtitio, campeſtre nivalibus auris,
Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili menſe caminus.
Dum licet, ac ſervat vultum Fortuna benignum,
Romæ laudetur Samos, & Chios, & Rhodos abſens.
Tu, quamcunque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,
Gratâ ſume manu; neu dulcia differ in annum:
Ut, quocunque loco fueris, vixiſſe libenter
Te dicas. Nam ſi ratio & prudentia curas,
Non locus, effuſi latè maris arbiter, aufert,
Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.
Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic eſt;
Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus.

EPIST.

10. *Neptunum procul è terrâ.*] This Image perfectly well repreſents the Condition of Rome and Italy. A Sea, agitated by Tempeſts, is a natural Figure of a State, diſtracted by the Diſſenſions of an inteſtine War. SAN.

17. *Incolumi.*] After that Horace hath turned into Ridicule the Reaſons with which Bullatius defends his living in Aſia, he prevents the only Thing he could reaſonably ſay in his Juſtification, that he was not influenced by Uneaſineſs or Melancholy of Temper, but by the real Beauties and Pleaſures of the Country. Theſe to a ſound Mind, *incolumi*, which was ſecure and ſafe from outward Accidents, were inſufficient Reaſons to make a Man forget his Friends, and the Place of his Birth. DAC.

19. *Caminus.*] Was a Room open to the South, and contrived in ſuch a Manner as to collect the Rays of the Sun in Winter. It was called *Heliocaminus* and *ſolarium*.

Enjoy the Calm of Life, and ſafe on Shore,
At Diſtance hear the raging Tempeſt roar.
A Traveller, though wet with Dirt and Rain,
Would not for ever at an Inn remain,
Or pierc'd with Cold, and joying in the Heat
Of a warm Bath, believe his Joys complete.
Though by ſtrong Winds your Bark were Tempeſt-toſt,
Say, would you ſell it on a diſtant Coaſt?
Believe me, at delicious Rhodes to live
To a ſound Mind no greater Bliſs can give,
Than a thick Coat in Summer's burning Ray,
Or a light Mantle on a ſnowy Day,
Or to a Swimmer Tiber's freezing Stream,
Or ſunny Rooms in Auguſt's mid-day Flame.
While yet 'tis in your Power; while Fortune ſmiles,
At Rome with Rapture vaunt thoſe happy Iſles,
And with a grateful Hand the Bliſs receive,
If Heaven an Hour more fortunate ſhall give.
Seize on the preſent Joy, and thus poſſeſs,
Where-e'er you live, an inward Happineſs.
If Reaſon only can our Cares allay,
Not the bold Site, that wide commands the Sea;
If they, who through the venturous Ocean range,
Not their own Paſſions, but the Climate change;
Anxious through Seas and Land to ſearch for Reſt
Is but laborious Idleneſs at beſt.
In deſert Ulubræ the Bliſs you'll find,
If you preſerve a firm, and equal Mind.

25. *Si ratio & prudentia curas.*] A wiſe Man is a Citizen of the World, and can ſecure his own Happineſs, in whatever Part of it he lives. The *ſi*, as Mr. Dacier well obſerves, is to be underſtood, and conſtrued with *cœlum non animum mutant, ſtrenua nos exercet inertia.*

28. *Strenua inertia.*] This Oppoſition in the Words is very pretty, and contains much moral, good Senſe. All theſe Purſuits of Happineſs are but a laborious Idleneſs.

Epist. XII. *Ad* Iccium.

FRUCTIBUS Agrippæ Siculis, quos colligis, Icci,
Si rectè frueris, non eſt ut copia major
Ab Jove donari poſſit tibi. Tolle querelas:
Pauper enim non eſt rerum cui ſuppetit uſus.
Si ventri bene, ſi lateri eſt, pedibuſque tuis; nîl
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.
Si fortè in medio poſitorum abſtemius, herbis
Vivis & urticâ; ſic vives protinus, ut te
Confeſtim liquidus Fortunæ rivus inauret:
Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia neſcit,
Vel quia cuncta putas unâ virtute minora.

We find by the twenty-ninth Ode of the firſt Book, that Horace had ſuch a Degree of Intimacy with Iccius as allows of much innocent Raillery. He there repreſents him as a philoſophical Soldier, and here as a philoſophical Miſer, but equally ridiculous in either Character, while the Poet maintains his own good Humour with equal Spirit. By the laſt Lines of it, we may date the Letter in Autumn 734. San.

Verſe 1. *Fructibus Agrippæ Siculis.*] Auguſtus was obliged to Agrippa for the Reduction of Sicily, and gave him, in acknowledgment, an Eſtate there, to which Iccius was Agent, or Farmer. His Father had been Governor of the Iſland four and twenty Years before.

Quos colligis.] This Expreſſion, and the laſt Line of the Letter, ſeem to ſay, that it was Harveſt-Time both in Sicily and Italy, which will more exactly direct us to fix the Date of it. San.

8. *Herbis vivis & urticâ.*] By tranſlating *urtica* Nettles, the Commentaters have made Horace ſpeak in a Manner as ridiculous, as

Epist. XII. *To* Iccius.

WHILE Iccius farms Agrippa's large Eſtate,
If he with Wiſdom can enjoy his Fate,
No greater Riches Jove himſelf can give;
Then ceaſe complaining, Friend, and learn to live.
He is not poor to whom kind Fortune grants,
Even with a frugal Hand, what Nature wants.
Are you with Food, and Warmth, and Raiment bleſt?
Not royal Treaſures are of more poſſeſt;
And if, for Herbs and Shell-fiſh at a Feaſt,
You leave the various Luxuries of Taſte,
Should Fate enrich you with a Golden Stream,
Your Life and Manners ſhall be ſtill the ſame;
Whether meer Money cannot change the Soul,
Or Virtue ſhould our Appetites controul.

a Man, who ſhould invite his Gueſts to Meat and Mutton; Wild-fowl and Partridge; Fiſh and Turbot. But the Poet, as if he had foreſeen that he might poſſibly be miſunderſtood, hath repeated his Meaning in the twenty-firſt Verſe, and particularly marked the Herbs by the Names of *porrum* and *cæpe*, and the Fiſh by *Urtica*. This was a cheap and taſteleſs Fiſh, eaten only by the Poor. San.

Sic vives protinus, ut te.] *Ut* here ſignifies *quamvis*, which only can determine the Senſe. *Protinus* is for *uno eodemque tenore*, in one continued, unbroken Length. Torr.

10. *Vel quia naturam.*] Horace would ſeem to believe, that the Contentment, which Iccius finds in his Frugality, proceeds from one of theſe two Reaſons; either becauſe he is perſuaded, that Riches cannot make a Man happy againſt his natural Diſpoſition, or that he was convinced, they are leſs eſtimable than Virtue. Dac.

Miramur, ſi Democriti pecus edit agellos
Cultaque, dum peregre eſt animus ſine corpore velox?
Quum tu inter ſcabiem tantam & contagia lucri
Nil parvi ſapias, & adhuc ſublimia cures:
Quæ mare compeſcant cauſæ: quid temperet annum:
Stellæ ſponte ſuâ, juſſæne vagentur & errent:
Quid premat obſcurum lunæ, quid proferat orbem:
Quid velit & poſſit rerum concordia diſcors:
Empedocleum, an Stertinium deliret acumen.
Verùm, ſeu piſces, ſeu porrum & cæpe trucidas,
Utere Pompeio Groſpho; &, ſi quid petet, ultro
Defer: nîl Groſphus niſi verum orabit & æquum.
Vilis amicorum eſt annona, bonis ubi quid deeſt.
Ne tamen ignores quo ſit Romana loco res:
Cantabar Agrippæ, Claudî virtute Neronis

Arme-

12. *Miramur, ſi Democriti.*] This Compariſon hath much ironical Pleaſantry. Democritus was ſo engaged in his philoſophical Speculations, that he left his Eſtate a Prey to his Neighbours. But the ſevere and frugal Life of Iccius roſe from very different Principles. He denied himſelf only thoſe Pleaſures, which his Avarice would not allow him to purchaſe. But Virtue, ſays our laughing Poet, was a Source of real Wealth to him, and he wanted only thoſe Riches, which his Stoical Wiſdom had taught him to deſpiſe. SAN.

13. *Dum peregre eſt animus.*] The Platonics, explaining the Powers of the Soul, talk as if they could really, by Strength of Imagination, ſeparate the Soul from the Body, and raiſe it above all earthly Ideas. Ariſtophanes, to ridicule this Language, introduces Socrates, telling his Diſciples, that he could never have penetrated into Things ſublime, but by mixing his moſt refined Ideas with Air moſt like them. He then pleaſantly adviſes them, not to reſtrain their Imagination, but let it ſoar like a Butterfly, which Boys tie to a Thread.

15. *Sublimia cures.*] It was now ſeventeen Years ſince Iccius had quitted Philoſophy for the Army, but as his Arabian Expedition had not the Succeſs it promiſed, our new Soldier returned to his firſt Profeſſion. SAN.

That vagrant Herds, in Days of Yore, ſhould eat
The Sage's Harveſt, while without its Weight
His Spirit rov'd abroad, ſhall n'er be told
As wonderful; ſince, not debas'd by Gold,
And its Infection, Iccius bravely wiſe,
Spurns this vile Earth, and ſoars into the Skies.
Curious you ſearch what bounds old Ocean's Tides;
That through the various Year the Seaſons guides:
Whether the Stars by their own proper Force,
Or foreign Power, purſue their vagrant Courſe:
Why Shadows darken the pale Queen of Night:
Whence ſhe renews her Orb, and ſpreads her Light:
What Nature's jarring Sympathy can mean,
And who, among the Wiſe, their Syſtems beſt maintain.
But whether ſlaughter'd Onions crown your Board,
Or murder'd Fiſh an impious Feaſt afford,
Receive Pompeius Groſphus to your Heart,
And, ere he aſks, your willing Aid impart;
He ne'er ſhall make a bold, unjuſt Requeſt,
And Friendſhip's cheap, when good Men are diſtreſt.
Now condeſcend to hear the public News:
Agrippa's War the Sons of Spain ſubdues.

The

20. *Empedocleum.*] Mr. Cuningham and Mr. Sanadon are perſuaded, that this was the original Reading. It makes the Conſtruction more correct and uniform. Some Abbrevation of the Copyiſts probably produced *Empedocles.*

21. *Seu piſces, ſeu porrum, &c.*] Entertainments of Fiſh were moſt delicate and expenſive among the Romans, but Iccius had a Table more frugal. *Trucidas* can be probably applied only to the Murder of Men. But Horace uſes it to ridicule the Doctrine of Pythagoras, that the Souls of human Kind paſſed ſucceſſively into the Bodies of Men, Animals and Plants.

25. *Ne tamen ignores.*] Though Iccius is engaged in amaſſing Money, and in philoſophical Enquiries into the Secrets of Nature, yet he ſhould not be inſenſible to the good News of his Country.

Armenius cecidit: jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæſaris accepit, genibus minor: aurea fruges
Italiæ pleno defundit Copia cornu.

28. *Genibus minor.*] The Poet only means, that Phraates was reduced to the loweſt Submiſſions to purchaſe the Protection of Auguſtus againſt his own Subjects. Mr. Dacier underſtands the Words literally, and that *Cæſaris* means Tiberius, from whoſe Hand the Parthian

EPIST. XIII. *Ad* VINIUM ASELLAM.

UT proficiſcentem docui te ſæpe diuque,
Auguſto reddes ſignata volumina, Vini,
Si validus, ſi lætus erit, ſi denique poſcet;
Ne ſtudio noſtri pecces, odiumque libellis
Sedulus importes, operâ vehemente miniſter.
Si te fortè meæ gravis uret ſarcina chartæ;
Abjicito potiùs, quàm, quo perferre juberis,
Clitellas ferus impingas, Aſinæque paternum
Cognomen vertas in riſum, & fabula fias.
Viribus utêris per clivos, flumina lamas.
Victor propoſiti ſimul ac perveneris illuc,

Sic

In the few Lines careleſsly thrown together in this Epiſtle, we perceive the Hand of a great Maſter, who knows how to trifle with Spirit, and to enliven the moſt inconſiderable Subjects with ſomewhat agreeable. The Character of Vinius is drawn with a very pleaſing Simplicity, and the Praiſes of Auguſtus are delicate, and artful. SAN.

Verſe 2. *Signata volumina.*] Our Poet ſent Auguſtus not only the Letter addreſſed to him (the firſt of the ſecond Book) but alſo the laſt Odes, and laſt Epiſtles he had written. He calls theſe Pieces *volumina*, becauſe they were ſeparately rolled up, and he deſires Vinius to preſent them ſealed, that they might not be expoſed to the impertinent Curioſity of the Court. RODELL.

The fierce Armenian Nero's Virtue feels:
Short by the Knees the haughty Parthian kneels:
Again the Monarch is by Cæsar crown'd,
And golden Plenty pours her Blessings round.

Parthian Monarch received his Crown. But is it not astonishing, that Velleius Paterculus, always disposed to flatter Tiberius, hath forgotten a Circumstance so glorious to him, and that we have not the least Marks of it in any other Historian? SAN.

EPIST. XIII. *To* VINIUS ASELLA.

VINIUS, I oft desir'd you, ere you went,
Well seal'd my rhiming Volumes to present,
If Cæsar's high in Health, in Spirits gay,
Or if he ask'd to read th' unoffer'd Lay,
Lest you offend with too officious Zeal,
And my poor Works his just Resentment feel.
Throw down the Burden, if it gall your Back,
Nor at the Palace fiercely break the Pack,
Lest my dear Ass become the laughing Sport,
The quibling Fable of the Wits at Court.
Through Rivers, Steeps, and Fens, exert your Force,
Nor, when you're Victor of the destin'd Course,

Under

6. *Si te fortè meæ.*] Augustus had rallied Horace for the Shortness of his Epistles, *vereri mihi videris ne majores libelli tui sint quam ipse es*; You seem afraid, that your Letters should be longer than You are. The Poet therefore sends a Number of them together, that he might make up in Weight what he wanted in Length.

8. *Asinæque.*] The Pleasantry of the Epistle rises from the Poet's quibling on the Name of his Messenger, *Asella*, or the *Ass*. He was probably one of our Author's Neighbours in the Country. The Family became considerable under the following Emperors, for we find the Name in Tacitus, in Suetonius, in Medals and Inscriptions.

Sic positum servabis onus, ne fortè sub alâ
Fasciculum portes librorum, ut rusticus agnum;
Ut vinosa glomus furtivæ Pyrrhia lanæ;
Ut cum pileolo soleas conviva tribulis.
Neu vulgo narres te sudavisse ferendo
Carmina, quæ possint oculos auresque morari
Cæsaris. Oratus multâ prece, nitere. Porro
Vade, vale; cave ne titubes, mandataque frangas.

12. *Ne fortè sub alâ.*] Mr. Dacier imagines there is much Delicacy in the Poet's desiring Vinius not to carry the Pacquet under his Arm, and that it is not difficult to guess the Reason of it.

14. *Glomus*] Is of four Manuscripts and as many of our best Editions.

15. *Conviva tribulis.*] Athenæus tells us, That People of the same Tribe had Entertainments, called *cœnæ thiasæ* (probably not unlike our modern Clubs) which were regulated by Laws. The Guests carried their Bonnets, to preserve them from the Weather; and Slippers, to put on when they went into the House of the Master of the Feast.

Epist. XIV. *Ad* Villicum Suum.

Villice sylvarum & mihi me reddentis agelli,
Quem tu fastidis, habitatum quinque focis, &
Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere Patres;
Certemus, spinas animone ego fortiùs, an tu
Evellas agro, & melior sit Horatius, an res.
Me

The Subject of this Epistle has nothing considerable, but the Poet has raised it by Reflections most interesting, and a Variety of Images extremely agreeable. It must have been one of his latest Works, since he boasts of a Constancy, which was by no means the Virtue of his Youth. San.

Vers. 3. *Quinque bonos solitum*, &c.] Our Poet's Estate was within the Jurisdiction of Varia, to which the most considerable Commoners

Under your Arm the letter'd Bundle bear,
As Ruſtics do their Lambs, with aukward Air;
As Pyrrhia, reeling from the drunken Bowl,
Conveys away the Ball of Wool ſhe ſtole;
Or in his Pride, a Tribe-invited Gueſt
Carries his Cap and Slippers to a Feaſt;
Nor loud proclaim, with how much Toil you bear
Such Verſe, as may detain even Cæſar's Ear.
Farewel, make haſte; and ſpecial Caution take,
Leſt you ſhould ſtumble, and my Orders break.

16. *Nec vulgo narres.*] It is dangerous to attempt to prejudice the Public in favour of a Work. If it has Beauties, perhaps the Reader would be better pleaſed to have had the Liberty of diſcovering them himſelf. If it has not, he cannot be long deceived, and we ſhall only be rewarded with ſome of the Reproach due to the Author. SAN.

EPIST. XIV. *To* His STEWARD in the Country.

THOU Steward of the Woods and Country-Seat,
That give me to myſelf: whoſe ſmall Eſtate,
Which you deſpiſe, five worthy Fathers ſent,
One from each Houſe, to Varia's Parliament:
Let us enquire, if You, with happier Toil,
Root out the Thorns and Thiſtles of the Soil,
Than Horace tears his Follies from his Breaſt;
Whether my Farm or I be cultur'd beſt.

Though

Commoners of each Diſtrict, under its Dependance, went at particular Times to deliberate upon public Affairs.

Me quamvis Lamiæ pietas & cura moratur
Fratrem mœrentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
Insolabiliter ; tamen istuc mens animusque
Fert, & amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum.
Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio sors.
Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur iniquè :
In culpâ est animus, qui se non effugit unquam.
Tu mediastinus tacitâ prece rura petebas :
Nunc urbem & ludos & balnea villicus optas.
Me constare mihi scis, ac discere tristem,
Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam.
Non eadem miramur : eo disconvenit inter
Meque & te : nam quæ deserta & inhospita tesqua
Credis, amœna vocat mecum qui sentit ; & odit
Quæ tu pulchra putas. Fornix tibi & uncta popina
Incutiunt urbis desiderium, video ; & quòd
Angulus iste feret piper ac thus ociùs uvâ ;
Nec vicina subest vinum præbere taberna
Quæ possit tibi ; nec meretrix tibicina, cujus
Ad strepitum salias terræ gravis : & tamen urges
Jampridem non tacta ligònibus arva : bovemque
Disjunctum curas, & strictis frondibus exples.
Addit opus pigro rivus, si decidit imber,

Multâ

8. *Mens animusque.*] When the Latins use *mens animusque* or *mens animi*, they would express all the Faculties of the Soul. *Mens* regards the superior and intelligent Part ; *animus* the sensible and inferior, the Source of the Passions. DAC.

14. *Mediastinus.*] Was a Slave of the lowest Kind, who had no regular Service appointed for him, but waited upon other Slaves in the vilest Employments. Among other Directions given by Cato to his Son, when he went to the Army, *Ille imperator, tu illi ac cæteris Mediastinus.*

26. *Et tamen urges.*] A beautiful Expression, and extremely proper for Agriculture. Virgil says, *insequi arva, terram insectari.* These

Though Lamia's pious Tears, that ceaſeleſs mourn
A Brother loſt, have hinder'd my Return,
Thither my warmeſt Wiſhes bend their Force,
Start from the Goal, and beat the diſtant Courſe.
Rome is your Rapture, mine the rural Seat;
Pleas'd with each other's Lot, our own we hate;
But both are Fools, and Fools in like Extreme;
Guiltleſs the Place, that we unjuſtly blame,
For in the Mind alone our Follies lie,
The Mind, that never from itſelf can fly.
A Slave at Rome, and diſcontented there,
A Country-Life was then your ſilent Prayer:
A Ruſtic grown, your firſt Deſires return,
For Rome, her public Games and Baths you burn.
More conſtant to myſelf, I leave with Pain,
By hateful Buſineſs forc'd, the rural Scene.
From different Objects our Deſires ariſe,
And thence the Diſtance, that between us lies;
For what you call inhoſpitably drear
To me with Beauty and Delight appear,
For well I know, a Tavern's greaſy Steam
And a vile Stew with Joy your Heart enflame,
While my ſmall Farm yields rather Herbs than Vines,
Nor there a neighbouring Tavern pours its Wines,
Nor Harlot-Miniſtrel ſings, when the rude Sound
Tempts You with heavy Heels to thump the Ground.
But you complain, that with unceaſing Toil,
You break, alas! the long unbroken Soil,
Or looſe the wearied Oxen from the Plow,
And feed with Leaves new-gather'd from the Bough.

Then

These Words may be ſuppoſed to have been written or ſpoken by the Steward to his Maſter, commending his own Diligence and complaining of the Fatigue of a Country-Life.

CRUQ.

Multâ mole docendus aprico parcere prato.
Nunc age, quid noſtrum concentum dividat, audi.
Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli,
Quem ſcis immunem Cinaræ placuiſſe rapaci,
Quem bibulum liquidi mediâ de luce Falerni,
Cœna brevis juvat, & prope rivum ſomnus in herbâ;
Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum.
Non iſtic obliquo oculo mea commoda quiſquam
Limat, non odio obſcuro morſuque venenat:
Rident vicini glebas ac ſaxa moventem.
Cum ſervis urbana diara rodere mavis,
Horum tu in numerum voto ruis: invidet uſum
Lignorum & pecoris tibi calo argutus & horti.
Optat ephippia bos piger; optat arare caballus,
Quam ſcit, uterque libens, cenſebo, exerceat artem.

32. *Quem tenues decuere togæ.*] Horace, to render the Compariſon between himſelf and his Slave more juſt, draws a Picture of the Life they paſſed in their Youth at Rome. He confeſſes, that his own Conduct had not been extremely regular, yet that of his Slave, who was probably the Confident of his Pleaſures, had not been more wiſe. But while the Maſter renounces the Follies of his Youth, though without bluſhing for them, the Servant would continue in them as long as he lived. Dac.

38. *Limat.*] *Limis oculis aſpicere aliquem*, to look aſkew, or aſkance; but the Latins never uſed *limare* in that Senſe. The Scholiaſt explains the Word *limat* by *deterit, imminuit.* It was a Superſtition among the Ancients, as Mr. Dacier obſerves, that an envious Eye could leſſen what it looked at, and corrupt our Enjoyment of it.

Then feels your Lazineſs an added Pain,
If e'er the Rivulet be ſwollen with Rain;
What mighty Mounds againſt its Force You rear
To teach its Rage the ſunny Mead to ſpare!
Now hear, from whence our Sentiments divide;
In Youth, perhaps with not ungraceful Pride,
I wore a ſilken Robe, perfum'd my Hair,
And without Preſents charm'd the venal Fair:
From early Morning quaff'd the flowing Glaſs;
Now a ſhort Supper charms, or on the Graſs
To lay me down at ſome fair River's Side,
And ſweetly ſlumber as the Waters glide;
Nor do I bluſh to own my Follies paſt,
But own thoſe Follies ſhould no longer laſt.
None there with Eye aſkance my Pleaſures views,
With Hatred dark, or poiſon'd Spite purſues;
My Neighbours laugh to ſee with how much Toil
I carry Stones, or break the ſtubborn Soil.
You with my City-Slaves would gladly join,
And on their daily Pittance hardly dine;
While more refin'd they view with envious Eye
The Gardens, Horſes, Fires, that You enjoy.
Thus the ſlow Ox would gaudy Trappings claim;
The ſprightly Horſe would plough amidſt the Team;
By my Advice, let each with chearful Heart,
As beſt he underſtands, employ his Art.

42. *Calo argutus.*] Mr. Dacier, ſupported by Feſtus and the Scholiaſts, derives the Word *calo* from καλέω *voco*, and then it muſt ſignify *Nomenclator*. But the firſt Syllable of *calare*, *calo*, *calator*, is always ſhort. We may therefore better derive it from an old Subſtantive *cala*, uſed by Lucretius, and probably taken from κάλον, *Lignum*.

Epist. XV. *Ad* C. Numonium Valam.

QUÆ ſit hyems Veliæ, quod cœlum, Vala, Salerni,
Quorum hominum regio, & qualis via (nam mihi Baias
Muſa ſupervacuas Antonius, & tamen illis
Me facit inviſum, gelidâ quum perluor undâ
Per medium frigus. Sanè myrteta relinqui,
Dictaque ceſſantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura

We find in the Beginning of this Epiſtle an inexcuſable Perplexity of Style and Conſtruction. We muſt read more than twenty Lines before we can range the Thoughts in their natural Order, and two long Parentheſes, one of twelve, the other of five Lines, increaſe the Diſorder. The Reader and Tranſlator are equally loſt in the Windings of ſuch a Labyrinth. But the latter Part hath none of theſe Faults. The Story is told with an eaſy, natural Simplicity, enlivened by the Character of Mænius, and the Application, which the Poet makes of it. San.

Verſ. 1. *Quæ ſit hyems Veliæ.*] We muſt begin the Conſtruction with the twenty fifth Line, *ſcribere te nobis, tibi nos accredere, par eſt, quæ ſit hyems Veliæ*, &c. It were to be wiſhed that Horace had avoided this enormous Length of Sentences, through which it is extremely difficult to follow him. We have Examples of the ſame Fault in his Odes, *Motum ex Metello*, and *Qualem miniſtrum*; but although Lyric Poetry allows more Liberty than any other Kind of Writing, yet it will be always a Fault, and great Maſters deſerve leſs Indulgence than ordinary Poets. An epiſtolary Style requires more Eaſe and Simplicity. San.

3. *Muſa ſupervacuas Antonius.*] Antonius Muſa was a Freeman of Auguſtus, and Brother of Euphorbus, Phyſician to King Juba. His Memory ought always to be had in Veneration by the Faculty. He had the Happineſs of curing Auguſtus of a Diſtemper, which his other Phyſicians thought deſperate, and this Cure raiſed both the Faculty and its Profeſſors out of Contempt. The Prince and People contended in honouring a Man, who had reſtored a Life ſo valuable

EPIST. XV. *To* VALA.

BY my Phyſician's learn'd Advice I fly
From Baia's Waters, yet with angry Eye
The Village views me, when I mean to bathe
The middle Winter's freezing Wave beneath;
Loudly complaining that their Myrtle Groves
Are now neglected; their ſulfureous Stoves,
Of ancient Fame our feeble Nerves to raiſe,
And diſſipate the lingering cold Diſeaſe,

While

valuable to the State. He was rewarded with a conſiderable Sum of Money; he was exempted from all public Taxes; he was made free of Rome; allowed to wear a Gold-ring, and his Statue was placed next to that of Æſculapius. Theſe glorious Diſtinctions were not confined to Him alone, but extended to all of the Profeſſion, and the Diſciples of Hippocrates were then firſt allowed the Privileges and Immunities of a Roman Citizen. The cold Bath was now preſcribed for all Diſorders, but the ſame Preſcription, which had oured Auguſtus, having unhappily killed Marcellus, the Science of Phyſic, and the People, who practiſed it, fell into their original Contempt. After this Example, we may believe, that Horace would not be willing to run the ſame Hazard, and therefore we may naturally date this Letter in the Beginning of 731, ſix or ſeven Months after the Recovery of Auguſtus, which happened in Auguſt. SAN.

4. *Gelidâ quum perluor undâ.*] This does not ſuppoſe, that he had already gone into the cold Bath, but that he propoſed it, and was yet undetermined between that of Salernum and Velia. *Perluor* does not mark a paſt Action, but the preſent Diſpoſition, as if he had ſaid *quum in eo ſum ut perluar.* SAN.

6. *Dictaque ceſſantem*, &c.] This *morbus ceſſans* is cauſed by a phlegmatic Humour, which obſtructing the Nerves, produces a languid Heavineſs, and ſometimes deprives the Part affected of all Senſation and Action, as in Palſies and Apoplexies. By *ſulfura* the Poet means the Stoves, where ſulfureous Vapours, exhaling from

Sulfura contemni, vicus gemit, invidus ægris,
Qui caput ac ſtomachum ſupponere fontibus audent,
Cluſinos Gabioſque petunt & frigida rura.
Mutandus locus eſt, & diverſoria nota
Præter agendus equus. Quò tendis? Non mihi Cumas
Eſt iter aut Baias, lævâ ſtomachoſus habenâ
Dicet eques: ſed equis frænato eſt auris in ore)
Major utrum populum frumenti copia paſcat,
Collectoſne bibant imbres, puteoſne perennes
Dulcis aquæ; (nam vina nihil moror illius oræ.
Rure meo poſſum quodvis perferre patique:
Ad mare quum veni, generoſum & lene requiro,
Quod curas abigat, quod cum ſpe divite manet
In venas animumque meum, quod verba miniſtret,
Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.)
Tractus uter plures lepores, uter educet apros;
Utra magis piſces, & echinos æquora celent,

Pinguis

the Earth, cauſe a dry Heat, which provokes Sweat. Celſus deſcribes the Stoves of Baiæ in ſuch a Manner. that the Phyſician is a Commentator on the Poet. *Siccus calor eſt, ubi à terrâ profuſus calidus vapor ædificio includitur, ſicut ſuper Baias in myrtetis habemus. Elidere* ſignifies *to diſſolve, to diſperſe.* San.

10. *Mutandus locus eſt.*] *We muſt go no more to Baiæ*, where the Poet had frequently been. Mr. Sanadon blames this Apoſtrophe; for although a Rider naturally enough may ſometimes talk to his Horſe, yet an Author can hardly be ſuppoſed to ſit down to write to him.

12. *Lævâ ſtomachoſus habenâ.*] At the Entrance into Campania the Road divides: the right leads to Cuma and Baiæ; the left to Capua, Salernum, and Velia. The Horſe is going to his uſual Stage at Baiæ, but Horace turns him to the left, to the Lucanian Road. Torr.

13. *Sed equis.*] This Reading, inſtead of *equi*, is of the beſt Manuſcripts and Editions.

16. *Dulcis aquæ.*] Our Poet was obliged to drink more Water than Wine for fear of enflaming his Eyes, and he was therefore more

While the ſick Folks in Cluſium's Fountains dare
Plunge the bold Head, or ſeek a colder Air.
The Road we now muſt alter, and engage
Th' unwilling Horſe to paſs his uſual Stage:
Ho! whither now? his angry Rider Cries,
And to the left the reſtive Bridle plies.
We go no more to Baiæ; prithee hear——
But in his Bridle lies an Horſe's Ear.
Dear Vala, ſay, how temperate, how ſevere,
Are Velia's Winters, and Salernum's Air:
The Genius of the Folks, the Roads how good:
Which eats the better Bread, and when a Flood
Of Rain deſcends, which quaffs the gather'd Shower,
Or do their Fountains purer Water pour?
Their Country-Vintage is not worth my Care,
For though at home, whatever Wine, I bear,
At Sea-port Towns I ſhall expect to find
My Wines of generous and of ſmoother Kind,
To drive away my Cares, and to the Soul,
Through the full Veins, with golden Hopes to roll;
With flowing Language to inſpire my Tongue,
And make the liſtening Fair-one think me young.
With Hares or Boars which Country's beſt ſupplied?
Which Seas their better Fiſh luxurious hide?

That

more curious about it. The Soil of Campania being full of Sulphur and Bitumen, the Water muſt neceſſarily have had a very bad Taſte.

17. *Poſſum quodvis perferre.*] This conjectural Reading, propoſed by Heinſius inſtead of *quidvis*, hath been received by all the late Editors. The Poet ſpeaks only of Wine in the preceding, and three following Verſes, and tells us, that in his Sabine Eſtate, where the Vines are not of the richeſt Kind, he is little curious about his Wines: but, when he goes to a Sea-port Town, he ſhall expect thoſe of foreign Growth, ſmooth and generous. TORR.

Pinguis ut inde domum poſſim Phæaxque reverti ;
Scribere te nobis, tibi nos accredere par eſt.
Mænius, ut rebus maternis atque paternis
Fortiter abſumtis, urbanus cœpit haberi ;
Scurra vagus, non qui certum præſepe teneret ;
Impranſus non qui civem dignoſceret hoſte ;
Quælibet in quemvis opprobria fingere ſævus,
Pernicies ac tempeſtas barathrumque macelli,
Quidquid quæſierat, ventri donaret avaro :
Hic, ubi nequitiæ fautoribus ac timidis nîl,
Aut paulum abſtulerat, patinas cœnabat omaſi
Vilis & agninæ, tribus urſis quod ſatis eſſet ;
Scilicet ut ventres lamnâ candente nepotum
Diceret urendos corrector Beſtius. Idem
Si quid erat nactus prædæ majoris, ubi omne
Verterat in fumum & cinerem : Non Hercule miror,
Aiebat, ſi qui comedunt bona, quum ſit obeſo
Nîl melius turdo, vulvâ nîl pulchrius amplâ.
Nimirum hic ego ſum : tutus nam parvula laudo,
Quum res deficiunt ; ſatis inter vilia fortis :
Verùm, ubi contingit meliùs quid & unctius, idem
Vos ſapere & ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

EPIST.

26. *Mænius, ut rebus.*] Our Poet aſſures us, that he knew how to reconcile himſelf equally to a frugal, or a ſumptuous Table, and to juſtify his Conduct, with a malignant Spirit of Satire makes uſe of the Example of Mænius, with whoſe Character he finiſhes his Letter. SAN.

36. *Ventres lamnâ candente.*] The Greeks and Romans branded the Belly of a gluttonous Slave ; the Feet of a Fugitive ; the Hands of a Thief, and the Tongue of a Babler. DAC.

37. *Corrector Beſtius.*] Cruquius happily entered into the Spirit of this Paſſage, when he underſtood Beſtius as a Perſon of different Character from that of Mænius. Our Commentators have not only miſtaken the Senſe of their Author, but ſubſtituted Mænius, in direct Contradiction to all the Manuſcripts, in the Place of Beſtius.

Corrector

That I may home return in luſcious Plight——
'Tis ours to credit, as 'tis yours to write.
When Mænius had conſum'd, with gallant Heart,
A large Eſtate, he took the Jeſter's Art:
A vagrant Zany, of no certain Manger,
Who knew not, ere he din'd, or Friend or Stranger:
Cruel, and ſcurrilous to all, his Jeſt;
The ruin'd Butcher's Gulph, a Storm, a Peſt.
Whate'er he got his ravening Guts receive,
And when or Friend or Foe no longer gave,
A Lamb's fat Paunch was a delicious Treat,
As much as three voracious Bears could eat;
Then like Reformer Beſtius would he tell ye,
That Gluttons ſhould be branded on the Belly.
But if, perchance, he found ſome richer Fare,
Inſtant it vaniſh'd into Smoke and Air——
" By Jove I wonder not, that Folks ſhould eat,
" At one delicious Meal, a whole Eſtate,
" For a fat Thruſh is moſt delightful Food,
" And a Swine's Paunch ſuperlatively good."
Thus I, when better Entertainments fail,
Bravely commend a plain and frugal Meal;
On cheaper Suppers ſhew myſelf full wiſe,
But if ſome Dainties more luxurious riſe——
" Right ſage and happy they alone, whoſe Fate
" Gives them a ſplendid Houſe, and large Eſtate."

Corrector hath been luckily preſerved in a Manuſcript extremely ancient, and well agrees with the Character of Cornelius Beſtius, whom Perſius mentions as remarkable for a Severity of Manners.

39. *Verterat in fumum & cinerem.*] A proverbial Expreſſion, as if Smoke and Aſhes were all the Remains of the large Eſtate he had conſumed.

Pinguis ut inde domum poſſim Phæaxque reverti ;
Scribere te nobis, tibi nos accredere par eſt.
Mænius, ut rebus maternis atque paternis
Fortiter abſumtis, urbanus cœpit haberi ;
Scurra vagus, non qui certum præſepe teneret ;
Impranſus non qui civem dignoſceret hoſte ;
Quælibet in quemvis opprobria fingere ſævus,
Pernicies ac tempeſtas barathrumque macelli,
Quidquid quæſierat, ventri donaret avaro :
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Aut paulum abſtulerat, patinas cœnabat omaſi
Vilis & agninæ, tribus urſis quod ſatis eſſet ;
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Aiebat, ſi qui comedunt bona, quum ſit obeſo
Nîl melius turdo, vulvâ nîl pulchrius amplâ.
Nimirum hic ego ſum : tutus nam parvula laudo,
Quum res deficiunt ; ſatis inter vilia fortis :
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36. *Ventres lamnâ candente.*] The Greeks and Romans branded the Belly of a gluttonous Slave ; the Feet of a Fugitive ; the Hands of a Thief, and the Tongue of a Babler. Dac.

37. *Correctior Beſtius.*] Cruquius happily entered into the Spirit of this Paſſage, when he underſtood Beſtius as a Perſon of different Character from that of Mænius. Our Commentators have not only miſtaken the Senſe of their Author, but ſubſtituted Mænius, in direct Contradiction to all the Manuſcripts, in the Place of Beſtius.

Correctior

That I may home return in luſcious Plight——
'Tis ours to credit, as 'tis yours to write.
When Mænius had conſum'd, with gallant Heart,
A large Eſtate, he took the Jeſter's Art:
A vagrant Zany, of no certain Manger,
Who knew not, ere he din'd, or Friend or Stranger:
Cruel, and ſcurrilous to all, his Jeſt;
The ruin'd Butcher's Gulph, a Storm, a Peſt.
Whate'er he got his ravening Guts receive,
And when or Friend or Foe no longer gave,
A Lamb's fat Paunch was a delicious Treat,
As much as three voracious Bears could eat;
Then like Reformer Beſtius would he tell ye,
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But if, perchance, he found ſome richer Fare,
Inſtant it vaniſh'd into Smoke and Air——
"By Jove I wonder not, that Folks ſhould eat,
"At one delicious Meal, a whole Eſtate,
"For a fat Thruſh is moſt delightful Food,
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Thus I, when better Entertainments fail,
Bravely commend a plain and frugal Meal;
On cheaper Suppers ſhew myſelf full wiſe,
But if ſome Dainties more luxurious riſe——
"Right ſage and happy they alone, whoſe Fate
"Gives them a ſplendid Houſe, and large Eſtate."

Corrector hath been luckily preſerved in a Manuſcript extremely ancient, and well agrees with the Character of Cornelius Beſtius, whom Perſius mentions as remarkable for a Severity of Manners.

39. *Verterat in fumum & cinerem.*] A proverbial Expreſſion, as if Smoke and Aſhes were all the Remains of the large Eſtate he had conſumed.

EPIST. XVI. *Ad* QUINTIUM.

NE perconteris fundus meus, optime Quinti,
Arvo paſcat herum, an baccis opulentet olivæ,
Pomiſne an pratis, an amictâ vitibus ulmo:
Scribetur tibi forma loquaciter & ſitus agri.
Continui montes, niſi diſſocientur opacâ
Valle: ſed ut veniens dextrum latus aſpiciat ſol,
Lævum decedens curru fugiente vaporet.
Temperiem laudes. Quid? ſi rubicunda benigni
Corna vepres & pruna ferunt? ſi quercus & ilex
Multâ fruge pecus, multâ dominum juvat umbrâ;
Dicas adductum propiùs frondere Tarentum.
Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.

Hæ

We may ſuppoſe, that Quintius had often rallied our Poet on the Situation, Extent and Revenues of his Eſtate. After having ſatisfied all his Queſtions in very few Words, he throws himſelf into the Moral, and touches upon certain Points, probably, of much Importance to Quintius; but all is pleaſing, intereſting, and inſtructive. The Name of Auguſtus in the twenty-ninth Line is a Proof, that the Letter was written after the Year 726. SAN.

Verſe. 2. *Opulentet.*] Is purely a Country-word derived from *ops, terra.* It is not eaſy to ſay, whether Horace invented the Word, but at leaſt he gave it Credit, and it was afterwards uſed by Columella. SAN.

4. *Loquaciter.*] Horace was apprehenſive, that a Deſcription of ten Lines might be tedious; an Apprehenſion, ſays Mr. Dacier, which ought to be an Inſtruction to many of our modern Poets. Pindar boaſts of having taught his cotemporary Bards to ſhorten their Deſcriptions.

EPIST. XVI. *To* QUINTIUS.

ASK not, dear Quintius, if my Farm maintain
With Fruits, or Meadows, or abundant Grain,
Its wealthy Maſter; aſk not if the Vine
Around its Bridegroom-Elm luxuriant twine,
For I'll deſcribe, and in loquacious Strain,
The Site and Figure of the pleaſing Scene.
A Chain of Mountains with a Vale divide,
Whoſe Shades receives the Sun on either Side:
The right wide opening to the riſing Day,
The left is warm'd beneath his ſetting Ray.
How mild the Clime, where Sloes luxurious grow,
And bluſhing Cornels on the Hawthorn glow;
With plenteous Acorns are my Cattle fed,
Whoſe various Oaks around their Maſter ſpread;
For you might ſay, that here Tarentum waves
Its duſky Shade, and pours forth all its Leaves.
A Fountain to a Rivulet gives its Name,
Cooler and purer than a Thracian Stream,
Uſeful to eaſe an aching Head it flows,
Or when with burning Pains the Stomach glows.

9. *Corna vepres & pruna ferunt.*] Our Poet ſhews the whole Value of his Farm. Sloes and Cornels were its beſt Revenue, but theſe are rural Wealth, and are here mentioned for Beauty and Ornament. Yet, as Mr. Dacier well obſerves, they were not barren Ornaments, for Columella tells us, Cornels were pickled, and then ſerved for Olives in the Country.

Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam (ſi credis) amœnæ,
Incolumem tibi me præſtant Septembribus horis.
Tu rectè vivis, ſi curas eſſe quod audis.
Jactamus jampridem omnis te Roma beatum:
Sed vereor ne cui de te plus quàm tibi credas:
Neve putes alium ſapiente bonoque beatum:
Neu, ſi te populus ſanum rectéque valentem
Dictitet, occultam febrem ſub tempus edendi
Diſſimules: donec manibus tremor incidat unctis.
Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.
Si quis bella tibi terrâ pugnata marique
Dicat: & his verbis vacuas permulceat aures:
Tene magis ſalvum populus velit, an populum tu,
Servet in ambiguo, qui conſulit & tibi & urbi,
Jupiter; Auguſti laudes agnoſcere poſſis.
Quum pateris ſapiens emendatuſque vocari,
Reſpondeſne tuo, dic ſodes, nomine? Nempe

Vir

15. *Hæ latebræ dulces.*] *Latebræ* might have been a Word of Pleaſantry uſed by Quintius in talking of our Poet's Eſtate; or the Poet himſelf might have conſidered it as a little Refuge and Retreat from the Buſineſs and Impertinence of Rome.

17. *Tu rectè vivis.*] Horace is here very careleſs of the Connexion. After having deſcribed his Farm, he would inſinuate to Quintius, that the tranquil, innocent Pleaſures he found there, were infinitely preferable to the dangerous and tumultuous Purſuits of Ambition. He would inform him, that Happineſs, founded upon the Opinion of others, is weak and uncertain; that the Praiſes which we receive from a miſtaken Applauſe, are really paid to Virtue, not to us; and that while we are outwardly honoured, eſteemed, applauded, we are inwardly contemptible, and miſerable. Such was, probably, the then Situation of Quintius, who diſguiſed, under a ſeeming Severity of Manners, the moſt irregular Indulgences of Ambition and Senſuality. *Singularem nequitiam ſupercilio truci protegens.* Some Years afterwards he broke through all Reſtraint, and his Incontinence plunged him into the laſt Diſtreſſes.

This pleaſing, this delicious ſoft Retreat
In Safety guards me from September's Heat.
Would you be happy, be the Thing you ſeem,
And ſure you now poſſeſs the World's Eſteem;
Nor yet to others too much Credit give,
But in your own Opinion learn to live;
For know the Bliſs in our own Judgement lies,
And none are happy, but the Good and Wiſe.
Nor, though the Croud pronounce your Health is good,
Diſguiſe the Fever lurking in your Blood,
'Till trembling ſeize you at th' unfiniſh'd Meal,
For Fools alone their ulcer'd Ills conceal.
If ſome bold Flatterer ſooth your liſtening Ears,
" The conquer'd World, dread Sir, thy Name reveres,
" And Jove, our Guardian God, with Power divine,
" Who watches o'er Rome's Happineſs and thine,
" Yet holds it doubtful, whether Rome or You,
" With greater Warmth, each other's Good purſue."
This Praiſe, you own, is ſacred Cæſar's Fame;
But can you anſwer to your proper Name,
When you are call'd th' Accompliſh'd or the Wiſe,
Names which we all with equal Ardour prize?

21. *Neu, ſi te populus.*] They, who fancy themſelves wiſe and happy becauſe they appear ſo to the public Opinion, are here compared to Perſons, who are told, and therefore believe, that they are in perfect Health. They ſit down to Dinner: force a ſickly Appetite: aſſume a falſe Gaiety, and are almoſt dying, before they will contradict the civil Creatures, who aſſure them, they are not out of Order.

27. *Tene magis ſalvum.*] The careleſs Manner of introducing the Name of Auguſtus, is not the leaſt beautiful Part of this Paſſage. That his Glories are inſeparable from thoſe of the State, and that his Happineſs conſiſts in loving and being beloved by his People, is the higheſt Praiſe, which can poſſibly be given to a great and good Prince.

Vir bonus ac prudens dici delector ego, ac tu.
Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras, si volet, auferet: ut si
Detulerit fasces indigno, detrahet idem.
Pone, meum est, inquit: pono, tristisque recedo.
Idem, si clamet furem, neget esse pudicum,
Contendat laqueo collum pressisse paternum,
Mordear opprobriis falsis, mutemque colores?
Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem, nisi mendosum, & medicandum? Vir bonus est quis?

QUINTIUS.

Qui consulta patrum, qui leges, juraque servat;
Quo multæ magnæque secantur judice lites;
Quo res sponsore, & quo causæ teste tenentur.

HORAT.

32. *Nempe vir bonus ac prudens.*] The Poet says, that a Man, who suffers himself to believe the false Praises, which Flattery lavishes upon him, shall be equally alarmed at the Crimes, imputed to him by Calumny, because his Complaisance and Dejection of Spirit proceed from the same Principle, and shew the same Weakness. But although it is not required, that a good Man should be insensible to the public Opinion, yet he will rather chuse to be really virtuous, than appear so to the World. SAN.

33. *Qui dedit hoc hodie.*] If the People were less inconstant and variable in the Praises they bestow, it were less ridiculous to court their Applause by an Appearance of Wisdom and Virtue. DAC.

38. *Mutemque colores.*] Horace would express that Variety of Changes and Colours in the Face, which often arise in a Disorder of the Passions. Lucian has the same Expression, although the Latins, in general, said *mutare colorem*, as we do, *to change Colour*. BENT.

40. *Quem, nisi mendosum, & medicandum.*] Such is the Reading of the Scholiast, of twelve Manuscripts and eight Editions. It perfectly well agrees with the metaphorical Expressions in the preceding Lines, *sanum*, *valentem*, *febrem* and *ulcera*, which are spoken of the Distempers

Yet he, who gives to-day this heedleſs Praiſe,
Shall take it back to-morrow, if he pleaſe.
As when the People from ſome worthleſs Knave
Can tear away the Conſulſhip they gave;
"Lay down the Name of Wiſdom, Sir, 'tis mine;"
Confus'd I leave him and his Gift reſign.
What if he ſay I hang'd my aged Sire,
Call me a Thief, a Slave to lewd Deſire,
Shall I be tortur'd with unjuſt Diſgrace,
Or change the guilty Colours of my Face?
Falſe Praiſe can charm, unreal Shame controul—
Whom, but a vicious or a ſickly Soul?
Who then is good?

QUINTIUS.

Who carefully obſerves
The Senate's wiſe Decrees, nor ever ſwerves
From the known Rules of Juſtice and the Laws:
Whoſe Bail ſecures, whoſe Oath decides a Cauſe.

Diſtempers of the Mind. If, ſays Horace, the Judgement of an unreaſonable Multitude can make an Impreſſion on You; if You rejoice in being falſely thought virtuous, or if You are afflicted in being unjuſtly believed a diſhoneſt Man, your Weakneſs proceeds from the ſame vicious Principle, and you muſt apply to Reaſon and Philoſophy for a Cure, *medicandum*. Such are the Reaſons given for the preſent Alteration of the Text.

43 *Quo res ſponſore.*] Our Commentators in general, read *reſponſore* in one Word, but cannot agree about the Meaning of it. They underſtand either *arbiter*, *juriſconſultus* or *ſponſor*. The firſt is uſeleſs, being ſynonymous with *teſtis* and *judex* in the ſame Sentence. If it ſignifies the ſecond, *juriſconſultus*, whence is it that no Latin Author has uſed it in that Senſe? *Reſponſor* for *ſponſor* is liable to the ſame Objection. A Manuſcript of Cruquius takes away all Difficulties by dividing the Word, and his Correction, ſo natural and ſimple, hath been received by four of our laſt, beſt Editors.

45. *Introrſus*

HORATIUS.

Sed videt hunc omnis domus & vicinia tota
Introrſus turpem, ſpecioſum pelle decorâ.
Nec furtum feci, neque fugi, ſi mihi dicit
Servus: Habes pretium; loris non ureris, aio.
Non hominem occidi: Non paſces in cruce corvos.
Sum bonus ac frugi: Renuit negitatque Sabellus.
Cautus enim metuit foveam lupus: accipiterque
Suſpectos laqueos, & opertum miliùs hamum,
Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore:
Tu nihil admittes in te formidine pœnæ.
Sit ſpes fallendi, miſcebis ſacra profanis.
Nam de mille fabæ modiis quum ſurripis unum:
Damnum eſt, non facinus, pacto mihi lenius iſto.
Vir bonus, omne forum quem ſpectat & omne tribunal:
Quandocunque Deos vel porco vel bove placat,
Jane pater, clarè, clarè quum dixit, Apollo;

Labra

45. *Introrſus turpem.*] Vanity, Point of Honour, Senſe of Decency, or ſome other Motive of Intereſt, diſguiſe Mankind when they appear abroad, but at home they throw off the Maſk *decora pelle* and ſhew their natural Face. A Magiſtrate appears in public with Dignity, Circumſpection and Integrity. A Courtier puts on an Air of Gaiety, Politeneſs and Complaiſance; but let them enter into themſelves, and all is changed. Caprice, Pride, Paſſion, criminal Intrigues, and the moſt licentious Exceſſes, frequently form their true Characters.

A Man may be a very bad Man with all the good Qualities given him by our Poet's Definition, as he may be a bad Slave, who is neither a Thief, Murderer, or Fugitive. SAN.

49. *Renuit negitatque.*] The common Reading is *negat atque*. One Manuſcript has *renuitque negatque*, which does not want Merit, two others have *negitat*, which could not be the Work of Copyiſts and Grammarians. BENT. CUN. SAN.

Sabellus,] Is very differently explained. *Sabellus* for *Samnis, dure & infeliciter*, ſays Torrentius, who thinks it a proper Name of ſome

HORACE.

Yet his own Houſe, his Neighbours, through his Art
Behold an inward Baſeneſs in his Heart.
Suppoſe a Slave ſhould ſay, I never ſteal,
I never ran away——" nor do you feel
" The flagrant Laſh"——No human Blood I ſhed——
" Nor on the Croſs the ravening Crows have fed."—
But Sir, I am an honeſt Slave, and wiſe——
" My Sabine Neighbour there the Fact denies.
" For wily Wolves the fatal Pit-fall fear;
" Kites fly the Bait, and Hawks the latent Snare;
" But virtuous Minds a Love of Virtue charms:
" The Fear of Chaſtiſement thy Guilt alarms.
" When from my Stores you ſteal one Grain of Wheat,
" My Loſs indeed is leſs, your Crime as great."
Your honeſt Man, on whom with awful Praiſe
The Forum and the Courts of Juſtice gaze,
If e'er he make a public Sacrifice,
Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries;

ſome Perſon like Oſellus. But the Name of a Man, probably, but little known, could not give any Authority to the Poet's reaſoning. Mr. Sanadon underſtands *Sabellus* for *Sabinus*, a general Name for our Author's Neighbours, to one of whom he ſends the Slave to be convinced, that it was a falſe Concluſion, to aſſert he was honeſt, becauſe he did not run away, or commit Murder. Such a Neighbour may well be ſuppoſed to know the Faults of a Slave better than his Maſter.

57. *Vir bonus.*] The Poet here explains a common Vice among them, who would deceive the World into a good Opinion of them. As they have impoſed on Mankind already by an Appearance of Virtue, they would impoſe on them by an Appearance of Devotion. Praying with a loud Voice hath too often ſucceeded in this bad Deſign. According to a fine Precept in Seneca, we ſhould live with Men, as if God beheld our Actions; we ſhould talk with God, as if Men were to hear us.

Labra movet metuens audiri : Pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da juſto ſanctoque videri ;
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.
Quî melior ſervo, quî liberior ſit avarus,
In triviis fixum quum ſe demittit ob aſſem,
Non video. Nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque : porro
Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.
Perdidit arma, locum virtutis deſeruit, qui
Semper in augendâ feſtinat & obruitur re.
Vendere quum poſſis captivum, occidere noli :
Serviet utiliter : ſine paſcat durus aretque ;
Naviget, ac mediis hyemet mercator in undis :
Annonæ proſit, portet frumenta, penumque.
Vir bonus ac ſapiens audebit dicere : Pentheu,
Rector Thebarum, quid me perferre patique
Indignum coges ?

PENTH.

60. *Pulchra Laverna.*] In a Religion, in which every one made his own Gods, it was natural that Thieves and Robbers, being perſecuted upon Earth, ſhould ſeek the Aſſiſtance of ſome Divinity in Heaven. That Horrour, with which they are uſually regarded, ought to have extended to the Goddeſs; who was their Protectreſs; but as ſhe was alſo the Guardian of thoſe, who would not have their bad Deſigns of any other Sort, diſcovered; ſhe was publicly worſhipped, and her Votaries were called *Laverniones.*

TORR. SAN.

61. *Da juſto ſanctoque videri.*] A Manner of Writing uſual in our Author, and far more elegant than *juſtum ſanctumque.* It is the Reading in the beſt Manuſcripts of Cruquius and Torrentius. SAN.

63. *Quî melior ſervo.*] In this latter Part of his Letter the Poet ſhews, there is no Servitude equal to that, which our Paſſions impoſe upon us.

69. *Vendere quum poſſis captivum.*] A Man, tyranniſed by irregular Appetites, is not only a Slave, but ſomething worſe: A Being unſerviceable to Mankind, and uſeleſs to the Creation, SAN.

But when his Prayer in earneſt is prefer'd,
Scarce moves his Lips, afraid of being heard,
" Beauteous Laverna, my Petition hear;
" Let me with Truth and Sanctity appear:
" Oh! give me to deceive, and, with a Veil
" Of Darkneſs and of Night, my Crimes conceal."
Behold the Miſer bending down to Earth
For a poor Farthing, which the Boys in Mirth
Fix'd to the Ground; and ſhall the Caitiff dare
In honeſt Freedom with a Slave compare?
Whoever wiſhes is with Fear poſſeſt,
And he, who holds that Paſſion in his Breaſt,
Is in my Senſe a Slave; hath left the Poſt
Where Virtue plac'd him, and his Arms hath loſt:
To purchaſe haſty Wealth his Force applies,
And overwhelm'd beneath his Burden lies.
Say, is not this a very worthleſs Knave?
But if You have the moſt untoward Slave,
Yet kill him not, he may ſome Profit yield,
Of Strength to guard your Flocks and plow your Field,
Or let him winter in the ſtormy Main,
By Imports to reduce the Price of Grain.
The Good, and Wiſe, like Bacchus in the Play,
Dare, to the King of Thebes, undaunted ſay,
What can thy Power? Thy Threatenings I diſdain.

PENTHEUS.

73. *Vir bonus ac ſapiens.*] A really good Man is he, whom the Loſs of Fortune, Liberty and Life, cannot deter from doing his Duty. The Poet, with an unexpected Spirit and Addreſs, brings a God upon the Stage under the Character of this good Man. The whole Paſſage is almoſt an exact Tranſlation of a Scene in the Bacchantes of Euripides.

PENTH.

Adimam Bona.

BACC.

Nempe pecus, rem,

Lectos, argentum? tollas licet.

PENTH.

In manicis &

Compedibus ſævo te ſub cuſtode tenebo.

BACC.

Ipſe Deus, ſimul atque volam, me ſolvet.

HORAT.

Opinor,

Hoc ſentit: Moriar. Mors ultima linea rerum eſt.

79. *Moriar.*] This could not be the Senſe of Bacchus in Euripides, becauſe he would have Pentheus acknowledge him a God, and of Conſequence immortal. Horace therefore leaves the Grecian Poet, and explains the Words conformably to his own Deſign of ſhewing, that the Fear even of Death is not capable of ſhaking the Courage of a good Man, or obliging him to abandon the Cauſe of Virtue. SAN.

Mors ultima linea rerum.] This does not mean, as it is generally underſtood, that Death is an End of all Things, but of all our Misfortunes. *Rerum* for *rerum malarum*, as in Virgil, *feſſi rerum*, *ſunt lacrymæ rerum*, *trepidæ rerum*.

Linea,] Was a Trench drawn round the *Arena*, to mark the Courſe for them, who entered the Liſts. TORR. SAN.

PENTHEUS.

I'll take away thy Goods.

BACCHUS.

Perhaps, you mean
My Cattle, Money, Moveables or Land;
Then take them all.

PENTHEUS.

But, Slave, if I command,
A cruel Jailor ſhall thy Freedom ſeize.

BACCHUS.

A God ſhall ſet me free, whene'er I pleaſe.

HORACE.

Death is that God, the Poet here intends,
That utmoſt Courſe, where human Sorrow ends.

Epist. XVII. *Ad* Scævam.

QUAMVIS, Scæva, ſatis per te tibi conſulis, & ſcis
Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti ;
Diſce, docendus adhuc quæ cenſet amiculus : ut ſi
Cæcus iter monſtrare velit ; tamen aſpice, ſi quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium feciſſe, loquamur.
Si te grata quies, & primam ſomnus in horam
Delectat ; ſi te pulvis ſtrepituſque rotarum,
Si lædit caupona ; Ferentinum ire jubebo.
Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis ,
Nec vixit malè, qui natus morienſque fefellit.

Si

Our Author in this Epiſtle gives his young Friend ſome Inſtructions for his Conduct at Court, that he may not only ſupport his own Character, but proceed with Happineſs in that dangerous and ſlippery Road. He ſhews, that an active Life ; the Life of a Man, who with Honour attempts to gain and preſerve the Favour of the Great, is more honeſt and glorious, than an idle Life without Emulation or Ambition. He then aſſures him, that nothing can more probably ruin him at Court, than a mean, and ſordid Deſign of amaſſing Money by aſking Favours. San.

Verſe 1. *Scæva.*] As this and the next Epiſtle are written upon the ſame Subject, the Copyiſts probably joined them together, from whence the Scholiaſt and Mr. Baxter believe they were addreſſed to the ſame Perſon, whom they call *Scæva Lollius*. But we do not find, that the Houſe of Lollius ever took the Surname of *Scæva*, which appears in the *Junian* and *Caſſian* Families only. Who Scæva was we know not, but certainly Lollius and he were different Perſons. San.

6. *Si te grata quies.*] There are two principal Paſſions, Indolence and Ambition, in the Breaſt of Man, which are perpetually ſetting him at Variance with himſelf. Horace propoſes two different Parties to Scæva with Regard to theſe two different Paſſions, either a private Life or a Court. He ſets them both before him with all their Advantages, and declares in Favour of the latter. Torr. San.

EPIST. XVII. *To* SCÆVA.

ALTHOUGH my Scæva knows with Art complete,
How to converſe familiar with the Great,
Yet to th' Inſtruction of an humble Friend,
Who would himſelf be better taught, attend:
Though blind your Guide, ſome Precepts yet unknown
He may diſcloſe, which you may make your own.
Are you with tranquil, quiet Pleaſure bleſt,
Or after Sun-riſe love an Hour of Reſt;
If duſty Streets; the ratling Chariot's Noiſe,
Or if the neighbouring Tavern's mid-night Joys,
Delight you not, by my Advice retreat
To the calm Raptures of a rural Seat:
For Pleaſure's not confin'd to Wealth alone,
Nor ill he lives, who lives and dies unknown;

But

Et primam ſomnus in horam.] The Romans began to reckon the Hours of the Day from the Time when the Sun roſe, but as it roſe much earlier in Summer than Winter, a Man might be called an early Riſer, who got up in Summer at Sun-riſe. The Poet would only ſay, that he, whom the Sun finds always in Bed, may well be called indolent and lazy. SAN.

10. *Qui natus morienſque fefellit.*] Epicurus, according to Seneca, uſed to ſay, that a wiſe Man ſhould never engage in public Affairs, unleſs upon extraordinary Occaſions. A Maxim of much good underſtanding. It belongs to the ſupreme Magiſtrate to chuſe thoſe Perſons, who have the beſt Talents for Buſineſs, and not to employ them until he is well aſſured of their Capacity. They, who come forward of their own accord to fill the publick Employments may juſtly be ſuſpected. Intereſt and Ambition are uſually their Motives, not a Zeal for their King or Country. SAN.

Si prodeſſe tuis, paulóque benigniùs ipſum
Te tractare voles; accedes ſiccus ad unctum.
Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti
Nollet Ariſtippus. Si ſciret regibus uti,
Faſtidiret olus qui me notat. Utrius horum
Verba probes ac facta, doce: vel junior, audi
Cur ſit Ariſtippi potior ſententia. Namque
Mordacem Cynicum ſic eludebat, ut aiunt:
Scurror ego ipſe mihi, populo tu: rectius hoc &
Splendidius multò eſt: equus ut me portet, alat rex,
Officium facio: tu poſcis vilia rerum
Dante minor; quamvis fers te nullius egentem.
Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color & ſtatus & res,
Tentantem majora, ferè præſentibus æquum:
Contra, quem duplici panno Patientia velat,
Mirabor, vitæ via ſi converſa decebit.

Alter

12. *Accedes ſiccus ad unctum.*] People of eaſy Fortunes never lay down at Table without perfuming themſelves with Eſſences; from whence the Words *unctus* and *ſiccus* were uſed to ſignify a rich and a poor Man. TORR.

13. *Si pranderet olus.*] This Dialogue between Ariſtippus and Diogenes is told, in almoſt the ſame Manner, by Laertius. The Characters are well maintained, and give Strength and Spirit to the Poet's reaſoning.

19. *Scurror ego ipſe mihi.*] Ariſtippus does not acknowledge he was a Buffoon, but he makes uſe of the Term to inſult Diogenes, and dexterouſly puts other Words of civiler Meaning into the Place of it, when he ſpeaks of himſelf, *Officium facio.* My Buffoonery, ſays he, procures me Profit and Honour; yours leaves You in Meanneſs, Indigence, Naſtineſs and Contempt. My Dependance is on Kings, to whom we are born in Subjection; You are a Slave to the People, whom a wiſe Man ſhould deſpiſe. SAN.

21. *Officium facio.*] Ariſtippus pays his Court to Dionyſius without making any Requeſt. Diogenes aſks even the vileſt Things from the vileſt of People. He would excuſe himſelf by ſaying, he aſks, only becauſe what he aſks is of little Value; but if the Perſon, who receives an Obligation, is inferior, at that Time, to the Perſon, who beſtows it, he is inferior in Proportion to the Meanneſs of the Favour he receives. DAC.

But would you ſerve your Friends and joyous waſte
The bounteous Hour, perfume you for the Feaſt.
His patient Herbs could Ariſtippus eat,
He had diſdain'd the Tables of the Great;
And He, who cenſures me, the Sage replies,
If he could live with Kings, would Herbs deſpiſe.
Tell me, which likes you beſt, or, younger, hear,
Why Ariſtippus' Maxims beſt appear;
For with the ſnarling Cynic well he play'd,
"I am my own Buffoon, You take the Trade
"To pleaſe the Croud; yet ſure 'tis better Pride,
"Maintain'd by Monarchs, on my Horſe to ride.
"And while at Court obſervant I attend,
"For Things of Vileneſs You ſubmiſſive bend;
"Own a Superior, and yet proudly vaunt,
"Imperious Cynic, that you nothing want."
Yet Ariſtippus every Dreſs became:
In every various Change of Life the ſame;
And though he aim'd at Things of higher Kind,
Yet to the preſent held an equal Mind.
But that a Man, whom Patience taught to wear
A double Coat, ſhould ever learn to bear
A Change of Life, with Decency and Eaſe,
May juſtly, I confeſs, our Wonder raiſe.

Yet

Vilia rerum.] A Manuſcript-Reading of Lambinus and Cruquius, received by Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon.

23. *Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color.*] Mr. Sanadon underſtands *color* for *Dreſs*, or *Habit*. You are the only Perſon, ſays Plato to Ariſtippus, who can appear equally well dreſſed in a coarſe Cloth, as in Purple.

25. *Duplici panno.*] A Greek Poet calls Diogenes

Ὁ βακτροφόρας, διπλοείματος, ἀιθροβόσκας.

A Man, who carries a Cudgel, wears a double Coat, and feeds upon Air. This laſt Expreſſion means a Sophiſt, who, according to Ariſtophanes,

Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum :
Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet ;
Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.
Alter Mileti textam cane pejus & angui
Vitabit chlamydem ; morietur frigore, si non
Retuleris pannum. Refer, & sine vivat ineptus.
Res gerere & captos ostendere civibus hostes,
Attingit solium Jovis & cœlestia tentat.
Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.
Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.
Sedit, qui timuit ne non succederet : esto :
Quid ? qui pervenit, fecitne viriliter ? Atqui
Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quærimus. Hic onus horret,
Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus :
Hic

phanes, lives upon the Clouds. However, Horace probably meant only a double Mantle, or one as thick as two ; a coarse, heavy Coat in Opposition to *purpureum amictum*. Servius explains *duplicem ex humeris rejecit amictum*, in Virgil, in the same Manner.

30. *Cane pejus & angui.*] Mr. Baxter arraigns all the Commentators he hath ever read upon this Passage. They are all impertinently foolish. He pretends, that Horace means the Punishment by Law decreed against Parricides ; that they should be shut up in a leathern Sack, with a Dog, a Serpent, and an Ape. But the polite Mr. Baxter may be asked, in the Name of the Commentators, whom he condemns in such an outrageous Manner, whether this Law was in being, when Diogenes was alive ? Solon left no such Law among the Greeks, nor is there any Proof of it among the Romans until some little Time before their Emperors. Might not Mr. Baxter be with Reason apprehensive of having that foolish Impertinence thrown back upon him, with which he hath unjustly charged the Commentators ? San.

31. *Morietur frigore.*] Aristippus engaged Diogenes to go with him into the Bath, and coming first out of the Water took the Cynic's Mantle, and left him his purple Robe. But Diogenes declared he would rather go naked out of the Bath than put it on. Dac.

33. *Res gerere & captos.*] These two Verses are of an Heroic Tone, and the Poet, as if he proposed to prejudice Scæva in favour of

Yet Ariſtippus, though but meanly dreſt,
Nor wants, nor wiſhes for, a purple Veſt;
He walks, regardleſs of the public Gaze,
And knows in every Character to pleaſe;
But neither Dog's, nor Snake's envenom'd Bite
Can, like a ſilken Robe, the Cynic fright.
"Give him his Mantle, or he dies with Cold" —
"Nay give it, let the Fool his Bleſſing hold."
In glorious War a Triumph to obtain,
Cœleſtial Honours, and a Seat ſhall gain
Faſt by the Throne of Jove; nor mean the Praiſe
Theſe Deities of human Kind to pleaſe.
"But, midſt the Storms and Tempeſts of a Court,
"Not every one ſhall reach the wiſh'd-for Port;
"And ſure the Man, who doubts of his Succeſs,
"Wiſely declines th' Attempt"—— Then you confeſs,
That who ſucceeds, thus difficult his Part,
Gives the beſt Proof of Courage, as of Art.
Then, here, or no-where, we the Truth ſhall find;
Conſcious how weak in Body or in Mind,

When

of a Courtier's Life, opens a Deſcription of it with whatever is moſt pleaſing and ſtriking in it. Princes are the Gods of this World; then what can be more glorious and honourable than their Favour and Eſteem? SAN.

36. *Non cuivis homini.*] Suidas informs us, that the Danger and Difficulty of going into the Ports of Corinth gave Riſe to a Proverb. Horace makes uſe of it to ſhew, that all People have not Talents proper for ſucceeding in a Court, and to raiſe the Glory of thoſe, who have Courage to attempt and Addreſs to conquer the Difficulties there. Others apply the Proverb to Lais, a famous Corinthian Courtezan, but ſuch an Application is too light and trivial for the Solemnity of theſe Lines, nor is it juſt to the Poet's Thought. If Money could purchaſe her Favours, it required no greater Degree of Courage to attempt them. SAN.

Hic ſubit ac perfert. Aut virtus nomen inane eſt,
Aut decus & pretium rectè petit experiens vir.
Coram rege ſuâ de paupertate tacentes
Plus poſcente ferunt. Diſtat, ſumaſne pudenter,
An rapias. Atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons.
Indotata mihi ſoror eſt, paupercula mater,
Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec paſcere firmus,
Qui dicit; clamat: Victum date. Succinit alter:
Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.
Sed tacitus paſci ſi poſſet corvus, haberet
Plus dapis, & rixæ minùs & minùs invidiæque.
Brunduſium comes aut Surrentum ductus amœnum,
Qui queritur ſalebras & acerbum frigus & imbres,
Aut ciſtam effractam & ſubducta viatica plorat:

Nota

41. *Aut virtus nomen inane eſt.*] This is the Deciſion which neceſſarily reſults from the Proofs. The Poet introduces a Perſon, who may be ſuppoſed to object, that if it be ſo difficult to ſucceed at Court, a wiſe Man had better not attempt it. *Sedit, qui timuit.* Horace acknowledges the Force of this Objection, *eſto*, but draws from it a very different Concluſion; that, if there be Difficulty or Danger, he certainly deſerves the higheſt Praiſe, who tries to ſucceed, *experiens vir*; and if Virtue be any thing more than a chimerical Name, he may with Juſtice claim a Reward proportionable to his Merit, *recte petit.*

43. *Suâ de paupertate.*] Horace does not forbid a Courtier ever to mention the Word Poverty before the Great. The Precept hath more good Senſe in it. He would have him avoid talking in ſuch a Manner, as to make them ſuſpect that Intereſt is the Principle of his Aſſiduity and Service. This excellent Precept might be better obſerved, if the Indolence and Inattention of the Great would ſuffer them to diſcern the Neceſſities, and diſtinguiſh the Merit of thoſe, who approach them. In general, to be punctual in our Duty, and modeſt in aſking, is a certain Method of ruining our Fortunes, and leaving our Families in Want. SAN.

45. *An rapias.*] To take with Modeſty what they give with Chearfulneſs, *ſumere pudenter*, and to take by Force, *rapere*, what

When we behold the Burden with Deſpair,
Which others boldly try, with Spirit bear,
If Virtue's aught beyond an empty Name,
Rewards and Honours they with Juſtice claim.
In Silence who their Poverty conceal,
More than th' importunate, with Kings prevail:
And whether we with modeſt Action take,
Or ſnatch the Favour, may ſome Difference make.
From this fair Fountain our beſt Profits riſe,
For when with plaintive Tone a Suppliant cries,
My Siſter lies unportion'd on my Hands:
My Mother's poor, nor can I ſell my Lands,
Or they maintain me; might he not have ſaid,
Give me, ah! give me, Sir, my daily Bread?
While he, who hears him, chaunts on t'other Side,
With me your Bounty, ah! with me divide;
But had the Crow his Food in Silence eat,
Leſs had his Quarrels been, and more his Meat.
A jaunt of Pleaſure ſhould my Lord intend,
And with him deign to take an humble Friend,
To talk of broken Roads, of Cold and Rain,
Or of his plunder'd Baggage to complain,

Is

is given to our Importunity. Horace had a Right to inſtruct us on this Subject, as he was of moſt diſintereſted Modeſty.

49. *Findetur munere quadra.*] This Importunate not only teizes his Patron with perpetual Requeſts, but provokes others to make the ſame Demands. The Poet compares them to Beggars in the Street, and gives them the ſame Language, for *Quadra* ſignifies the Plate, upon which they received their Bread at a public Diſtribution.

51. *Minus & minus.*] An Edition in 1480 has this Reading, which muſt have certainly been taken from ſome Manuſcript, for the Copyiſts would never have read *minus & minus*, if they had found *multo minus* in their Copies. CUN. SAN.

Nota refert meretricis acumina, ſæpe catellam,
Sæpe periſcelidem raptam ſibi flentis : uti mox
Nulla fides damnis veriſque doloribus adſit.
Nec ſemel irriſus triviis attollere curat
Fracto crure planum : licet illi plurima manet
Lacryma ; per ſanctum juratus dicat Oſirin :
Credite, non ludo ; crudeles, tollite claudum.
Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.

55. *Sæpe catellam, ſæpe periſcelidem.*] As Bracelets are not of modern Faſhion, the Tranſlation uſes the Word Girdle for *catella*, and Necklace for *periſcelis*, which properly ſignifies a Garter. Our Ladies, as Mr. Dacier obſerves of his Country-women, do not pique themſelves upon having very rich Garters, becauſe they do not ſhew them in dancing, as the Roman Ladies did.

59. *Planum,*] In Greek ſignifies a Vagabond. Decimus Laberius firſt latiniſed it, and Aulus Gellius blames the Boldneſs of it. But Cicero and Horace refute the Cenſure of the Grammarian. BOND.

60. *Oſirin.*] The God of Vagabonds, and Brother of Iſis, whoſe Power of healing Diſtempers was ſo univerſally believed, that, as Juvenal expreſſes it, ſhe maintained the Painters by votive Pictures to her Honour. *Pictores quis neſcit ab Iſide paſci ?* TORR.

62. *Quære peregrinum.*] This was a Trick ſo frequent among Beggars, that it produced a Proverb, *tollat te qui non novit.*

Is but the Trick, which wily Harlots try,
Who for a Girdle, or a Necklace, cry;
So oft they weep, that we believe no more,
When they with Tears a real loſs deplore.
He, whom a lying Lameneſs once deceives,
No more the falling Vagabond believes.
And though with ſtreaming Tears the Caitiff cries,
Help me, Ah! Cruel! help a Wretch to riſe;
Though loud he ſwear, "my Leg is really broke;
"By great Oſiris I no longer joke;"
Yet the hoarſe Village anſwers to his Cries,
Go find a Stranger to believe your Lyes.

EPIST. XVIII. *Ad* LOLLIUM.

SI bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis ſpeciem præbere, profeſſus amicum.
Ut matrona meretrici diſpar erit atque
Diſcolor, infido ſcurræ diſtabit amicus.
Eſt huic diverſum vitio vitium prope majus
Aſperitas agreſtis & inconcinna graviſque,
Commendat quæ ſe intonsâ cute, dentibus atris,
Dum vult libertas dici mera, veraque virtus.

Virtus

It appears that Horace had the Education of Lollius much at Heart. He had already written one Letter to him, to preſerve him from ſome Miſtakes, that might be fatal to his Virtue; and here inſtructs him in the various Arts, which make us agreeable to Princes. In giving theſe Precepts to his young Courtier, he writes, at the ſame Time, a delicate and lively Satire on the Lives of great Men, and leaves us to conclude, that there is no Servitude equal to that of a Court. We ſhall find in the Notes, that the true Date of this Epiſtle was in 734. SAN.

Verſe 1. *Liberrime Lolli.*] Sincerity never was the Virtue of Courts, and in proportion as Lollius had more Integrity and Frankneſs, he had more occaſion for Advice. If an honeſt Man engages in the Service of a great Man, who loves Flattery, it is natural, at leaſt it is not extraordinary, that he ſhould ſacrifice his Honour to his Fortune. Whatever Difference there may be between Flattery and Friendſhip, Intereſt will eaſily confound them. SAN.

3. *Ut matrona meretrici diſpar.*] There are many pretty Sentiments in the Greek Authors upon this Subject, ſome of which perhaps have not yet been ſeen in Engliſh. Harlots and Flatterers wiſh every Bleſſing to them, whom they love and converſe with, except Prudence and common Senſe. Flattery, ſays Plato, is a pleaſing, but a diſhonourable Commerce, and Theophraſtus calls it a ſhameful,

but

Epist. XVIII. *To* Lollius.

LOLLIUS, if well I know your Heart,
Your Frankneſs can diſdain an Art,
That will to ſordid Flattery bend,
And baſely counterfeit the Friend;
For ſuch the Difference, I ween,
The Flatterer and Friend between,
As is betwixt a virtuous Dame,
And Proſtitute of common Fame.
Behold, in oppoſite Exceſs,
A different Vice, though nothing leſs;
Ruſtic, inelegant, uncouth,
With ſhaggy Beard, and naſty Tooth,
That fondly would be thought to be
Fair Virtue, and pure Liberty:

but not unprofitable Traffick. Socrates puts a Proſtitute and a Flatterer in the ſame Rank; agreeable, but dangerous Animals; and Plutarch calls Flattery, the Friendſhip of a common Woman.

4. *Diſcolor.*] Clothes of various Colours were worn only by Proſtitutes. They were too gaudy for a Roman Matron of Reputation and Virtue. Dac.

7. *Commendat quæ ſe intonſâ cute.*] A conjectural Reading propoſed by Mr. Sanadon, for all former Editions read, *Quæ ſe commendat tonſâ cute*, in direct Oppoſition to the Poet's Thought. The Critic is perſuaded that ſome Grammarian, being willing to range the Words in their grammatical Order, put *quæ ſe commendat intonſâ cute* into the Margin, and that this Arrangement being afterwards taken into the Text, the firſt Syllable of *intonſâ* was thrown out, becauſe it hurt the Proſody of the Line.

Virtus eſt medium vitiorum, & utrimque reductum.
Alter in obſequium plus æquo pronus, & imi
Deriſor lecti, ſic nutum divitis horret,
Sic iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit,
Ut puerum ſævo credas dictata magiſtro
Reddere, vel partes mimum tractare ſecundas.
Alter rixator, de lanâ ſæpe caprinâ
Propugnat, nugis armatus : ſcilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides ; &, verè quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera ſordet.
Ambigitur quid enim ? Caſtor ſciat an Docilis plus ?
Brunduſium Minucî meliùs via ducat, an Appî ?

Quem

10. *Et imi deriſor lecti.*] Theſe Words are generally explained, *laughing at them, who lie on a Bed below him.* But the Poet only ſpeaks here of the Vice of flattering a great Man, which may be done without laughing at the Buffoons and Paraſites, who lay on the loweſt Beds, and who generally raillied others, rather than were raillied themſelves. They were admitted to promote this Kind of Mirth, but when they changed Characters, and flattered the Maſter of the Feaſt, they did it in a groſs and ſervile Manner, ſuch as Horace deſcribes, *Deriſor vero plus laudatore movetur.*

12. *Sic iterat voces.*] The Flatterer, according to an Expreſſion of Plutarch, lives on a rich Man's Nod. He repeats his Words, and catches thoſe, which are falling unobſerved, that nothing may be loſt.

14. *Partes tractare ſecundas.*] An Actor, who plays the ſecond Character in a Play ; who imitates and aſſiſts the principal Player ; who conceals his own ſuperior Abilities, that he may give him an higher Luſtre. So far the Paſſage is intelligible ; but the true, peculiar Beauty and Juſtneſs of the Compariſon muſt be loſt to us, as we can have no Conception of this ſecond Actor on the Roman Stage. Seneca ſays of Opimius, who was fond of applauding whatever Cælius ſaid, *Opimius judicavit quidquid dixiſſet ſequi & ſecundas agere.* The Reader may find ſome other Remarks on this Subject in the Notes on the forty-ſixth Line of the ninth Satire.

15. *Alter rixator.*] This Alteration *rixator* for *rixatur*, which is only of a ſingle Letter, was propoſed by Muretus, and has been received into the Text by Mr. Cuningham, Sanadon and Marvilius.

Horace,

But Virtue in a Medium lies,
From whence theſe different Follies riſe.
Another, with Devotion fervent,
Is more than your obſequious Servant;
Admitted as an humble Gueſt,
Where Men of Money break their Jeſt,
He waits the Nod, with Awe profound,
And catches, ere it reach the Ground,
The falling Joke, and echoes back the Sound.
A School-boy thus with humble Air,
Repeats to Pedagogue ſevere;
Thus Players act an Under-part,
And fear to put forth all their Art.
Another in Diſpute engages,
With Nonſenſe arm'd for Nothing rages,
"Shall not my Word be firſt receiv'd?
"My Word of Honour not believ'd?
"And ſhall I, whether right or wrong,
"Be forc'd, forſooth, to hold my Tongue?
"No———, at a Price ſo baſe and mean,
"I would a thouſand Lives diſdain."
But what provokes the dire Conteſt?
Which Gladiator fences beſt,
Or to which Road You beſt may turn Ye,
If to Brunduſium lies your Journey.

Now,

Horace, after having ſaid *alter in obſequium pronus*, for *alter adulator*, ought alſo to uſe a Noun, not a Verb, for an oppoſite Character, *Rixator*.

16. *Propugnat, nugis armatus*] They, who divide the Word *propugnat*, to conſtrue it *pugnat pro nugis*, loſe the Beauty of the Paſſage, *nugis armatus*, armed with Trifles and Nonſenſe. TORR.

20. *Minuci via.*] There were two Roads from Rome to Brunduſium. The Appian, which went along the Tuſcan Sea; and the

Quem damnoſa Venus, quem præceps alea nudat,
Gloria quem ſupra vires & veſtit & ungit,
Quem tenet argenti ſitis importuna fameſque,
Quem paupertatis pudor & fuga ; dives amicus,
Sæpe decem vitiis inſtructior, odit & horret.
Aut ſi non odit, regit ; ac veluti pia mater
Plus quàm ſe ſapere & virtutibus eſſe priorem
Vult : & ait prope vera : Meæ (contendere noli)
Stultitiam patiuntur opes ; tibi parvula res eſt :
Arcta decet ſanum comitem toga : deſine mecum
Certare. Eutrapelus, cuicunque nocere volebat,
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa : beatus enim jam
Pulchris cum tunicis ſumet nova conſilia ac ſpes ;
Dormiet in lucem ; ſcorto poſtponet honeſtum
Officium ; nummos alienos paſcet ; ad imum
Threx erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.

Arcanum

Minucian, which croſſed over the Country of the Sabines and Samnites, joining the Appian Road at Beneventum. This laſt had its Name from the Conſul, Tiberius Minucius, who made it in 448, ſeven Years after that of Appius. SAN.

25. *Sæpe decem vitiis inſtructior.*] This Precept is of great Importance. A Prince, however vicious himſelf, pays a ſecret Homage to Virtue, and treats with juſt Contempt thoſe Faults in others, which render himſelf really contemptible. He requires a Regularity of Conduct, which he breaks by his own Example, as if he propoſed to conceal his Vices under their Virtues. SAN.

29. *Stultitiam patiuntur opes.*] As if being a Lord, a Prince, or a King, gave a Man a better Right to be a Fool, a Coxcomb, or a Villain. However, this Reaſoning is in ſome Meaſure true, *prope vera* ; for although the Follies of Rich and Poor are equal in themſelves, yet they are very unequal in their Conſequences. SAN.

31. *Eutrapelus.*] The Great imagine, that their Riches give them a Right to play the Fool, but Eutrapelus is perſuaded, that Riches and Folly are inſeparable. His real Name was Volumnius, and he had the Surname of Eutrapelus, *The Raillier*, given him for his Wit and Pleaſantry. Having forgotten to put his Name to a Letter he wrote to Cicero, the Orator tells him, he fancied it came from Volumnius the Senator, but was undeceived by the *Eutrapelia*, the Spirit and Vivacity of it.

Now, Lollius, mark the Wretch's Fate,
Who lives dependant on the Great.
If the præcipitating Dice,
If Venus be his darling Vice,
If Vanity his Wealth conſumes
In Dreſſing, Feaſting, and Perfumes,
If Thirſt of Gold his Boſom ſways,
A Thirſt, which nothing can appeaſe,
If Poverty with Shame he views,
And Wealth with every Vice purſues,
My Lord, more vicious as more great,
Views him with Horrour, or with Hate;
At leaſt, ſhall o'er him tyranniſe,
And like a fond Mamma adviſe,
Who bids her darling Daughter ſhun
The Paths of Folly ſhe had run.
Think not, he cries, to live like me;
My Wealth ſupports my Vanity;
Your Folly ſhould be moderate,
Proportion'd to a ſmall Eſtate.
Eutrapelus, in merry Mood,
The Objects of his Wrath purſued,
And where he deepeſt Vengeance meant,
Fine Clothes, with cruel Bounty, ſent;
For when the happy Coxcomb's dreſt,
Strange Hopes and Projects fill his Breaſt;
He ſleeps 'till Noon, nor will the Varlet,
For Fame or Fortune, leave his Harlot.
Laviſh he feeds the Uſurer's Store,
And when the Miſer lends no more,
He learns the Gladiator's Art,
Or humbly drives a Gardiner's Cart.

Arcanum neque tu ſcitaberis illius uſquam ;
Commiſſumque teges, & vino tortus & irâ.
Nec tua laudabis ſtudia, aut aliena reprendes ;
Nec, quum venari volet ille, poemata panges.
Gratia ſic fratrum geminorum, Amphionis atque
Zethi, diſſiluit ; donec ſuſpecta ſevero
Conticuit lyra. Fraternis ceſſiſſe putatur
Moribus Amphion. Tu cede potentis amici
Lenibus imperiis : quotieſque educet in agros
Ætolis onerata plagis jumenta caneſque ;
Surge, & inhumanæ ſenium depone Camenæ,
Cœnes ut pariter pulmenta laboribus emta.
Romanis ſolenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque & membris ; præſertim quum valeas, &
Vel curſu ſuperare canem, vel viribus aprum
Poſſis. Adde, virilia quòd ſpecioſiùs arma
Non eſt qui tractet. Scis quo clamore coronæ
Prælia ſuſtineas campeſtria : denique ſævam
Militiam puer & Cantabrica bella tuliſti
Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum ſigna refigit
Nunc ;

37. *Illius.*] *Potentis amici*, for *ullius* is too general and falſe. It is not forbidden to know the Secrets of an Enemy, a Rival, &c. *Illius* is of two Manuſcripts and received by our beſt Critics.

45. *Lenibus imperiis.*] The gentleſt Commands of Superiors have a Sort of Inſolence and Authority towards their Dependants, nor are they to be obeyed with a leſs punctual Submiſſion than their moſt abſolute Orders.

47. *Senium depone Camenæ.*] The Muſe is here called *inhumanæ*, from the Peeviſhneſs of Poets, when they are interrupted in their poetical Studies, from their general Love of Solitude and Retirement. Torr.

54. *Denique ſævam militiam puer.*] Lollius, to whom Horace writes, was with Auguſtus in his Expedition againſt the Cantabrians, when he was very young, *puer*. But Auguſtus departed from Rome in 727, when Lollius, the Father, had been ſome Years in Gallatia, where he was Governor after the Death of Amyntas, whoſe Kingdom became a Province of the Roman Empire. He returned to Rome

Strive not with mean unhandſome Lore,
Your Patron's Boſom to explore,
And let not Wine, or Anger wreſt
Th' intruſted Secret from your Breaſt.
Nor blame the Pleaſures of your Friend,
Nor to your own too earneſt bend;
Nor idly court the froward Muſe,
While He the vigorous Chace purſues.
Humours like theſe could fatal prove
To Zethus' and Amphion's Love,
Until Amphion kind complied,
And laid th' offenſive Lyre aſide.
So to your Patron's Will give Way,
His gentle Inſolence obey,
And when he pours into the Plain
His Horſes, Dogs, and Hunting-Train,
Break from the peeviſh Muſe away,
Divide the Toils, and ſhare the Prey.
The Chace was by our Sires eſteem'd,
Healthful and honourable deem'd.
Thy Swiftneſs far the Hound's exceeds;
The Boar beneath thy Javelin bleeds,
And who, like Thee, with Grace can wield
The Weapons of the martial Field,
Or with ſuch loud Applauſe as thine,
Amidſt the youthful Battle ſhine?
In the deſtructive War of Spain
Early you made your firſt Campaign,
Beneath a Leader, who regains
Our Eagles from the Parthian Fanes,

Rome in 732, and entered upon his Conſulſhip in the Beginning of the Year following. It is therefore impoſſible, that he could have been with Auguſtus in the War of Spain, and conſequently this Letter could not have been written to him. CARDINAL NORIS.

Nunc; &, ſi quid abeſt, Italis adjudicat armis.
Ac, ne te retrahas, & inexcuſabilis abſis,
Quamvis nîl extra numerum feciſſe modumque
Curas, interdum nugaris rure paterno.
Partitur lintres exercitus: Actia pugna,
Te duce, per pueros hoſtili more refertur:
Adverſarius eſt frater; lacus, Adria: donec
Alterutrum velox Victoria fronde coronet.
Conſentire ſuis ſtudiis qui crediderit te,
Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.
Protinus ut moneam (ſi quid monitoris eges tu)
Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, ſæpe videto.
Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem eſt.
Nec retinent patulæ commiſſa fideliter aures,
Et ſemel emiſſum volet irrevocabile verbum.

Non

56. *Partborum ſigna refigit.*] All our Editors agree, that *refigit* is in almoſt all the Manuſcripts. It is of more than ordinary Value, becauſe it determines the preciſe Date of this Epiſtle in 734, when Phraates reſtored the Roman Eagles to Auguſtus. Horace was then forty-five Years of Age.

57. *Nunc; &, ſi quid abeſt.*] *Nunc* muſt be conſtrued with *refigit*, as appears by the beſt Copies, *ſic enim diſtinguunt potiora exemplaria.* BENT. SAN.

61. *Actia pugna, te duce.*] This little Sea-fight is well introduced by our Poet, and does much Honour to Lollius. Auguſtus, in Remembrance of the Battle of Actium, inſtituted a Tournament under the Name of Actian Games, which were annually celebrated every firſt of Auguſt. Mr. Sanadon thinks it probable, that this naval Engagement of Lollius gave the Romans a firſt Idea of thoſe Naumachia, with which they were afterwards entertained by their Emperors.

65. *Conſentire ſuis ſtudiis.*] The Commentators underſtand theſe Words of Auguſtus, which Mr. Dacier thinks ridiculous. The Poet, ſays he, returns to his Subject, and tells Lollius, that any great Man, to whom he would wiſh to be a Favourite, will be pleaſed with his Complaiſance in hunting with him, and in return, will approve of his Amuſements, his writing Verſes.

And boundleſs now extends his Sway,
And bids a willing World obey.
Lollius, though all your Actions riſe
From Judgement regularly wiſe,
Yet oft at home you can unbend,
And even to trifling Sports deſcend.
Your little Boats, with mimic Rage,
Like Actium's mighty Fleets engage;
Your Lake, like Adria's Ocean ſpreads,
The adverſe War your Brother leads,
'Till Victory her Wings diſplay,
And crown the Conqueror of the Day.
Cæſar, who finds that you approve
His Taſte, ſhall your Diverſions love.
If my Advice Regard may claim,
Be tender of another's Fame,
And be the Man with Caution try'd,
In whoſe Diſcretion You confide.
Th' Impertinent be ſure to hate;
Who loves to aſk, will love to prate;
Ears, that unfold to every Tale,
Intruſted Secrets ill conceal,
And You ſhall wiſh, but wiſh in vain,
To call the fleeting Words again.

Be

66. *Utroque tuum laudabit pollice.*] A metaphorical Manner of ſpeaking taken from the *Arena*. When a Gladiator was thrown in fighting, the People aſked his Life by turning down their Thumbs, or his Death by lifting them up. *Quum faveamus pollices premere etiam proverbio jubemur.* Plin. TORR.

68. *Quid de quoque viro.*] Dr. Bentley would have us underſtand this Precept of a great Man, or a Favourite, *de potenti, de gratioſo*, for to have ſo much Circumſpection in talking of every ſmall Mortal, *homunculo*, is a Timidity more than ſervile. He tells us

Non ancilla tuum jecur ulceret ulla puerve,
Intra marmoreum venerandi limen amici ;
Ne dominus, pueri pulchri caræve puellæ
Munere te parvo beet, aut incommodus angat.
Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aſpice ; ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
Fallimur, & quondam non dignum tradimus : ergo
Quem ſua culpa premet, deceptus omitte tueri.
At penitus notum ſi tentent crimina, ſerves
Tuteriſque tuo fidenter præſidio ; qui
Dente Theonino quum circumroditur, ecquid
Ad te poſt paulò ventura pericula ſentis ?
Nam tua res agitur, paries quum proximus ardet :
Et neglecta ſolent incendia ſumere vires.
Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici ;
Expertus metuit. Tu, dum tua navis in alto eſt,
Hoc age, ne mutata retrorſum te ferat aura.

Oderunt

that old Story-teller the Scholiaſt, *veterem enarratorem*, is of his Opinion, when he explains the Paſſage by quid *dicas*, de quo *dicas*, cui *dicas*.

80. *At penitus notum.*] If you have been deceived in recommending a bad Man, let him ſuffer for his own Faults ; but if a valuable well-known Friend be treated with Injuſtice and Calumny, defend him with Vigour, *fidenter*, and with your whole Power, *præſidio tuo tutare*. *Fidenter*, is taken from one of the oldeſt Copies, and *at* inſtead of *ut*, is an eaſy, though a conjectural, Alteration, which the Senſe and Reaſoning of Horace abſolutely requires. Bent. San.

82. *Dente Theonino.*] Theon was a Grecian Poet, ſo remarkable for the Severity and Acrimony of his Writings, that his Name gave Riſe to a Proverb, *dens Theoninus*. Dac.

84. *Nam tua res agitur.*] A Man, who delights in Scandal, is a public Incendiary, and our own Intereſt, as well as the Duty of Charity, ſhould engage us to extinguiſh the Fire, and hinder it from ſpreading farther.

86. *Dulcis inexpertis.*] Courtiers are Slaves indeed, nor ſhould they be leſs ſenſible of their Slavery, becauſe their Chains are Gold.

Eutrapelus

Be not by fooliſh Love betray'd
To tempt your Patron's favourite Maid,
For, if he grant your fond Requeſt,
He now believes You fully bleſt;
If he refuſe, You ſure muſt prove,
The Tortures of deſpairing Love.
With cautious Judgement, o'er and o'er,
The Man you recommend explore,
Leſt, when the Scoundrel's better known,
You bluſh for Errors not your own.
Then frankly give him up to Shame,
But boldly guard the injur'd Fame
Of a well-known, and valued Friend,
And with your utmoſt Power defend;
For, be aſſur'd, when he's defam'd,
At You the envenom'd Shaft is aim'd,
When Flames your Neighbour's Dwelling ſeize,
Your own with inſtant Rage ſhall blaze,
Then haſte to ſtop the ſpreading Fire,
Which, if neglected, riſes higher.
Untry'd, how ſweet a Court Attendance!
When try'd, how dreadful the dependance!
Yet, while your Veſſel's under Sail,
Be ſure to catch the flying Gale,
Leſt adverſe Winds, with rapid Force,
Should bear You from your deſtin'd Courſe.

The

Eutrapelus gave rich Clothes to them, whom he deſigned to deſtroy; and for my part, ſays Mr. Sanadon, if I were determined to be revenged on a Man, who had injured me, I would make him a Courtier.

87. *Dum tua navis in alto eſt.*] While you enjoy the Favour of Auguſtus. Although the Wind is favourable, yet the Favour of Princes

Oderunt hilarem triſtes, triſtemque jocoſi,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavúmque remiſſi:
Potores liquidi mediâ de luce Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula; quamquam
Nocturnos jures te formidare tepores.
Deme ſupercilio nubem: plerumque modeſtus
Occupat obſcuri ſpeciem, taciturnus acerbi.
Inter cuncta leges, & percontabere doctos,
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido,
Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes;
Virtutem doctrina paret, Naturane donet;
Quid minuat curas; quid te tibi reddat amicum;
Quid purè tranquillet; honos an dulce lucellum,
An ſecretum iter, & fallentis ſemita vitæ.

Me

Princes is as uncertain as the Wind. Remember therefore the following Maxims *oderunt hilarem triſtes, &c.* We may believe, by this Line, that Lollius was actually with Auguſtus in Syria, or with Tiberius in Armenia, when this Epiſtle was written.

91. *Potores liquidi.*] Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sanadon think *Potores bibuli* as uſeleſs a Pleonaſm, as *potores potantes*, and therefore read *potores liquidi*. Beſides, *bibulus*, as the Doctor expreſſes it, ſignifies, *qui bibit*, non *qui bibitur*. The common Editions have *nocte*, which the Commentators underſtand *in mediam noctem*, a Manner of ſpeaking perfectly unknown. *Mediâ de luce*, is a Manuſcript Reading, and eaſily underſtood. Probably the whole Line was inſerted here from the fourteenth Epiſtle, *Quem bibulum liquidi mediâ de luce Falerni*; ſince it is written in the Margin of the Copies only, and in a later Hand.

96. *Inter cuncta leges.*] The Remainder of this Epiſtle is full of excellent Morality. After having given Lollius the beſt Inſtructions for his Conduct at Court, he now teaches him the beſt Rules for his own Self-conduct and Happineſs. SAN.

100. *Virtutem doctrina paret.*] This was always Matter of Diſpute among the Philoſophers, but the Scholars of Epicurus determined the Queſtion by uniting thoſe Principles, which others divided. SAN.

101. *Quid te tibi reddat amicum.*] It is Vice that makes us Enemies, and conſequently Virtue alone can reconcile us with ourſelves. DAC.

The Grave, a gay Companion, ſhun;
Far from the Sad the Jovial run;
The Gay, the Witty, and Sedate,
Are Objects of each other's Hate,
And they, who quaff their midnight Glaſs,
Scorn them, who dare a Bumper paſs,
Although they loudly ſwear, they dread
A ſick Debauch and aching Head.
Be every Look ſerenely gay,
And drive all cloudy Cares away.
The Modeſt oft too dark appear,
The Silent thoughtfully ſevere.
Conſult the Wiſdom of each Page,
Enquire of every ſcienc'd Sage,
How you may glide with gentle Eaſe
Adown the Current of your Days,
Nor vex'd by mean and low Deſires,
Nor warm'd by wild Ambition's Fires,
By Hope alarm'd, depreſt by Fear,
For things but little worth your Care.
Enquire if Virtue's hallow'd Rules
Proceed from Nature, or the Schools;
What may the Force of Careſ uſpend,
And make you to your-ſelf a Friend;
Whether the tranquil Mind and pure,
Honours or Wealth our Bliſs inſure,
Or down through Life unknown to ſtray,
Where lonely leads the ſilent Way.

When

102. *Quid purè tranquillet.*] Horace adds the Word *pure* becauſe a falſe Tranquillity may deceive, but is incapable of ſatisfying us. The Tranquillity, which Honours, Reputation, Riches and Employments yield, is very different from that, which Virtue beſtows, undiſturbed by Deſires, Hopes, or Fears. DAC.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugoſus frigore pagus;
Quid ſentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi, quod nunc eſt; etiam minùs: & mihi vivam
Quod ſupereſt ævi, ſi quid ſupereſſe volunt Dî:
Sit bona librorum & proviſæ frugis in annum
Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ,
Sed ſatis eſt orare Jovem, quæ ponit & aufert:
Det vitam, det opes: æquum mî animum ipſe parabo.

104. *Me quoties reficit.*] Inſtead of methodically deciding what kind of Life yields greateſt Happineſs, he propoſes his own Example and Experience. A manner of Reaſoning more deciſive and powerful than a thouſand Arguments, which often derive their whole Force from the Authority and Aſſiſtance of Examples. DAC.

109. *Proviſæ frugis in annum copia.*] The Poet wiſhes he may always have a Year's Income in his Purſe, that he may not be continually perplexed with an anxious Concern for To-morrow, or depend upon the various and uncertain Accidents of it. He prays only for the Conveniences and Happineſs of the Body, which are uſually called the Gifts of Fortune, but aſks not her Aſſiſtance for the Cultivation of his Underſtanding and his Improvement in Virtue. Such were the Sentiments, not of any particular Sect, but of the Philoſophers in general.

112. *Æquum mî animum.*] Mr. Sanadon reads *animum mihi ego ipſe parabo*, upon Authority of one Manuſcript, ſupported by a Writer of the twelfth Century, who thus quotes the Line. Certainly this Reading does not want Merit; for when the Poet prays for Life and a moderate Fortune, there is no need of an Equality of Mind, *æquum*, to enjoy them. This is a Virtue better proved in doubtful or unhappy Circumſtances.

When happy in my rural Scene,
Whoſe Fountain chills the ſhuddering Swain,
Such is my Prayer——— Let me poſſeſs
My preſent Wealth, or even leſs,
And if the bounteous Gods deſign
A longer Life, that Life be mine.
Give me of Books the mental Chear,
Of Wealth, ſufficient for a Year,
Nor let me float in Fortune's Power,
Dependant on the future Hour.
To Jove for Life and Wealth I pray,
Theſe Jove may give, or take away,
But, for a firm and tranquil Mind,
That Bleſſing in myſelf I'll find.

Epist. XIX. *Ad* Mæcenatem.

PRISCO ſi credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus. Ut malè ſanos
Adſcripſit Liber Satyris Fauniſque poetas,
Vina ferè dulces oluerunt manè Camenæ.
Laudibus arguitur vini vinoſus Homerus.
Ennius ipſe pater nunquam niſi potus ad arma
Proſiluit dicenda. Forum putealque Libonis
Mandabo ſiccis, adimam cantare ſeveris.

Hoc

This Epiſtle is a Satire on the Poets, in our Author's Time, who under Pretence that Bacchus was God of Poetry, and that the beſt ancient Bards loved Wine, imagined they might equal their Merit by drinking as largely. Horace laughs at ſuch ridiculous Imitation. He raillies the methodical Dulneſs of their Compoſitions; nor makes a Difficulty of propoſing his own Example in imitating Alcæus and Archilochus. Dac.

Verſe 1. *Docte Mæcenas, Cratino.*] This is not an Expreſſion of Flattery, for Mæcenas had not only very conſiderable Abilities for the Field, and the Council, but was really a Man of Learning.

Cratinus loved Wine to ſuch Exceſs, that Ariſtophanes tells us he died with Grief at ſeeing a Hogſhead broken, and the Wine running out.

2 *Nulla placere diu.*] This was probably one of Cratinus his Verſes which Horace hath tranſlated. A Greek Epigram hath preſerved one of his drinking Maxims; that Wine is a Race-horſe to a Poet of Genius, and that a Water-drinker never made a goood Dithyrambic. Some Imaginations are indeed ſo naturally cold, that Wine may warm them, but it ſeldom produces a correct and regular Poem. Such phlegmatic Rhimers would do well to remember, that there is ſome Difference between drinking and being drunk. Dac.

EPIST. XIX. *To* MÆCENAS.

TO ſage Cratinus if You Credit give,
No Water drinker's Verſes long ſhall live,
Or long ſhall pleaſe. Among his motley Fold,
Satyrs and Fawns, when Bacchus had enrol'd
The brain-ſick Rhimer, ſoon the tuneful Nine
At Morning breath'd, and not too ſweet, of Wine.
When Homer ſings the Joys of Wine, 'tis plain,
Great Homer was not of a ſober Strain;
And Father Ennius, 'till with drinking fir'd,
Was never to the martial Song inſpir'd.
Let thirſty Spirits make the Bar their Choice,
Nor dare in chearful Song to raiſe their Voice.

Soon

6. *Laudibus arguitur vini.*] Homer calls Wine, *ſweet* and *ſweet as Honey*, *generous*, *joyous to the Spirits*, and *a divine Beverage*, *that ſoftens the Rudeneſs of our Tempers*. From whence, perhaps, Tully reproaches Antony with ſuch an Aſperity and Ferocity of Temper, as Wine with all its natural Softneſs could not meliorate. Yet, as Mr. Sanadon obſerves, this is but an uncertain Proof, for Homer might have written Verſes in Praiſe of Wine, as a Poet may write Love-Verſes without being in Love.

8. *Forum putealque.*] Torrentius firſt perceived, that theſe Words could not be ſpoken either by Cratinus or Ennius, who were both dead long before Libo was born; nor by Bacchus, who ſurely would not have waited ſo long to publiſh a Decree, which the Uſages of ſo many Poets had already eſtabliſhed; nor by Mæcenas, unleſs we read *edixti* and *pallers*, contrary to all the Manuſcripts. We muſt therefore acknowledge Horace himſelf, giving forth his Laws in the Style and Tone of a Legiſlator, *Hoc ſimul edixi*, which is of more than five Manuſcripts, and received by our beſt Editors.

Hoc ſimul edixi: non ceſſavere poetæ
Nocturno certare mero, putere diurno.
Quid? ſi quis vultu torvo ferus, ac pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ ſimulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræſentet moreſque Catonis?
Rupit Iarbitam Timagenis æmula lingua,
Dum ſtudet urbanus, tenditque diſertus haberi.
Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. Proh! ſi
Pallerem caſu, biberent exſangue cuminum.
O imitatores, ſervum pecus; ut mihi bilem,
Ut mihi ſæpe jocum veſtri movere tumultus!
Libera per vacuum poſui veſtigia princeps,
Non aliena meo preſſi pede. Qui ſibi fidit
Dux, regit examen. Parios ego primus iambos
Oſtendi Latio; numeros animoſque ſecutus
Archilochi, non res & agentia verba Lycamben.

Ac

15. *Rupit Iarbitam.*] Many of our Commentators have miſtaken this for a proper Name. Iarbita, ſays the Scholiaſt, was a Moor, whoſe Name was Cordus, who attempting in vain to imitate the Wit and Pleaſantry of Timagenes, almoſt burſt with Deſpair and Vexation, *invidiâ quodammodo ruptus eſt.* Timagenes was a Rhetorician of Alexandria, who, having provoked Auguſtus by too great a Freedom of Raillery, was forbidden to enter the Palace. In Reſentment of ſuch an Affront, he burned a Hiſtory, which he had written of that Emperor's Life.

17. *Proh! ſi.*] This Reading is of three Manuſcripts. It is therefore ſufficiently authoriſed, and it is more poetical than *quod ſi.*

18. *Biberent exſangue cuminum.*] Dioſcorides aſſures us, that Cumin will make People pale, who drink it, or waſh themſelves with it. Pliny ſays it was reported, that the Diſciples of Porcius Latro, a famous Maſter of the Art of Speaking, uſed it to imitate that Paleneſs, which he had contracted by his Studies.

24 *Numeros animoſque ſecutus Archilochi.*] Horace tells us, he had imitated Archilochus in taking from him ſome particular Meaſures, and if we may judge from the Fragments of the Grecian Poet, which remain to us, theſe three following Verſes are ſome of them.

Soon as I ſpoke, our rival Bards engage,
And o'er their Wine eternal Warfare wage.
What! If with naked Feet, and ſavage Air,
Cato's ſhort Coat ſome mimic Coxcomb wear,
Say, ſhall his Habit and affected Gloom,
Great Cato's Virtues, or his Worth aſſume?
When yonder Moor was well reſolv'd to pleaſe
With well-bred Raillery, and talking Eaſe,
To rival gay Timagenes he try'd,
Yet burſt with diſappointed Spleen and Pride;
By ſuch Examples many a Coxcomb's caught,
Whoſe utmoſt Art can imitate a Fault.
Should I by chance grow pale, our Bardlings think,
That bloodleſs Cumin's the true rhiming Drink.
Ye wretched Mimics, whoſe fond Heats have been,
How oft! the Objects of my Mirth and Spleen.
Through open Worlds of Rhime I dar'd to tread
In Paths unknown, by no bold Footſteps led;
And he, who knows himſelf with conſcious Pride,
Moſt certainly the buzzing Hive ſhall guide.
To keen Iambics I firſt tun'd the Lyre,
And warm'd with great Archilochus's Fire
His rapid Numbers choſe, but ſhun'd with Care
The Style, that drove Lycambes to Deſpair.

Pulvis & umbra ſumus.
Exitio eſt avidum mare nautis.
Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Canidia, Caſſius Severus and ſome others muſt acknowledge, that Horace had but too well imitated the Satire and Severity of Archilochus, although he did not ſervilely follow his Expreſſions, or allow himſelf that Bitterneſs, which made Lycambes and his Daughter Neobule hang themſelves. SAN.

Ac ne me foliis ideo brevioribus ornes,
Quòd timui mutare modos & carminis artem:
Temperat Archilochi Musam pede mascula Sappho;
Temperat Alcæus, sed rebus & ordine dispar,
Nec socerum quærit, quem versibus oblinat atris;
Nec sponsæ laqueum famoso carmine nectit.
Hunc ego, non alio dictum priùs ore, Latinus
Vulgavi fidicen. Juvat immemorata ferentem
Ingenuis oculisque legi, manibusque teneri,
Scire velis, mea cur ingratus opuscula lector
Laudet ametque domi, premat extra limen iniquus?

Non

26. *Foliis brevioribus.*] *Crowns less durable.* In the same Sense in which he uses, *breve lilium*, *brevis dominus*, *brevis stultitia*. Cruquius and Mr. Dacier understand it of a Crown, called *tonsilis* and *tonsa*. San.

27. *Quòd timui mutare modos.*] What Horace here says does not contradict his having taken some Measures from the Greek Poets, which he used in such a Manner, as he thought most agreeable to Latin Poetry. He sometimes changed a Foot in the Measure of a Line, or altered the Form of their Stanzas, or divided one long into two short Verses; but all these Alterations cannot absolutely be said to have changed the Measures and Form of their Verses. San.

28. *Temperat Archilochi.*] *Sappho & Alcæus Musam suam temperant pede Archilochi*, and *temperat* signifies *to mix*, not, as is generally understood, *to soften*, or *make musical*, for the Verses of Archilochus were more violent and less harmonious, than those of Alcæus or Sappho. They took from him several Sorts of Verse for their Odes, and Horace, by their Example, hath taken from each of them whatever might enrich his Latin Lyric Poetry. San.

The Reader may find the Character of Sappho in the Notes on the thirteenth Ode of the second Book. She is here called *mascula*, from the Force and Spirit of her Poetry.

29. *Sed rebus & ordine dispar.*] Alcæus made use of the Verses of Archilochus, without changing either the Number or Arrangement of the Measures, yet with this Difference, that he gave them, in his Lyric Compositions, another Order than what they had in Archilochus. San.

I fear'd to change the Structure of his Line,
And ſhall a ſhort-liv'd Wreath be therefore mine?
Sappho, whoſe Verſe with manly Spirit glows,
And great Alcæus his Iambics choſe
In different Stanza though he forms his Lines,
And to a Theme more merciful inclines;
No perjur'd Sire with blood-ſtain'd Verſe purſues,
Nor tyes, in damning Rhime, his Fair-one's Nooſe.
I firſt attempted in the Lyric Tone
His Numbers, to the Roman Lyre, unknown,
And joy, that Works of ſuch unheard-of Taſte
By Men of Worth and Genius were embrac'd.
But would You know, why ſome condemn abroad,
Thankleſs, unjuſt, what they at home applaud?

I

32. *Hunc ego, non alio.*] Horace can only mean Alcæus. He hath already ſaid he was the firſt Roman, who had imitated in Latin the Iambics of Archilochus, and it were ridiculous to repeat it within eight or nine Verſes. When he ſays *Latinus fidicen*, he not only marks his being a Lyric Poet himſelf, but that the Writer, whom he had imitated, was ſo likewiſe. This cannot be ſaid of Archilochus, who was never reckoned in their Number. This Reaſon will be more ſenſible, if we examine the different Expreſſions of Horace with Attention. He tells us, he was the firſt Roman Lyric Poet, who had imitated Alcæus, *hunc ego, non alio dictum prius ore, Latinus fidicum*, and in the twenty third Line he ſays he was the firſt, who ſhewed the Iambics of Archilochus to the Latins, *Parios ego primus Iambos oſtendi Latio.* It is remarkable, that although Horace did not imitate Sappho leſs than Archilochus and Alcæus, yet he does not ſay he was the firſt of the Romans who imitated her, becauſe Catullus and ſome other Latin Poets had written Sapphic Verſes before him. BENT.

35. *Ingratus.*] A Reader, who is pleaſed with a Work, ſhould account with an Author for the Pleaſure he gives him; but the Jealouſy of his Brother-Writers is provoked, that they have not written with equal Succeſs, and the Spirit of ſmall Critics is gratified in abuſing a Book in Public, which they are forced to admire in Private.

Non ego ventoſæ plebis ſuffragia venor
Impenſis cœnarum, ac tritæ munere veſtis:
Non ego, nobilium ſcriptorum auditor & ultor,
Grammaticas ambire tribus & pulpita dignor.
Hinc illæ lacrymæ. Spiſſis indigna theatris
Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus,
Si dixi: Rides, ait, & Jovis auribus iſta
Servas: fidis enim manare poetica mella
Te ſolum, tibi pulcher. Ad hæc ego naribus uti
Formido, &, luctantis acuto ne ſecer ungui,
Diſplicet iſte locus, clamo, ac deludia poſco.
Ludus enim trepidum genuit certamen, & iram;
Iſta truces inimicitias, ac funebre bellum,

38. *Impenſis cœnarum.*] This good Cuſtom is not yet aboliſhed, and indifferent Authors are intereſted to ſupport it. Would it not be ungrateful to abuſe an honeſt Gentleman's Verſes, who gave us a good Dinner?

It was cuſtomary, at an Election for a Magiſtracy, to make a Preſent of a Suit of Clothes to a Voter, but to People of low Condition they ſent Clothes, which had been already worn, *tritæ munere veſtis.* SAN.

40. *Grammaticas ambire tribus.*] Horace laughs at the Meanneſs of a bad Poet, who pays his Court to School-maſters, that they may give his Works a little Reputation by making their Scholars read them. TORR.

45. *Ad hæc ego naribus uti.*] Our Poet was afraid of anſwering this inſipid Raillery, with the Contempt it deſerved, for fear of being beaten. He had not naturally too much Courage, and bad Poets are a choleric, teſty Generation. *Naribus uti, to turn into Ridicule,* as in Perſius *naribus indulgere.* DAC.

47. *Deludia poſco.*] The Latins uſed *deludere, to leave off playing.* From thence came *deludia* to ſignify a Space of Time and Intermiſſion of Fighting given to the Gladiators during the public Games. Horace therefore pleaſantly begs he may have Time allowed him to correct his Verſes, before he mounts the Stage and plays for the Prize in Public.

I never hunt th' inconſtant People's Vote
With coſtly Suppers, or a thread-bare Coat;
The Works of titled Wits I never hear,
Nor vengeful in my Turn aſſault their Ear.
The Tribe of Grammar-Pedants I deſpiſe,
And hence their Tears of Spleen and Anger riſe.
I bluſh in grand Aſſemblies to repeat
My worthleſs Works, and give ſuch Trifles Weight;
Yet theſe Profeſſions they with Wonder hear——
" No. You reſerve them for dread Cæſar's Ear;
" With your own Beauties charm'd, you ſurely know
" Your Verſes with a honey'd Sweetneſs flow."
Nor dare I railly with ſuch dangerous Folk,
Leſt I be torn in pieces for a Joke,
Yet beg, they would appoint another Day,
A Place more proper to decide the Fray,
For Jeſts a fearful Strife and Anger breed,
Whence Quarrels fierce, and funeral Wars proceed.

EPIST. XX. *Ad* LIBRUM SUUM.

VERTUMNUM Janumque, liber, ſpectare videris,
Scilicet ut proſtes Soſiorum pumice mundus.
Odiſti claves, & grata ſigilla pudico;
Paucia oſtendi gemis, & communia laudas,
Non ita nutritus. Fuge quò deſcendere geſtis.
Non erit emiſſo reditus tibi. Quid miſer egi?
Quid volui? dices; ubi quid te læſerit, & ſcis
In breve te cogi, plenus quum languet amator.

Quòd

In 733 Horace publiſhed a Collection of his Epiſtles and Satires, and probably placed this Epiſtle at the Head of them, from whence Mr. Sanadon places it as a Preface to his Moral Poetry. Under an Allegory of a Child, unwillingly confined in his Father's Houſe, and wiſhing for Liberty, the Poet gives his Book ſome critical Advice, which may be of much Importance to Authors in general. The Character he draws of himſelf is natural, and nothing is diſguiſed either by Modeſty or Vanity.

Verſ. 1. *Vertumnum Janumque.*] Vertumnus, according to the Scholiaſt, was the God, who preſided over buying and ſelling, from whence he had a Statue and Temple in the Forum. We have given ſome Account, in the firſt Epiſtle, of thoſe grand Arcades in Rome called *Jani*, where Bookſellers kept their Shops.

2. *Soſiorum.*] The Soſii were a Plebeian Family well known in Rome, two Brothers of which diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the Correctneſs of their Books, and Beauty of the Binding. COMMENT.

3. *Grata ſigilla pudico.*] So careful were the Romans of the Education of their Children, that they not only locked, but ſealed the Doors of their Apartments, that no Perſons, who might be ſuſpected

Epist. XX. *To* His Book.

THE Shops of Rome impatient to behold,
And, elegantly poliſh'd, to be ſold,
You hate the tender Seal, and guardian Keys,
Which modeſt Volumes love, and fondly praiſe
The public World, even ſighing to be read,——
Unhappy Book! to other Manners bred.
Indulge the fond Deſire, with which You burn,
Purſue thy Flight, yet think not to return.
But, when inſulted by the Critic's Scorn,
How often ſhall You cry, Ah! me forlorn?
When he ſhall throw the tedious Volume by,
Nor longer view thee with a Lover's Eye.

pected of corrupting their Innocence, might be permitted to ſee them. Torr.

5. *Fuge, quo deſcendere geſtis.*] The Forum was ſituated between the Hills on which Rome was built, from whence we frequently find *in forum deſcendere* in Cicero and Seneca. The preſent Reading is of all the Manuſcripts. Bent. Cun. San.

8. *In breve te cogi.*] *In arctum volumen contrahi.* The Poet threatens his Book, that it ſhall be rolled up, as if condemned never to be read again. The Books of the Ancients were written on Skins of Parchment, which they were obliged to unfold and extend when they deſigned to read. Torr.

Plenus quum languet amator.] The Lover here ſignifies a paſſionate Reader, who ſeizes a Book with Rapture; runs it over in Haſte; his Curioſity begins to be ſatisfied; his Appetite is cloyed; he throws it away, and never opens it again.

Quòd ſi non odio peccantis deſipit augur,
Carus eris Romæ, donec te deſeret ætas.
Contrectatus ubi manibus ſordeſcere vulgi
Cœperis; aut tineas paſces taciturnus inertes,
Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus mittêris Ilerdam.
Ridebit monitor non exauditus: ut ille,
Qui malè parentem in rupes protruſit aſellum
Iratus. Quis enim invitum ſervare laboret?
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba ſenectus.
Quum tibi ſol tepidus plures admoverit aures,
Me libertino natum patre, & in tenui re,
Majores pennas nido extendiſſe loquêris;
Ut, quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas:
Me primis urbis belli placuiſſe domique;

Corporis

10. *Donec te deſeret ætas.*] Novelty is a kind of Youth, which gives to every Thing a certain Grace and Value. Few Books have a Privilege of not growing old. In general, their Youth is extremely ſhort, and hardly divided from their Age. SAN.

13. *Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus.*] Manuſcripts muſt have been of ſuch Value, that People of moderate Fortune could not purchaſe them when they were firſt publiſhed, and when they came into their Hands they became contemptible. They were then ſent by the Bookſellers into the Colonies for a better Sale. Horace therefore tells his Book, that when it hath loſt the Charms of Novelty and Youth, it ſhall either feed Moths at Rome, or willingly take its Flight to Afric, or be ſent by Force to Spain. Dr. Bentley aſſures us that *vinctus* is of all the Manuſcripts, *tam aliorum quam noſtrorum codices omnes* vinctus *habent*. They who read *unctus*, do not underſtand the Paſſage. SAN.

18. *Extremis in vicis.*] There were Schools in the moſt frequented Parts of the City, where Profeſſors of Abilities and Reputation explained the beſt Greek and Latin Authors. Children were taught to read in the Suburbs, whither Horace preſages his Book ſhould be baniſhed in its old Age. This Prediction ſhould be conſidered as a modeſt Pleaſantry, for our Poet knew too well the Value of his Works to be afraid of ſuch a Deſtiny.

If Rage pervert not my prophetic Truth,
Rome ſhall admire, while you can charm with Youth,
But ſoon as vulgar Hands thy Beauty ſoil,
The Moth ſhall batten on the ſilent Spoil;
Then fly to Afric, or be ſent to Spain,
Our Colonies of Wits to entertain.
This ſhall thy fond Adviſer laughing ſee,
As, when his Aſs was obſtinate like thee,
The Clown in Vengeance puſh'd him down the Hill:
For who would ſave an Aſs againſt his Will?
At laſt thy ſtammering Age in Suburb-Schools
Shall toil in teaching Boys their Grammar-Rules:
But when in Evening mild the liſtening Tribe
Around thee throng, thy Maſter thus deſcribe;
A Free-man's Son, with moderate Fortune bleſt,
Who boldly ſpread his Wings beyond his Neſt;
What from my Birth you take, to Virtue give,
And ſay, with Eaſe and Happineſs I live,
With all that Rome in Peace and War calls great:
Of lowly Stature: fond of Summer's Heat:

19. *Sol tepidus.*] Mr. Dacier and the reſt of the Commentators underſtand the Middle of the Day, when the Sun is moſt violent, but this was a Time when People uſually retired into their Houſes to avoid the Heat. *Sol tepidus* may therefore mean the Mildneſs and moderate Warmth of Evening, when Men of Letters aſſembled either in the public Walks or Shops of Bookſellers, to read any Works lately publiſhed. SAN.

22. *Ut quantum generi.*] Nature made Horace the Son of a public Crier, but his own Merit made him the Companion of an Emperor, and gained him the Friendſhip of the greateſt, as well as moſt ingenious Men of the Auguſtan Age. There is an honourable and eaſy Method in our own Power to correct the Misfortune of a mean Birth, by Probity, Learning, Good-Nature and Politeneſs.

Corporis exigui, præcanum, ſolibus aptum ;
Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem.
Fortè meum ſi quis te percontabitur ævum ;
Me quater undenos ſciat impleviſſe decembres,
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

24. *Solibus aptum.*] We may remark, in many Places of his Works, that our Poet was very ſenſible to Cold: that in Winter he went to the Sea-coaſt, and was particularly fond of Tarentum in that Seaſon, becauſe it was milder there. We may likewiſe underſtand the Words of his Exerciſes in the Campus Martius, as in his Odes *patiens pulveris atque ſolis*, but the former Senſe is more natural.

28. *Quo duxit Lollius anno.*] Auguſtus being in the Year 733 in Sicily, the Senate made him an Offer of the Conſulſhip, which he refuſed. This Refuſal and his Abſence occaſioned a very ſtrongly diſputed Election between Lepidus and Silanus, who pretended to fill his Place. Auguſtus ſent for them into Sicily, forbad them to return to Rome until the Election was ended. By this means, Lollius, who had been appointed Collegue with Auguſtus, eaſily carried the Votes in Favour of Lepidus, which Horace means by the Word *duxit*. Our Poet was born on the eighth of December 689, and conſequently his forty-fourth Year ended 733. SAN.

Early turn'd gray : to Paſſion quickly rais'd,
But of Good-nature and with Eaſe appeas'd.
Let them, who aſk my Age, be frankly told,
That I was forty-four Decembers old,
When Lollius choſe with Lepidus to ſhare
The Power and Honours of the Conſul's Chair.

END of the FIRST BOOK of EPISTLES.

Q. Horatii Flacci EPISTOLARUM LIBER SECUNDUS.

Epist. I. *Ad* Augustum.

QUUM tot ſuſtineas ac tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes: in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.

Romulus,

Auguſtus had written to Horace reproaching him for not having addreſſed any Part of his Works to him. Know, ſays he, that I am angry with You; or are you apprehenſive it ſhall injure your Reputation with Poſterity, that You have been one of my Friends? Theſe Reproaches, probably, occaſioned this Epiſtle, which is juſtly ranked among the beſt Performances of our Author, and not unworthy of a Prince of ſuperior Genius, delicate Taſte, and more than common Erudition. It may be divided into four Parts. In the firſt, the Poet examines the Compariſon between Ancients and Moderns, which hath been Matter of Diſpute in almoſt all Ages. He then ſhews, that Novelty is the Mother of all polite Arts, eſpecially of Poetry, that divine Art, which deſerves, the greateſt Praiſes, and greateſt Rewards. In the third Part, he treats of the Theatre, and the Difficulty of ſucceeding there. In the laſt, he would inform Princes, how much they are intereſted to animate an Emulation among Epic and Lyric Poets, who have it in their Power to make them immortal. Theſe different Parts are enlivened by a continual Criticiſm upon the Manner in which the Romans judged

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE EPISTLES of *HORACE.*

Epist. I. *To* Augustus.

WHILE You alone ſuſtain th' important Weight
Of Rome's Affairs, ſo various and ſo great:
While You the public Weal with Arms defend,
Adorn with Morals, and with Laws amend:
Shall not the tedious Letter prove a Crime,
That ſteals one Moment of our Cæſar's Time?

Rome's

judged of Poets, and by many Reflexions, equally uſeful and agreeable, upon the Origin and Progreſs of Poetry.

The Date of this Epiſtle is determined by ſo many Facts, and ſo ſtrongly marked, that it is unaccountable how it hath been miſtaken. It mentions the divine Honours paid to Auguſtus in 726: the Sovereign Authority, which he received from the Senate in 727: the Reduction of the Parthians in 734: the Laws, which he made for the Reformation of Manners in 737: the Conqueſts of Tiberius and Druſus in 739, 742, 743, and his ſhutting the Temple of Janus in 744, when this Letter was written, and when Horace was in his fifty-ſecond Year, about two Years before his Death. Dac. San.

Verſe 4. *Si longo ſermone morer.*] As theſe Words have been generally underſtood, they make our Poet contradict himſelf, and fall

Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt:
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari.
Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas; extinctus amabitur idem.
Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum aliàs, nihil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens ac juſtus in uno,
Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat, &, niſi quæ terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit & odit.

Sic

into the very Fault he would avoid. The Tranſlation, according to Mr. Sanadon's Interpretation, ſoftens the Contradiction, and gives Horace a modeſt Apology for writing ſo long a Letter to a Prince engaged in the Buſineſs of the State. But perhaps he rather means by *longo ſermone* a tedious Preface or Addreſs of Compliment, and therefore throws himſelf at once into his Subject, *Romulus, & Liber, &c.*

11. *Notaque fatali, &c*] *Theſe Labours, which the Deſtinies had prepared for him at his Birth*, or what Virgil calls *fata Junonis.* COMM.

13. *Qui prægravat artes.*] *Artes*, for *artifices, qui ipſo inferiores meritis ſuis premit.* A Merit too bright is a Reproach to them, who have leſs. It excites their Jealouſy, becauſe it alarms their Vanity. But Death reſtores the proper Order by putting Admiration in the place of Jealouſy. How many Men would have fewer Enemies, if they had not ſo much Merit? TORR. SAN.

18. *Sed tuus hoc populus*] *In hoc uno, in hac unâ re ſapiens*; thus the Scholiaſts explain the Words, which proves the preſent Reading to

Rome's Founder, Leda's Twins, the God of Wine,
By human Virtues rais'd to Power divine,
While they with pious Cares improv'd Mankind,
To various States their proper Bounds aſſign'd,
Commanded War's deſtroying Rage to ceaſe,
And bleſs'd their Cities with the Arts of Peace,
Complain'd their Virtues and their Toils could raiſe
But ſlight Returns of Gratitude and Praiſe.

Who cruſh'd the Hydra, when to Life renew'd,
And Monſters dire with fated Toil ſubdu'd,
Found that the Monſter Envy never dies,
'Till low in equal Death her Conqueror lies;
For he, who ſoars to an unuſual Height,
Oppreſſive dazles, with Exceſs of Light,
The Arts beneath him: yet, when dead, ſhall prove
An Object worthy of Eſteem and Love.

Yet Rome to Thee her living Honours pays:
By Thee we ſwear, to Thee our Altars raiſe,
While we confeſs no Prince ſo great, ſo wiſe,
Hath ever riſen, or ſhall ever riſe.

But that your People raiſe their Cæſar's Name
Above the Greek and Roman Chiefs in Fame,
Proves them, in this, indeed, moſt juſt and wiſe,
Yet other Things they view with other Eyes;
With cold Contempt they treat the living Bard;
The Dead alone can merit their Regard.

to have been in their Copies, and thus Mr. Pope read it, in his Imitation of this Epiſtle. The Praiſe of Auguſtus is delicate and artful; that a People, prejudiced in favour of all that was ancient, ſhould prefer him to whatever was moſt illuſtrious of Antiquity. The more general the Rule, the more glorious to be the ſole Exception to it,

Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt: fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis:
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina vatum,
Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas,
Si, quia Graiorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eâdem
Scriptores trutinâ; non eſt quòd multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleâ, nihil extra eſt in nuce duri:
Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ: pingimus, atque
Pſallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctiùs unctis.
Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim chartis pretium quotus arroget annus,
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter

Per-

23. *Tabulas peccare vetantes, &c.*] The Laws of the twelve Tables, which Horace here means, might not want Elegance of Expreſſion, if we ſhould conſider the Time when they were written. The Treaty of Peace between Tarquinius Superbus and the Gabii was recorded on a Bull's Hide ſtretched upon a Piece of Wood called *Clypeum*, and we may believe the Style was anſwerable to the Paper. The Sibylline Books, which regulated all the Ceremonies of Religion, and the Works of Poets in the firſt Infancy of the Latin Tongue, might have been venerable for their Antiquity, but could not be Models of good Writing.

26. *Annoſa volumina vatum.*] The Romans, in the early Time of the Republic, had a kind of ſacred, prophetic Writers, who generally wrote in Verſe, or perhaps in a Style of poetical Proſe, ſuch as the Form of Words in which the Decii devoted themſelves to Death, and which Pliny calls *Carmen*.

28. *Si quia Graiorum.*] Horace does not aſſert, that the firſt Grecian writers were the beſt, nor is it true in Fact. There were many Poets before Homer, nor was he the firſt, who ſung the War of Troy, or employed the Machinery of Gods and Goddeſſes in his Poems. But he probably ſucceeded better than his Predeceſſors, and wrote when the Language had attained to its utmoſt Purity.

Graiorum, is a Term almoſt conſecrated to Poetry, and is of three Manuſcripts. SAN.

31. *Nil intra eſt oleâ.*] This conjectural Emendation belongs to Dr. Bentley, and beſides the claſſical Elegance of it, we can hardly believe, that Horace would have uſed *intra* for a Prepoſition, and *extra* for an Adverb in the ſame Line. We muſt conſtrue it, *in oleâ nihil duri eſt intra, in nuce extra.* This

To elder Bards ſo laviſh of Applauſe,
They love the Language of our ancient Laws:
On Numa's Hymns with holy Rapture pore,
And turn our mouldy Records o'er and o'er,
Then ſwear tranſported, that the ſacred Nine
Pronounc'd, on Alba's Top, each hallow'd Line.
But if, becauſe the World with Juſtice pays
To the firſt Bards of Greece its grateful Praiſe,
In the ſame Scale our Poets muſt be weigh'd,
To ſuch Diſputes what Anſwer can be made?
Since we have gain'd the Height of martial Fame,
Let us in peaceful Arts aſſert our Claim;
The Sons of Greece no longer ſhall excel:
They neither wreſtle, ſing, or paint ſo well.
But let me aſk, ſince Poetry, like Wine,
Is taught by Time to mellow and refine,
When ſhall th' immortal Bard begin to live?
Say, ſhall a hundred Years completely give Among

This Proverb hath been underſtood as if Horace told his Antagoniſt, that his Objections were not worth an Anſwer; that he might as well aſſert, that the Shell of a Nut, and the Stone of an Olive is not hard, or that we really paint, ſing and wreſtle better than the Greeks. But certainly an Objection, which may be anſwered in this Manner, ſhould not have been made; nor would any Man of Spirit bear ſuch an Anſwer. The Poet intended to retort his own Argument upon his Adverſary, and, by all Rules of good Logic, ſuch an Intention ought to ſhew the Falſhood and Ridiculouſneſs of his Manner of arguing. In Proſe the whole Paſſage may be conſtrued thus: If You aſſert, ſince the moſt ancient Greek Writers are the beſt, that therefore the Latin Poets muſt be judged in the ſame Manner, the Diſpute may be ſoon decided, *non eſt quod multa loquamur*. By the ſame Manner of Reaſoning, You may conclude, by another Abſurdity, that there is nothing harder in an Olive, than in a Nut; and then You may aſſert, that becauſe we have extended the Bounds of our Empire farther than the Greeks, *venimus ad ſummum Fortunæ*, therefore we underſtand Painting, Muſic and Wreſtling better. SAN.

36. *Scriptor adbinc annos centum.*] The Poet ſeems pleaſantly to allow, that Verſes, like Wine, may gain Strength and Spirit by a certain Number of Years; and under Cover of this Conceſſion inſenſibly

Perfectos vetereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? Excludat jurgia finis.
Eſt vetus atque probus centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? vetereſne proboſque,
An quos, & præſens & poſtera reſpuat ætas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur honeſtè,
Qui vel menſe brevi vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello: & demo unum, demo & item unum:
Dum cadat eluſus ratione ruentis acervi,
Qui redit ad faſtos, & virtutem æſtimat annis;
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod Libitina ſacravit.
Ennius & ſapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
(Ut critici dicunt) leviter curare videtur
Quò promiſſa cadant, ac ſomnia Pythagorea.
Nævius in manibus non eſt; at mentibus hæret
Penè recens. Adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.

Ambi-

ſenſibly leads his Adverſary to his Ruin. He propoſes a Term, of a reaſonable Diſtance, for ſeparating Ancients from Moderns; and this Term being once received, he by Degrees preſſes upon his Diſputant, who was not on his Guard againſt Surpriſe, and who now neither knows how to advance or retreat. Cruq. San.

41. *Vetereſne proboſque.*] The common Reading *poetas* makes a diſagreeable Chiming with *ætas* in the next Line. Beſides, the Sentence is imperfect and unequal by having *veteres* in the former Part, and *novos* and *reſpuendos* in the latter. *Veteres* would be more elegant Language without *poetas*: nor does Horace mean only Poets in this Paſſage, but all Writers whether in Verſe or Proſe, and therefore uſes the Word *ſcriptor* and *ſcripta*. He hath ſet *perfectos* and *veteres*, *viles* and *novos*, *vetus* and *probus* in Oppoſition, and could not regularly now write *veteres* alone. Bent. San.

47. *Ratione ruentis acervi.*] This Argument, called *Sorites*, from a Greek Word ſignifying an Heap, is compoſed of many Propoſitions very little different from each other, and chained together in ſuch a Manner, that beginning with a ſenſible, inconteſtable Truth, they lead by Degrees to a Concluſion evidenly falſe,

Among your Ancients a full Right of Claim,
Or with the wretched Moderns fix his Name?
Some certain Point ſhould finiſh the Debate,
" Then let him live an hundred Years complete."
What if we take a Year, a Month, a Day,
From this judicious Sum of Fame away,
Shall he among the Ancients riſe to Fame,
Or ſink with Moderns to Contempt and Shame?
" Among the Ancients let the Bard appear,
" Though younger by a Month, or even a Year."
I take the Grant, and by Degrees prevail,
(For Hair by Hair I pull the Horſe's Tail)
And while I take them Year by Year away,
Their ſubtle Heaps of Arguments decay,
Who judge by Annals, nor approve a Line,
'Till Death has made the Poetry divine.
" Ennius, the brave, the lofty, and the wiſe,
" Another Homer in the Critic's Eyes,
" Forgets his Promiſe, now ſecure of Fame,
" And heeds no more his Pythagoric Dream.
" No longer Nævius, or his Plays remain:
" Yet we remember every pleaſing Scene;
" So much can Time its awful Sanction give
" In ſacred Fame to bid a Poem live.
" Whate'er

50. *Ennius & ſapiens.*] Ennius, who boaſted himſelf another Homer; who, when alive, was anxious to preſerve this mighty Character, is no longer diſquieted about his Reputation. Death has conſecrated his Name; the Critics confirm his Title; his Promiſes are fulfilled, and his Opinion of a Tranſmigration of Souls is no longer a Dream, as his Enemies pretend. PORPHYRION.

53. *Nævius in manibus non eſt*] The Commentators are much divided whether theſe Words are ſpoken by Horace or the Perſon, who diſputes with him. Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon, read them with a Point of Interrogation. *Is not Nævius in the Hands of every Reader, and do we not repeat his Works, as if he was a Modern?* A Gloſſary on a very ancient Copy ſeems to have a much eaſier Interpretation, *In manibus non eſt, quia non reperitur.* His

Ambigitur quoties, uter utro ſit prior : aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti ;
Dicitur Afranî toga conveniſſe Menandro ;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
Hos ediſcit, & hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens ; habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.
Interdum vulgus rectum videt ; eſt ubi peccat.
Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat.
Si quædam nimis antiquè, ſi pleraque durè
Dicere cedit eos, ignavè multa fatetur :
Et ſapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
Non equidem inſector, delendave carmina Livî
Eſſe reor, memini quæ plagoſum mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare ; ſed emendata videri
Pulchraque, & exactis minimùm diſtantia miror.
Inter quæ verbum emicuit ſi fortè decorum,
Si verſus paulò concinnior unus & alter,
Injuſtè totum ducit venitque poema.

Indignor

Works are no longer extant, but we repeat them as if they were lately publiſhed ; a ſufficient Proof, ſays the Diſputant, of the Power of Antiquity.

57. *Afranî toga.*] A new and happy Expreſſion, alluding to the Subjects of his Comedies, which were formed on the Manners and Cuſtoms of the Romans, and played in Roman Dreſſes. They were therefore called *togatæ*, as the Grecian were *palliatæ*.

60. *Arcto ſtipata theatro*] The Harmony of Numbers in the Tranſlation of this Line is of remarkable Beauty. It is taken from one of Lord Rocheſter's Imitations of Horace.

62. *Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo*] Livius Andronicus, the moſt ancient of the Latin Poets, brought his firſt Play upon the Stage in 514. Before his Time Plays were performed extempore. He firſt compoſed one in Form, and wrote it for the Actors to learn by Heart.

67. *Dicere cedit eos.*] The Simple for the Compound, *cedit* for *concedit*. The Thought of Horace leads us directly to this Reading, inſtead

" Whate'er Diſputes of ancient Poets riſe,
" In ſome one Excellence their Merit lies:
" What Depth of Learning old Pacuvius ſhows!
" With ſtrong Sublime the Page of Accius glows;
" Menander's comic Robe Afranius wears;
" Plautus as rapid in his Plots appears,
" As Epicharmus; Terence charms with Art,
" And grave Cæcilius ſinks into the Heart.
" Theſe are the Plays to which our People croud,
" Till the throng'd Play-houſe crack with the dull Load.
" Theſe are eſteem'd the Glories of the Stage,
" From the firſt Drama to the preſent Age."
Sometimes the Croud a proper Judgement makes,
But oft they labour under groſs Miſtakes,
As when their Ancients laviſhly they raiſe
Above all modern Rivalſhip of Praiſe.
But that ſometimes their Style uncouth appears,
Or their harſh Numbers rudely hurt our Ears,
Or that full flatly flows the languid Line——
He, who owns this, hath Jove's Aſſent and mine.
Think not I mean, in Vengeance, to deſtroy
The Works for which I ſmarted when a Boy.
But when as perfect Models they are prais'd,
Correct and chaſte, I own I ſtand amaz'd.
And if ſome better Phraſe or happier Line,
With ſudden Luſtre, unexpected ſhine,
However harſh the rugged Numbers roll,
It ſtamps a Price, and Merit on the whole. I

inſtead of *credit*. He attempts to convince a Man paſſionately fond of Antiquity; the Force of his Reaſons makes an Impreſſion upon him, and he confeſſes, that his favourite Ancients have ſome Expreſſions obſolete, affected, hard and languiſhing. *Credit* by no means marks this forced Complaiſance, and *cedit* is of Manuſcript-Authority. BENT. CUN. SAN.

75. *Totum ducit venitque poema.*] *Totum poema injuſte ducit emtorem & venit.* An excellent Copy gives us this Reading. *Ducere* is a frequent

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſsè
Compoſitum illepidéve putetur, ſed quia nuper:
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem ac præmia poſci.
Rectè necne crocum floreſque perambulet Attæ
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clament periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti penè Patres; ea quum reprendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri:
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.

Quòd

frequent Word amongſt good Authors for ſaying, *to impoſe upon a Man.* Thus in Horace, *ducit te ſpecies; emtorem ducit hiantem.* If we read *vendit* with the common Editions, where ſhall we find a Nominative Caſe for the two Verbs? But we are told, *verſus unus & alter totum poema ducit*, is a Metaphor taken from Merchants, who lead their Slaves through the Market. This Aſſertion requires ſome Proof, and after that Proof the Sentiment and Conſtruction of the Paſſage will demand to be made clearer. BENT. SAN.

78. *Honorem ac præmia.*] The Rewards and Honours which this Diſputant demands for his favourite Ancients, were having their Works placed, and their Statues erected, in the Library of Apollo. DAC.

79. *Crocum floreſque perambulet Attæ.*] Perfumed Waters were ſcattered through the Roman Theatres, and the Stage was covered with Flowers, to which Horace pleaſantly alludes, when he ſuppoſes the Plays of Atta limping over the Stage like their lame Author. Titus Quintius had the Surname of Atta given him, which ſignifies a Man, who walks on tip-toe. We are obliged to Scaliger for diſcovering the Beauty of this Paſſage.

82. *Quæ gravis Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius.*] Æſopus excelled in Tragedy, from whence Horace calls him *gravis*, pathetic. Roſcius had a lively, natural, familiar Manner of ſpeaking, proper for Comedy. He compoſed a Book upon theatrical Eloquence, in which he attempted to prove, that any Sentiment might be as variouſly expreſſed

I feel my honeſt Indignation riſe,
When, with affected Air, a Coxcomb cries,
The Work, I own, has Elegance and Eaſe,
But ſure no Modern ſhould preſume to pleaſe:
Then for his favourite Ancients dares to claim
Not Pardon only, but Rewards and Fame.
When Flow'rs o'erſpread the Stage and Sweets perfume
The crouded Theatre, ſhould I preſume
The juſt Succeſs of Atta's Plays to blame,
The Senate would pronounce me loſt to Shame.
What! criticiſe the Scenes, that charm'd the Age
When Æſop, and when Roſcius trod the Stage!
Whether too fond of their peculiar Taſte,
Or that they think their Age may be diſgrac'd,
Should they, with aukward Modeſty, ſubmit
To younger Judges in the Cauſe of Wit,
Or own that it were beſt, provoking Truth!
In Age to unlearn the Learning of their Youth.
He to whom Numa's Hymns appear divine,
Although his Ignorance be great as mine,
Not to th' illuſtrious Dead his Homage pays,
But envious robs the Living of their Praiſe.

Did

preſſed by Action, as by the Power of Language. Cicero gives him this amiable Character; *he was ſo excellent an Actor, that he alone ſeemed worthy to appear upon a Stage; but he was a Man of ſo much Probity, that he alone ſhould never have appeared there.*

85. *Inberbi.*] Eight Manuſcripts, and two excellent Editions give us this Reading.

86. *Saliare Numæ carmen.*] Numa compoſed Hymns in Honour of Mars, which were ſung by his Prieſts. They were called *axamenta*, becauſe they were written upon Tables of Wood, *axes*. The Language of them was grown ſo dark and obſolete, that Cicero confeſſes he did not underſtand them; and Quintilian ſays, in his Time they were ſcarce intelligible to the Prieſts themſelves.

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Quòd ſi tam Graiis novitas inviſa fuiſſet,
Quàm nobis: quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
Ut primùm poſitis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æquâ:
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit equorum;
Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit;
Suſpendit pictâ vultum mentemque tabellâ;
Nunc tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis.
Sub nutrice puella velut ſi lutleret infans,
Quod cupidè petiit, maturè plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.
Romæ dulce diu fuit ac ſolenne, recluſâ
Manè domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos;
Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio: puerique Patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.

Ipſe

90. *Quòd ſi tam Graiis.*] The ſecond Part of the Letter begins here, and it is naturally connected with the firſt. Novelty, ſays Horace, is the Mother of Arts and Sciences. It gives them Birth, Nouriſhment, and Perfection. But Antiquity and Novelty are Terms, which only mark a Succeſſion of Time, and which cannot make any real Difference between Works of Genius. We ſhould place both Ancients and Moderns in the ſame Point of Light, and give to each thoſe different Degrees of Praiſe and Eſteem they deſerve, independently of the Time in which they lived. SAN.

95. *Nunc athletarum ſtudiis.*] The Greeks were ſo paſſionately fond of theſe athletic Exerciſes, that Herodotus tells us they would not diſcontinue them, even during the moſt deſtructive Wars; and Plutarch aſſures us, that the Romans of his Time were perſuaded nothing contributed more to reduce them to Slavery, than their Love for their Diverſions.

Did Greece, like us, her Moderns diſregard,
How had we now poſſeſt one ancient Bard?
When Greece beheld her Wars in Triumph ceaſe,
She ſoon grew wanton in the Arms of Peace,
Now ſhe with Rapture views th' Olympic Games,
And now the Sculptor's Power her Breaſt enflames;
Sometimes, with raviſh'd Soul and ardent Gaze,
The Painter's Art intenſely ſhe ſurveys;
Now hears, tranſported Muſic's pleaſing Charms,
And now the tragic Muſe her Paſſions warms.
Thus a fond Girl, the Nurſe's darling Joy,
Now ſeeks impatient, and now ſpurns her Toy.
For what can long our Pain, or Pleaſure raiſe?
Such are th' Effects of Happineſs and Eaſe.
For many an Age our Fathers entertain'd
Their early Clients, and the Laws explain'd:
Wiſely they knew, their cautious Wealth to lend,
While Youth was taught with Reverence to attend,
And hear the Old point out the prudent Ways
To calm their Paſſions, and their Fortunes raiſe.
Now the light People bend to other Aims;
A Luſt of ſcribling every Breaſt enflames;
Our Youth, our Senators, with Bays are crown'd,
And at our Feaſts eternal Rhimes go round.

Even

98. *Nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis.*] Horace means both Comedy and Tragedy. They were anciently included in one common Name, or rather, the ſame Poem was originally a Mixture of ſerious and comical, ſomewhat like our modern Tragi-comedies.

105. *Cautos nominibus certis.*] *Cauti nummi*, Sums of Money lent upon good Security. Thus the Latins uſed *cautum tempus, cauta ſumma, cautum chirographum.* By *certis nominibus* are to be underſtood, ſolvent Debtors, as in Cicero *bona nomina.* TORR.

107. *Minui damnoſa libido.*] Lawyers were not only conſulted in Queſtions of Law, but in thoſe of civil Life and Morality. They were Caſuiſts and Directors of Conſcience. DAC.

Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior : & priùs orto
Sole vigil, calamum & chartas & ſcrinia poſco.
Navem agere ignarus navis timet : abrotonum ægro
Non audet, niſi qui didicit, dare : quod melicorum eſt,
Promittunt melici : tractant fabrilia fabri :
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.
Hic error tamen & levis hæc inſania quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige : vatis avarus
Non temerè eſt animus ; verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum ;
Detrimenta, fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet ;
Non fraudem ſocio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo ; vivit ſiliquis & pane ſecundo.
Militiæ quamquam piger ac malus, utilis urbi,
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.
Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat :
Torquet ab obſcœnis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem :

Mox

112. *Parthis mendacior.*] The Romans had frequent Experience of Parthian Perfidy. Such was their amuſing Craſſus with a Treaty of Peace, and cutting his Army in Pieces. Even their Manner of flying when they fought, was a kind of military Lye and Impoſture, which ſpoke the Character of the Nation ; nor is it an ill Reſemblance of a Poet, who renounces rhiming, yet continues to write. CRUQ.

115. *Quod melicorum eſt, promittunt melici.*] This Alteration, bold as it is, conſiſts of only a ſingle Letter. *Quod medicorum eſt, promittunt medici*, has been the univerſal Reading, although it makes Horace guilty of an inexcuſable Pleonaſm. For after having ſaid, *abrotonum ægro non audet, niſi qui didicit, dare*, to what Purpoſe ſhould he repeat the ſame Thought, when he might give an additional Strength to his Reaſoning, by an Example taken from another Profeſſion ? The Word *melicus* is uſed for Muſicians in general, and particularly for thoſe, who played on Inſtruments of Muſic, by Cicero, Lucretius, Aulus Gellius, and Auſonius. BENT. SAN.

118. *Vatis avarus non temere, &c.*] Plato ſays, the Organs of a Philoſopher or a Poet could hardly be made the Organs of a Miſer. In general, a powerful Inclination for Poetry mortifies and ſubdues all other Paſſions. Engaged to an Amuſement, which is always innocent,

Even I, who Verſe, and all its Works deny,
Can faithleſs Parthia's lying Sons out-lye,
And, ere the riſing Sun diſplays his Light,
I call for Tablets, Papers, Pens, and write.
A Pilot only dares a Veſſel ſteer;
A doubtful Drug unlicens'd Doctors fear;
Muſicians are to Sounds alone confin'd,
And every Artiſt hath his Trade aſſign'd;
But every deſperate Blockhead dares to write:
Verſe is the Trade of every living Wight.
And yet, this wandering Levity of Brain
Hath many a gentle Virtue in its Train.
No Cares of Wealth a Poet's Heart controul;
Verſe is the only Paſſion of his Soul.
He laughs at Loſſes, Flight of Slaves, or Fires;
No wicked Scheme his honeſt Breaſt inſpires
To hurt his Pupil, or his Friend betray;
Brown Bread and Roots his Appetite allay;
And though unfit for War's tumultuous Trade,
In Peace his gentle Talents are diſplay'd,
If you allow, that Things of trivial Weight
May yet ſupport the Grandeur of a State.
He forms the Infant's Tongue to firmer Sound,
Nor ſuffers vile Obſcenity to wound

His

nocent, if not laudable, while it is only an Amuſement; a Poet wiſhes to entertain the Public, and uſually does not give himſelf too much Pain to raiſe his own Fortune, or to injure that of others.

124. *Militiæ quamquam piger.*] Poets are no great Warriors, and our Poet was himſelf a Proof of it. Yet they are not uſeleſs to a State. Orpheus, ſays Ariſtophanes, taught Mankind the Rites of Religion; Muſæus inſtructed them in curing Diſeaſes; Heſiod gave them Rules for Agriculture, and Homer informed them in all Virtues, moral, political, and military.

126. *Os tenerum pueri.*] The Romans taught their Children the Latin Tongue, by making them read the Works of their beſt Poets. Thus they learned the Meaſures of their Language, and were early

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ :
Rectè facta refert : orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis : inopem ſolatur & ægrum.
Caſtis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde preces, vatem niſi Muſa dediſſet ?
Poſcit opem chorus, & præſentia numina ſentit :
Cœleſtis implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus :
Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit :
Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.
Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris & conjuge fidâ, Tellurem

early formed to Correctneſs and Elegance of Style. To give a Flexibility to the Voice, and to render its Tones firm and articulate, they got by Heart, and repeated, with the utmoſt Rapidity, a Number of Lines of the moſt difficult Pronunciation. How much is our Education in theſe great Points neglected, and how many Scholars are there in this Nation, who can neither ſpeak, read, or write their Mother-tongue ?

132. *Caſtis cum pueris.*] The Celebration of the ſecular Games was not one of the leaſt Events, which ſignalized the Reign of Auguſtus ; nor had Horace a mean Part of that Glory, when he was appointed to compoſe the Hymns, which were ſung upon ſo ſolemn an Occaſion. Flattery and Vanity have an equal Share in recalling the pleaſing Idea to his Remembrance, nor could they do it in a Manner more delicate and artful. SAN.

135. *Cœleſtes implorat aquas.*] In the Time of a general Drought, Sacrifices called *aquilicia* were performed to Jupiter to implore Rain. The People walked bare-footed in Proceſſion, and Hymns were ſung by a Chorus of Boys and Girls. To reduce the God to a Neceſſity of hearing them, they rolled a great Stone, called *lapis manalis*, through the Streets, being perſuaded it had a Virtue of bringing down Rain. But the Prieſts never brought forth this miraculous Stone, until they were tolerably well aſſured of the Succeſs. Tages and Baccis, Bœotian and Etruſcan Sooth-ſayers, had remarked, that the Fibres of the Sacrifices were of a yellow Colour, when the Wind turned to Rain after a long Drought, and ordered the Water-ſtones to be then immediately rolled. *Fibræ jecinoris ſandaracei*

His tender Ears, but with the Words of Truth
Corrects the Paſſions, and the Pride of Youth.
Th' illuſtrious Dead, who fill his ſacred Page,
Shine forth Examples to each riſing Age;
The languid Hour of Poverty he chears,
And the ſick Wretch his Voice of Comfort hears.
Did not the Muſe inſpire the Poet's Lays,
How could the youthful Choir their Voices raiſe
In Prayer harmonious, while the Gods attend,
And gracious bid the fruitful Show'r deſcend;
Avert their Plagues, diſpel each hoſtile Fear,
And with glad Harveſts crown the wealthy Year?
Thus can the Sound of all-melodious Lays
Th' offended Powers of Heaven and Hell appeaſe.
Our ancient Swains, of hardy, vigorous Kind,
At Harveſt-home, us'd to unbend the Mind
With feſtal Sports; thoſe Sports, that bad them bear,
With chearful Hopes, the Labours of the Year.
Their Wives and Children ſhar'd their Hours of Mirth,
Who ſhar'd their Toils; when to the Goddeſs Earth
Grateful they ſacrific'd a teeming Swine,
And pour'd the milky Bowl at Sylvan's Shrine.
Then to the Genius of their fleeting Hours,
Mindful of Life's ſhort Date, they offer'd Wine and Flowers.

racei coloris dum fuant, manales tunc verrere opus eſt petras. Such Miracles required ſuch Arts to ſupport them.

139. *Agricolæ priſci.*] Poetry was born among the natural, innocent Pleaſures of a Country-Life. This Idea gave occaſion to the following Digreſſion, in which we ſhall find many curious, critical, and beautiful Reflexions. SAN.

142. *Cum ſociis operum pueris.*] They who read *& ſociis* not only contradict a great Number of Manuſcripts, but exclude the Wives and Children of theſe poor Peaſants from a Share of their rural Sports, and

Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus ac vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Feſcennina per hunc invecta licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit ;
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter : donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti : fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi : quin etiam lex
Pœnaque ſancta, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. Vertêre modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti
Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. Sic horridus ille Defluxit

and yet admit their Slaves to a Part of their Mirth ; two Things equally contrary to the Uſages of ancient Times. BENT. CUN. SAN.

143. *Tellurem porco.*] *Porcus* was of two Genders, and we find *porcum feminam* in Cato. It muſt here neceſſarily mean a Sow ; for this was the proper Victim to the Earth. *Sus prægnans ei mactatur, quæ hoſtia eſt propria Terræ.* MACROBIUS.

144. *Floribus ac vino Genium.*] It was a pleaſant Imagination of this firſt Race of People to make their own Genius a God, and inſtitute Feſtivals in Honour of him. The Sacrifices however were not loſt, for the Worſhippers had probably as large a Share of them as the Deity and his Prieſts. Flowers, Cakes, and Wine were his uſual Offerings : for they thought it abſurd to ſacrifice Beaſts to a God, who preſided over Life, and was the great Enemy of Death. The Poet ſays, he taught his Votaries to remember the Shortneſs of Life, becauſe as he was born with them, entered into all their Pleaſures, and died with them, he preſſed them for his own Sake to make the beſt Uſe of their Time. DAC. SAN.

145. *Feſcennina per hunc.*] The Peaſants of Latium had as little regard to Modeſty in their Diverſions, as the Tuſcans had in their Verſes. Feſcennia was a Town in Etruria, whoſe Inhabitants, in all their public Entertainments, and in their Marriage-Feſtivals eſpecially, were not aſhamed of licentious and obſcene Expreſſions in the Verſes, pronounced on ſuch Occaſions. When the Romans began to form their Stage, as the Tuſcans were famous for Dancing, and theatrical Repreſentations, a Company of them were ſent for to Rome in the Year 342. They did not ſpeak, becauſe the Romans did

Here, in alternate Verſe, with ruſtic Jeſt
The Clowns their aukward Raillery expreſt,
And as the Year brought back the Jovial Day,
Freely they ſported, innocently gay,
Till cruel Wit was turn'd to open Rage,
And dar'd the nobleſt Families engage.
When ſome, who, by its Tooth envenom'd, bled,
Complain'd aloud; others were ſtruck with Dread,
Though yet untouch'd, and, in the public Cauſe,
Implor'd the juſt Protection of the Laws,
Which from injurious Libels wiſely guard
Our Neighbour's Fame; and now the prudent Bard,
Whom the juſt Terrours of the Laſh reſtrain,
To Pleaſure and Inſtruction turns his Vein.

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive Arts,
She triumph'd o'er her ſavage Conquerors' Hearts;
Taught our rough Verſe its Numbers to refine,
And our rude Style with Elegance to ſhine.

did not underſtand their Language, but they ſupplied their Want of Speech by a kind of dumb Declamation. By their Dancing, Geſture, and Movements, regulated by the Sound of the Flute, they preſented every Thought and Sentiment to the Eyes of the Spectators. From theſe Beginnings the Roman Theatre aroſe. SAN.

Ten of our beſt Editions read *invecta* for *inventa licentia*, an Expreſſion hard in itſelf, and unknown to the Latin Tongue. The Correction conſiſts in an Alteration of only a ſingle Letter.

152. *Quin etiam lex, pœnaque lata.*] This Law was thus expreſſed, *Si occentaſſit malum carmen, ſive condidiſſet, quod infamiam faxit flagitiumque alteri, capital eſto.* If any one ſing or compoſe Verſes injurious to the Reputation or Honour of another, let him be puniſhed with Death. This Law was made in 302, which is a Proof, ſays Mr. Sanadon, that the Romans wrote Verſes in the firſt Ages of their State. The Poets from thence changed their Tone for fear of being beaten to Death. This Puniſhment was called *Fuſtuarium.*

156. *Græcia capta.*] The Poet here paſſes inſenſibly to the third Part of his Letter, in which he treats of the Theatre. SAN.

Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, thinks our Author poſſibly alludes, in his *Græcia capta cepit*, to a Pun in Cato's Speech to the Senate ſome

Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis:
Et poſt Punica bella quietus quærere cœpit,
Quid Sophocles & Theſpis & Æſchylus utile ferrent.
Tentavit quoque rem dignè ſi vertere poſſet:
Et placuit ſibi, naturâ ſublimis & acer:
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet;
Sed turpem putat inſcitè metuitque lituram,
Creditur, è medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet comœdia tantò
Plus oneris, quantò veniæ minùs. Aſpice, Plautus
Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi;
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi;
Quantus ſit Doſſennus edacibus in paraſitis:
Quàm non aſtricto percurrat pulpita ſocco:
Geſtit enim nummum in loculos demittere; poſt hoc
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo Gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat. Sic

ſome Years after the taking of Syracuſe. *Inſeſta, mihi credite, ſigna ab Syracuſis illata ſunt huic urbi.*

158. *Defluxit numerus Saturnius.*] The Commentators imagine, that the Verſes of Feſcennia were called Saturnian, by a Name deſigned to expreſs their great Antiquity, as if they were written under the Reign of Saturn. Mr. Sanadon thinks the Name may be better derived from a Village of Tuſcany, called Saturnia, as remarkable for theſe licentious Verſes, as Feſcennia.

162. *Poſt Punica bella quietus.*] In 514, a Year after the firſt Punic War, Livius Andronicus firſt brought a Play, divided into Acts, upon the Roman Stage. The Republic then enjoyed an univerſal Peace, for the Temple of Janus was ſhut in 519. DAC.

167. *Inſcitè,*] Is in all the moſt ancient Manuſcripts, and ſeems to have been a Reading of the Scholiaſts, who render it by *ſtultè.*

168 *E medio quia res, &c.*] In Tragedy the Greatneſs of the Subject not only raiſes, and maintains the Spirit of the Poet, but warms and dazzles the Spectators, who feel the ſame Paſſion, that inſpires the Player. But in Comedy, we are better acquainted with

And yet ſome Marks of our firſt, ruſtic Strain
Continued long, and even 'till now remain.
For it was late before our Bards inquir'd
How the Dramatic Muſe her Greeks inſpir'd;
How Æſchylus and Theſpis form'd the Stage,
And what improv'd the Sophoclean Page.
Then to their favourite Pieces we applied,
Proud to tranſlate, nor unſucceſsful tried,
For high and ardent is our native Vein,
It breathes the Spirit of the tragic Scene,
And dares ſucceſsful; but the Roman Muſe
Diſdains, or fears the painful File to uſe.
Becauſe the comic Poet forms his Plays
On common Life, they ſeem a Work of Eaſe;
But, ſince we leſs Indulgence muſt expect,
Sure we ſhould labour to be more correct.
Even Plautus ill ſuſtains a Lover's Part,
A frugal Sire's or wily Pander's Art.
Doſſennus ſlip-ſhod ſhambles o'er the Scene,
Buffoons, with hungry Jeſts, his conſtant Train;
For Gold was all their Aim, and then the Play
Might ſtand or fall—— indifferent were they.
He, who on Glory's airy Chariot tries
To mount the Stage, full often lives and dies.
A cold Spectator chills the Bard to Death,
But one warm Look recalls his fleeting Breath.

the Characters, and with the Language proper for them, as they are the Characters and Language in common Life. All Mankind are almoſt equal Judges of Nature and Humour.

170. *Aſpice, Plautus.*] Our beſt Interpreters imagine, that Horace praiſes Plautus and Doſſennus, and propoſes them as Examples worthy of our Imitation in the beautiful Characters in their Plays. On the contrary, Horace, better to ſhew the Difficulty of ſucceeding in Comedy, is willing to mark ſome of the Faults, which the beſt theatrical Poets have committed. Plautus, who ſucceeded ſo well in the Plots and Intrigues of his Plays, is very unhappy in his Cha-

Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit ac reficit! Valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,
Quòd numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, & depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut urſum aut pugiles; his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verùm equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ:
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis:
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves:
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu

Di-

Characters, which are generally either too tame, or too much outraged. Doſſennus was in great Reputation for the Morality of his Plays, as appears by his Epitaph, *Hoſpes, reſiſte, & ſophiam Doſſenni lege*; but his Characters were of one unvaried Kind, and only fit for the Diverſion of the Croud. Horace pleaſantly marks this Negligence by ſaying, he walked over the Stage with his comic Slippers looſe and untied. HEINSIUS. DAC.

182. *Sæpe etiam audacem fugat.*] It might well diſconcert the moſt intrepid Bard, to hear the People, in his moſt intereſting Scenes, call out for an Elephant, a Bear, a Rope-dancer, or a Gladiator. Terence himſelf, with all his Reputation, was obliged to reſign the Stage in the two firſt Repreſentations of his Hecyra. *Fecere ut ante tempus exirem foras. Interea ego meum non potui tutari locum.*

188. *Ad incertos oculos.*] *Eyes continually wandering from one Object to another.* Certainly a beautiful Image, and happily expreſſed. Yet not all their Veneration for Manuſcripts could hinder Dr. Bentley and Mr. Cuningham from altering the Text. The firſt of theſe Critics reads *ingratos*; the other recommends *inceſtos*.

189. *Aulæa.*] The Curtain, in the ancient Theatre, when the Play began, or, upon extraordinary Occaſions between the Acts, was let down and placed under the Stage. Thus they ſaid *tollere aulæa* when the Play was done, and *premere aulæa* when it began and the Actors appeared. We ſay juſt the contrary.

192. *Naves.*] Ships either in Picture, ſays the old Commentator,

or

Such light, ſuch trivial Things depreſs or raiſe
A Soul impaſſion'd with a Luſt of Praiſe.
Farewel the Stage; for humbly I diſclaim
Such fond Purſuits of Pleaſure, or of Fame,
If I muſt ſink in Shame, or ſwell with Pride,
As the gay Palm is granted or denied.
For ſure the Bard, though reſolutely bold,
Muſt quit the Stage, or tremble to behold
The little Vulgar of the clamorous Pit,
Though void of Honour, Virtue, Senſe or Wit,
When his moſt intereſting Scenes appear,
Call for a Prize-fight, or a baited Bear;
And ſhould the Knights forbid their dear Delight,
They riſe tumultuous, and prepare for Fight.
But even our Knights from Wit and Genius fly
To pageant Shows, that charm the wandering Eye.
The Scenes are drawn, and lo! for many an Hour
Wide o'er the Stage the flying Squadrons pour.
Then Kings in Chains confeſs the Fate of War,
And weeping Queens attend the Victor's Car.
Chairs, Coaches, Carts, in ratling Rout are roll'd,
And Ships of mighty Bulk their Sails unfold.
At laſt the Model of ſome captive Towns,
In Ivory built, the ſplendid Triumph crowns.
Sure, if Democritus were yet on Earth,
Whether a Beaſt of mix'd and monſtrous Birth Bid

or drawn along the Tiber, which was not far from Pompey's Theatre. Mr. Dacier thinks, there were ſubterraneous Conduits, which poured forth ſuch a Sea of Waters, that a naval Combat might be repreſented on it. Indeed if we believe the prodigious Accounts, given by Hiſtorians of the Magnificence and Expence of the Roman Shows, public Entertainments and Triumphs, nothing of this kind can appear incredible to us. However, as the Towns in this Proceſſion were built of Ivory, we may believe the Ships were Pictures.

193. *Captivum portatur ebur.*] Chryſippus having ſeen the Towns, which Cæſar had taken, repreſented in Ivory at his Triumph, and ſome Days afterwards thoſe taken by Fabius Maximus made of Wood,

Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora:
Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſello
Fabellam ſurdo: nam quæ pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum:
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ, quibus oblitus actor
Quum ſtetit in ſcenâ, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nîl ſanè. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne fortè putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Quum rectè tractent alii, laudare malignè:
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.
Verùm age, & his, qui ſe lectori credere malunt,
Quàm ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,

Curam

cried out, Theſe are the Caſes of Cæſar's Towns, *Thecas eſſe oppidorum Cæſaris.*

195. *Diverſum confuſa genus.*] *Panthera camelo confuſa, diverſum tamen ab utroque genus* is the Conſtruction. This Creature was firſt ſhewn to the People by Julius Cæſar, as a tame Tiger was by Auguſtus. Torr.

212. *Falſis terroribus implet.*] Terrour and Compaſſion are the Soul of Tragedy. This Terrour indeed is falſe, becauſe it is founded upon Facts meerly formed by the Imagination; unreal Stories, or thoſe, in which we have no Concernment. Dac.

213. *Modò me Thebis.*] We muſt underſtand this of different Plays, for the Greek and Roman Stage by no means allowed that Change of Scenes, which is indulged to an Engliſh Theatre. Argos, Thebes, Athens, according to an Expreſſion of Torrentius, were the Dwelling-houſes of Tragedy.

214. *Verùm age, & his.*] Here, as Cruquius obſerves, the Poet ſhews the principal Deſign of his Epiſtle, to engage Auguſtus not

to

Bid them with gaping Admiration gaze,
Or a white Elephant their Wonder raiſe,
The Croud would more delight the laughing Sage,
Than all the Farce, and Follies of the Stage;
To think that Aſſes ſhould in Judgement ſit,
In ſolid Deafneſs, on the Works of Wit.
For where's the Voice ſo ſtrong as to confound
The Shouts, with which our Theatres reſound?
Loud as when Surges laſh the Tuſcan Shore,
Or Mountain-Foreſts with a Tempeſt roar,
So loud the People's Cries, when they behold
The foreign Arts of Luxury and Gold;
And if an Actor be but richly dreſt,
Their Joy is in repeated Claps expreſt.
But has he ſpoken? No. Then whence aroſe
That loud Applauſe? His Robe with Purple glows.
Though I attempt not the dramatic Muſe,
Let me not ſeem malignant to refuſe
The Praiſes due to thoſe, who with Succeſs
Have try'd this Way to Fame, for I confeſs,
He gives a deſperate Trial of his Art,
With Paſſions, not my own, who warms my Heart;
Who with unreal Terrours fills my Breaſt,
As with a magic Influence poſſeſt.
But let the Bards ſome little Care engage,
Who dare not truſt the rough, contemptuous Stage,
Yet to the Reader's Judgement would ſubmit,
If You would offer to the God of Wit, Such

to beſtow all his Protection, all his Favours upon tragic Writers; and to convince him, that there are Poets more worthy of his Regard, ſince they can immortaliſe his Virtues. From thence he paſſes with Eaſe and Addreſs into the Character of that Prince, as if he would by his own Example perſuade him, that although Writers of Tragedy might give a preſent Luſtre to his Reign, yet they added but little to his particular Glory. Auguſtus was fond of the Diverſions of the Theatre, more than, perhaps, a great Prince ought to be. He attempted to write a Play, but had the Happineſs not to ſucceed.

Curam impende brevem ; ſi munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, & vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
Solicito damus aut feſſo : quum lædimur, unum
Si quis amicorum eſt auſus reprendere verſum :
Quum loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati :
Quum lamentamur non apparere labores
Noſtros, & tenui deducta poemata filo :
Quum ſperamus eò rem venturam, ut, ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, & egere vetes, & ſcribere cogas.
Sed tamen eſt operæ pretium cognoſcere, quales
Ædituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.
Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus ac malè natis

Retulit

216. *Curam impende brevem.*] The Senſe of the Paſſage is plain from the Context, but hath been confuſed and perplex'd by the common Reading *curam redde brevem*, which can never mean, nor is it in the Genius of the Latin Tongue to mean *curam alicujus agere*. Our Interpreters were not inſenſible of this, and have therefore been obliged to look for new and hard Explications. *Impende* has been happily preſerved in a valuable Manuſcript. BENT. CUN. SAN.

218. *Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona.*] The Protection of Princes is a better poetical Inſpiration than that of Apollo, *Et ſpes & ratio ſtudiorum in Cæſare tantum.* DAC.

223. *Quum loca jam recitata.*] Many honeſt People, among the Profeſſors of Rhime, are every Day guilty of this Miſtake. As they are beſt acquainted with the beautiful Paſſages of their Works, they cannot reſiſt the Paſſion of repeating them. But whence is it, that a Poet is denied a Privilege, which is allowed and encouraged in every other Artiſt : that of ſhewing the Beauties of his Work? It ſeems, we do not pique ourſelves upon our Skill in other Arts, but every Man is a Critic in Poetry, and we are jealous of a Suſpicion of our Judgement and Taſte, when an Author thinks himſelf obliged to repeat ſome favourite Lines to convince us of their Merit. DAC.

Such Volumes, as his beſt Protection claim;
Or would you warm them in Purſuit of Fame,
Bid them the Hills of Helicon aſcend,
Where ever-green the flowery Lawns extend.
Yet into ſad Miſhaps we Poets fall
(I own the Folly's common to us all)
When, to preſent the Labours of our Muſe,
Your Hours of Buſineſs, or Repoſe we chuſe;
When even the manly Freedom of our Friends,
Who blame one Verſe, our Tenderneſs offends;
When we, unaſk'd, ſome favourite Lines repeat,
Complaining that our Toils, how wonderous great!
Are unobſerv'd— that Subtlety of Thought,
That fine-ſpun Thread, with which our Poem's wrought:
Or when we hope, that ſoon as Cæſar knows,
That we can Rhimes abundantly compoſe,
Our Fortune's made; He ſhall to Court invite
Our baſhful Muſe, compelling us to write.
Yet is it thine, O Cæſar, to enquire
How far thy Virtue can her Prieſts inſpire,
In Peace or War, to ſing her Hero's Fame,
Nor truſt to worthleſs Bards the ſacred Theme.
Dan Chœrilus was Poet-Laureat made
By Philip's conquering Son, who bounteous paid

229. *Sed tamen eſt operæ pretium.*] Horace had too much Art and Politeneſs abſolutely to accuſe Auguſtus of Want of Taſte in neglecting Lyric and Epic Poets. He throws the Fault upon the Poets themſelves, in their not knowing the proper Times of preſenting their Works to him. However, it is the Intereſt of a great Prince, whoſe Actions are worthy of being tranſmitted to Poſterity, to animate them by his Favour and Protection. Thus the Praiſes of Auguſtus are introduced with much Eaſe and Addreſs. DAC. SAN.

230. *Ædituos.*] Since the Time, when Auguſtus had received divine Honours, our Poet looked upon his Actions as Things ſacred. His Virtue is now become a Goddeſs, and hath a Temple conſecrated to her, and Poets are the Guardians and Prieſts of its Myſteries. Such is the Meaning of *Ædituos*.

Retulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, ferè ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. Idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis ſe præter Apellen
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra
Fortis Alexandri vultum ſimulantia. Quòd ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares;
Bœotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.
At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetæ:
Nec magis expreſſi vultus per aënea ſigna,
Quàm per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. Nec ſermones ego mallem
Re-

233. *Chœrilus.*] There were many Poets of this Name. The Perſon, whom Horace means, lived in the Time of Alexander the Great, who paid for his Verſes in Gold, coined with his Father Philip's Head, and from thence called *Philippi*. SAN.

242. *Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus.*] This Character of Alexander is remarkable. He read Homer, Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides with Pleaſure and with Taſte; but this Pleaſure and this Taſte were confined to the military Inſtructions, which he found in them, and he might have been ignorant of the Beauties of their Poetry. Mr. Sanadon tells us, he knew a Perſon of Learning and critical Taſte, who confeſſed, that he read the Greek and Latin Poets with Pleaſure; that he was charmed with the Conduct of their Poems, the Greatneſs of their Sentiments, and the Purity of their Language, but could never diſtinguiſh Verſe from Proſe, or feel the Cadence of an harmonious Verſification. Undoubtedly Virgil's Æneid has been often read for the Geography of his Hero's Voyage, as well as Homer's Iliad for its Inſtructions in military Art.

244. *Bœotum in Craſſo.*] Bœotian Dulneſs was a Proverb; but how juſtly, the Name of Pindar alone ſufficiently proves. The Thickneſs of their Air has been generally aſſigned as the Cauſe of the national Stupidity of the Natives; but Cornelius Nepos with more Reaſon imputes it to their Education. The French hold the Germans

The Gold, on which his Father's Image ſhines,
For miſbegotten and unſhapen Lines;
And yet as Ink the ſpotleſs Hand defiles,
So our fair Fame a wretched Scribler ſoils.
Yet the ſame Monarch, who thus laviſh paid
For worthleſs Rhimes, a ſolemn Edict made,
That none but fam'd Apelles dare to trace,
In deſperate Colours, his imperial Face;
And that Lyſippus ſhould preſume alone
To mould great Ammon's Son in Braſs or Stone.
Yet take this Critic in the Arts, that lie
Beneath the Power and Judgement of the Eye,
Take him to Books, and Poetry, you'll ſwear,
This King was born in thick Bœotian Air.
But never, Sir, ſhall your judicious Taſte
By Virgil, or by Varius be diſgrac'd,
For to your Bounty they ſhall grateful raiſe
A deathleſs Monument of Fame and Praiſe.
Nor form'd in Braſs, with more Expreſſion ſhines
The Hero's Face, than in the Poet's Lines
His Life and Manners; nor would Horace chuſe
Theſe low and groveling Numbers, could his Muſe
The

mans in ſuch Contempt, that Bohours makes it a Matter of Doubt, whether a German can be a Man of Genius; and Cardinal Perron ſays of a Writer of that Nation, He is really an ingenious Man; what Pity is it that he is a German? Thus a Prince of Morocco ſaid of De Ruiter, He is indeed an honeſt Man; Is it not to be lamented that he is a Chriſtian?

247. *Virgilius Variuſque.*] Virgil had been dead eleven Years, and Varius not many leſs, when Horace wrote this Epiſtle. He with much Art oppoſes that Delicacy of Taſte in Auguſtus for Poetry, to the Paſſion of Alexander for immortaliſing his Name by Statues and Paintings. Auguſtus was much offended when bad Poets preſumed to write Verſes on him, and commanded the Prætors to take Care, that his Name was not diſhonoured in public Aſſemblies and Diſputes.

DAC-

Repentes per humum, quàm res componere geſtas,
Terrarumque ſitus & flumina dicere, & arces
Montibus impoſitas, & barbara regna, tuiſque
Auſpiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraque cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. Sed neque parvum
Carmen majeſtas recipit tua; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, vires quam ferre recuſent.
Sedulitas autem, ſtultè, quem diligit, urget;
Præcipuè quum ſe numeris commendat & arte.
Diſcit enim citiùs, meminitque libentiùs illud,
Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat ac veneratur.
Nîl moror officium, quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
In pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec pravè factis decorari verſibus opto;
Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & unà
Cum ſcriptore meo capsâ porrectus apertâ,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

EPIST.

252. *Arces montibus impoſitas.*] In general the Style of the Satires and Epiſtles is what Horace calls groveling, *repens per humum*; but the next Verſes are of a truly Epic Spirit. In 739 Druſus ruined the Fortifications, which had been raiſed on the Alpes, and in the two following Years he ſubdued the Sicambri, and the neighbouring Nations. The Words of Horace extend to both theſe Expeditions. SAN.

253. *Tuiſque auſpiciis totum.*] The Wars being ended thro' the Roman Empire under the Auſpicia of Auguſtus, that is, by his Lieutenants, he ſhut the Temple of Janus. But the two firſt Times in which he had ſhut this Temple, in 725 and 730, he had commanded in Perſon. Hiſtorians inform us, that it was open from 732 to 744, when it was ſhut on Occaſion of the Victories of Tiberius and Druſus; and that it was again opened at the End of the ſame Year, and never ſhut during the Life of Auguſtus. In this Year we may date the preſent Epiſtle. SAN.

258. *Majeſtas.*] In the Time of the Republic, this Title was given to the Body of the People, and the principal Magiſtrates, but when the Sovereign Power was placed in a ſingle Perſon, the Title of Majeſty was given to him, and to his Houſe; *Majeſtas Auguſti*; *Majeſtas divinæ domûs.* DAC.

The rapid Progreſs of your Arms purſue:
Paint diſtant Lands, and Rivers to the View:
Up the ſteep Mountain with thy War aſcend,
Storm the proud Fort, and bid the Nations bend;
Or bid fell War's deſtructive Horrours ceaſe,
And ſhut up Janus in eternal Peace,
While Parthia bows beneath the Roman Name,
And yields her Glories to our Prince's Fame.

But Cæſar's Majeſty would ſure refuſe
The feeble Praiſes of an humble Muſe,
Nor I, with conſcious Modeſty, ſhould dare
Attempt a Subject, I want Strength to bear;
For ſure a fooliſh Fondneſs of the Heart,
At leaſt, in rhiming and the Muſe's Art,
Hurts whom it loves; for quickly we diſcern,
With Eaſe remember, and with Pleaſure learn,
Whate'er may Ridicule and Laughter move,
Not what deſerves our beſt Eſteem and Love.

All ſuch provoking Fondneſs I diſclaim,
Nor would I ſtand expos'd to public Shame
In Wax-work form'd, with horrible Grimace,
Or in vile Panegyric ſhew my Face;
Bluſhing the fulſome Preſent to receive,
And with my Author be condemn'd to live;
Perhaps, in the ſame open Baſket laid,
Down to the Street together be convey'd,
Where Pepper, Odours, Frankincenſe are ſold,
And all ſmall Wares in wretched Rhimes enroll'd.

EPIST.

264. *Nil moror officium.*] Horace, with much ſolemn Pleaſantry, talks as if he were a Man, who deſerved a Statue to be erected to his Honour, or was to be made the Hero of an Epic Poem. In the next Line he ſeems determined to refuſe any Honours, that might be paid him by a fulſome poetical Flatterer, and is juſtly apprehenſive of being carried with his Author to wrap up Frankincenſe and Spices *in vico thurario*.

Epist. II. *Ad* Julium Florum.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni:
Si quis fortè velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis; & tecum ſic agat: hic &
Candidus, & talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,
Fiet eritque tuus, nummorum millibus octo:
Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles:
Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet; argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ:
Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce, bibenti.
Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi pleniùs æquo
Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
Res urget me nulla; meo ſum pauper in ære:
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temerè à me
Quivis ferret idem. Semel hic ceſſavit, & (ut fit)

In

Tranſlated by Dr. Dunkin.

Julius Florus leaving Rome in 731 to attend on Tiberius in his Eaſtern Expedition, had preſſed our Poet to write to him and ſend him ſome Lyric Odes. A few Months afterwards Florus reproached him with his Silence, and that Reproach gave Horace an Opportunity of juſtifying himſelf. His Juſtification is enlivened with raillying the Pride of his cotemporary Poets, and their inſipid Compliments to each other; nor is it leſs animated with a Spirit of Criticiſm and Satire, than with Precepts for our Inſtruction in Poetry and Morality. We may fix the Date of it in 732, when Tiberius was in Thrace or Dalmatia. San.

Verſe 1. *Flore, bono claroque.*] The Reader may find ſome conjectural Account of Florus in the Notes on the third Epiſtle. The Compliment in this firſt Line is not leſs to Florus, than Tiberius, for whom, perhaps, it was more particularly deſigned. His Expedition was attended with much Reputation, and if we may believe Velleius, he gave the nobleſt Proofs of Virtue in all the Countries, through which he paſſed. San.

7. *Literulis Græcis imbutus.*] This was probably the uſual Language of Slave-Merchants, as in Terence, *fac periculum in literis, fac in palæſtrâ, in muſicis: ſolertem dabo.*

EPIST. II. *To* JULIUS FLORUS.

DEAR Florus, faithful to the Good and Brave,
If any Perſon, who would ſell a Slave,
Should thus treat with you, " Sir, this Boy's compleat
" From Head to Foot, and elegantly neat:
" He ſhall be yours for fifty Pounds. He plays
" The Vaſſal's Part, and at a Nod obeys
" His Maſter's Will—then for the Grecian Tongue,
" He has a Reliſh— pliable and young,
" Like Clay, well-temper'd with informing Skill,
" He may be moulded to what Shape you will.
" His Notes are artleſs, but his Air is fine,
" To entertain you o'er a Glaſs of Wine,
" He ſinks in Credit, who attempts to raiſe
" His venal Wares with over-rating Praiſe,
" To put them off his Hands. My Wants are none,
" My Stock is little, but that Stock my own.
" No common Dealer would reſign a Slave
" On equal Terms, nor ſhould another have
" So good a Bargain. Guilty of one Slip
" It ſeems, and fearful of the pendent Whip,

12. *Meo ſum pauper in ære.*] A kind of proverbial Expreſſion, nor poſſible to be tranſlated. Cicero ſays of Roſcius, *Debebat? imo in ſuis nummis verſabatur. Mangones*, in the next Line, was the Name given by the Greeks to Merchants, who tranſported Slaves for Sale.

14. *Ceſſavit*] This Word, which properly ſignifies *to loiter, remiſſe & oſcitantur agere*, gives only a general Idea of a trivial Fault, but this Idea is determined by *fuga* in the ſecond Line following. The Lad is found to be a common Fugitive, a Fault ſo conſiderable, that a Merchant was obliged to mention it particularly, or the Sale was void.

In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ,
Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi fuga lædit.
Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ ſecurus opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex:
Inſequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniquâ,
Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis propre mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quòd epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? Quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quòd
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat; poſt hoc vehemens lupus, & ſibi & hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summè munito, & multarum divite rerum,
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit & bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Fortè ſub hoc tempus caſtellum evertere prætor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eumdem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem;

I,

15. *In ſcalis latuit.*] The Conſtruction is, *Latuit metuens habenæ pendentis in ſcalis.* That their Slaves might have the Puniſhment always before their Eyes, the Whip was hung on the Stair-Caſe. TORR. DAC.

18. *Dicta tibi eſt lex.*] *Lex* does not here ſignify *Law*, but the Form, the Condition of the Bargain, when the Sale was made, *Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi fuga lædit*, without which, the Merchant was liable to an Action, *actionem redhibitoriam* during ſix Months.

20. *Dixi me pigrum.*] The firſt of ſeven Reaſons, which Horace gives for not writing, is his natural Indolence. The ſecond is an Alluſion to the Story of Lucullus his Soldier; that a Poet of an eaſy Fortune ſhould write Verſes only for his Amuſement. SAN.

32. *Donis ornatur honeſtis.*] Lucullus on this Occaſion got the better of his natural Temper, for he was extremely ſevere and avaricious.

" I own he loiter'd once. The Money pay ;
" The Lad is only apt to run away."
I think, he ſafely may the Sum enjoy :
You knew his Failing, and would buy the Boy :
The Form was legal, yet you ſtill diſpute
The Sale, and plague him with an endleſs Suit.
At your Departure I declar'd, my Vein
Was lull'd aſleep, unable to ſuſtain
The Taſk of Writing, leſt I ſhould offend
In correſponding never with my Friend.
But what avails whatever I can ſay,
If you demur againſt ſo juſt a Plea ?
Beſides you murmur, that my Muſe betrays
Your Expectations in her promis'd Lays.
A common Soldier, who by various Toils
And Perils gain'd a Competence in Spoils,
At Night fatigu'd, while he ſupinely ſnor'd,
Loſt to a Farthing his collected Hoard.
This rouz'd his Rage, in Vengeance for his Pelf,
Againſt the Foe, nor leſs againſt himſelf.
A very Wolf, with empty craving Maw,
Now whetting keen his wide devouring Jaw,
He charg'd with Fury, as the Folks report,
Scal'd the high Wall, and ſack'd a royal Fort,
Replete with various Wealth : for this renow'd,
His Name is honour'd, and his Courage crown'd ;
Beſides, in Money he receives a Meed,
A Sum proportion'd to the glorious Deed.
His Chief ſoon after purpoſing to form
Another Siege, and take a Town by Storm,
Began to rouſe this Deſperado's Fire
With Words, that might a Coward's Heart inſpire.

" Go

ricious. Dion tells us, he knew not how to gain the Soldiery either by military Honours or Money.

I, bone, quò virtus tua te vocat ; i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia : quid ſtas ?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus : Ibit,
Ibit eò, quo vis, zonam qui perdidit, inquit.
Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri
Iratus Graiis quantùm nocuiſſet Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulò plus artis Athenæ :
Scilicet, ut poſſem curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter ſylvas Academi quærere verum
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato ;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit æſtus in arma,
Cæſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis
Unde ſimul primùm me dimiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris & fundi, paupertas impulit audax

Ut

40. *Qui zonam perdidit.*] The Ancients carried their Money in a Purſe tied to their Girdles, from whence we find in Plautus, *ſector zonarius*, a Cut-purſe. Alexander Severus uſed to ſay, a Soldier is never afraid, but when he is well armed, well clothed, well fed, and has Money in his Purſe. When he is poor and hungry, he is fit for any deſperate Action.

41. *Romæ nutriri.*] Horace went to Rome in 696, when he was about ſeventeen or eighteen Years of Age, and read Humanity under Orbilius Pupillus. SAN.

43. *Adjecere bonæ.*] He went to Athens in 709, when he was nineteen Years old, to ſtudy Philoſophy. His Reading Homer, and his Father's Inſtructions had already much improved him, but at Athens he acquired ſomething more ; for he not only ſtudied other Parts of Philoſophy there, but learned Morality by Reaſoning and Principles. SAN.

44. *Curvo dignoſcere rectum.*] Mr. Dacier ſays, a Knowledge of Geometry was abſolutely neceſſary to the Study of the ſublime Doctrines taught in the School of Plato, and therefore they, who did not underſtand it, were excluded the Republic of that Philoſopher. Thus we ſee the Degrees by which our Auther ſtudied the Sciences ; polite Literature, Geometry and Academic Philoſophy. Mr. Sanadon

" Go whither your heroic Spirit calls,
" Go, my brave Friend, propitious mount the Walls,
" And reap freſh Honours with an ample Prize :—
" What ſtops your Courſe ?" The Ruſtic ſhrewd replies :
" An't pleaſe you, Captain, let another trudge it,
" The Man may venture, who has loſt his Budget."
It was my Fortune to be bred and taught
At Rome, what Woes enrag'd Achilles wrought
To Greece : kind Athens yet improv'd my Parts
With ſome ſmall Tincture of ingenuous Arts,
To learn a right Line from a Curve, and rove
In ſearch of Wiſdom through the muſeful Grove.
But lo ! the Times, deſtructive to my Peace,
Me rudely raviſh'd from the charming Place ;
The rapid Tide of Civil War a-main
Swept into Arms, unequal to ſuſtain
The Might of Cæſar. Dread Philippi's Field
Firſt clipt my Wings, and taught my Pride to yield.

My

nadon aſſures us, the Poet never thought of geometrical Lines and Curves ; for *rectum*, taken as a Subſtantive, is always underſtood in a moral Senſe, and conſequently *curvum* muſt mean *pravum*.

45. *Inter ſylvas Academi.*] The Name of Academus is one of thoſe, which the Sciences have conſecrated to Immortality with greateſt Juſtice. He was a rich Athenian, who in his Regard for Philoſophy, left to the Philoſophers, for holding their Aſſemblies, a fine Houſe at Athens, adorned with a magnificent Gallery, a Number of Statues, and a Park, planted with Trees. Plato had his School there, from whence the Philoſophers of his Sect were called Academicians. Horace characteriſes this School by what diſtinguiſhed it from all others ; its not boaſting, that it had found Truth, but only profeſſing to ſearch for it, *quærere verum*. TORR.

51. *Paupertas impulit audax.*] We muſt not underſtand theſe Words literally, as if Horace never wrote Verſes before the Battle of Philippi, but that he did not apply his Genius to Poetry, as to a Profeſſion, before that Time. The Satire *Proſcripti Regis Rupili* was apparently written while he was in Brutus his Army. This frank Confeſſion of his Misfortunes has much Sincerity, and he makes it more willingly, ſince it turns to the Glory of Auguſtus. DAC.

Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem
Quæ poterunt umquam ſatis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quàm ſcribere verſus?
Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, Venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poemata, Quid faciam vis?
Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, ac ſale nigro,
Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multùm diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? Renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſanè eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.
Præter cætera, me Romæne poemata cenſes
Scribere poſſe inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat; hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini;

Hic

53. *Expurgare cicutæ.*] Hemlock is not mortal, but when taken in too great a Quantity, or by Perſons not uſed to it. Therefore Lambinus would have unneceſſarily changed *cicutæ* for *ſicyæ*, a Cuping-Glaſs. Perhaps, it were not a bad Remedy againſt the Fury of Verſifying, eſpecially if the Patient were well ſcarified.

55. *Singula de nobis.*] This is the third Reaſon, which Horace gives againſt writing Verſes. He was then about four and forty Years of Age. Youth indeed in general is the proper Seaſon of Life for Poetry; yet there have been Inſtances of Poets, who preſerved the Fire of their Youth, although covered with the Snow of old Age, and whoſe laſt Poems did no Diſhonour to their firſt Reputation. Horace in ſome Sort betrays himſelf by the Words *tendunt extorquere*, as if he parted with his Muſe with Reluctance. Ovid calls an old Poet a ſhameful Creature, *Turpe ſenex vates*, but not all the Cold of Scythia could extinguiſh his own poetical Fire. An hundred Times, diſpirited by his Misfortunes, he proteſted he never would write again; and an hundred Times did thoſe Misfortunes themſelves inſpire him with thoſe complaining tender Elegies, which do not yield to any other moſt admired Parts of his Works. San.

58. *Denique non omnes.*] The Difference of Taſte amongſt Mankind gives our Poet a fourth Excuſe for not writing. But whatever kind of Poetry he choſe, he muſt certainly have pleaſed the better

Judges,

My Fortune ruin'd, blaſted all my Views,
Bold Hunger edg'd, and Want inſpir'd my Muſe.
But ſay, what Doſe could purify me, bleſt
With Store ſufficient, ſhould I break my Reſt,
To ſcribble Verſe? The waning Years apace
Steal off our Thoughts, and rifle every Grace;
Alas! already have they ſnatch'd away
My Jokes, my Love, my Revellings, and Play.
They ſtrive to wreſt my Poems from me too:
Inſtruct me then what Method to purſue.
In ſhort, the Race of various Men admire
As various Numbers: thee the ſofter Lyre
Delights: This Man approves the tragic Strain;
That joys in Bion's keen ſatiric Vein.
Three Gueſts I have, diſſenting at my Feaſt,
Requiring each to gratify his Taſte
With different Food. What Courſes muſt I chuſe?
What not? What both would order, you refuſe;
What you commend, offenſive to their Sight,
Would marr their Meal, and pall their Appetite.
But think you, thus amidſt a World of Cares
And Toils, that I can write harmonious Airs?
One bids me be his Bail: another prays,
That I would only liſten to his Lays,
And leave all Buſineſs; more to raiſe your Wonder,
Although they live the length of Rome aſunder,

Yet

Judges, which ought to be ſufficient. To wait until Mankind were all of one Opinion, would be to renounce writing for ever. SAN.

60. *Bioneis ſermonibus.*] Bion imitated Archilochus and Hipponax in his ſatirical Poems. He wrote a Critique upon Homer. Plutarch mentions a Saying of his upon Agamemnon. This fooliſh Monarch tears off his Hair, as if Baldneſs were a Cure for Grief.

65. *Præter cætera.*] This Reaſon is not merely a Pretence. The Noiſe of a great City, and the Variety of Buſineſs there, occaſion ſuch Diſtraction of Spirit, as muſt greatly diſturb a Poet's Commerce with his Muſe. SAN.

Hic extremo in Aventino ; viſendus uterque :
Intervalla vides humanè commoda. Verùm
Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet.
Feſtinat calidus mulis geruliſque redemtor.
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum :
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris :
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
I nunc, & verſus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, ac fugit urbes,
Rite cliens Bacchi ſomno gaudentis & umbrâ.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, & cunctata ſequi veſtigia vatum ?
Ingenium, ſibi qui vacuas deſumſit Athenas :
Ut ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris & curis, ſtatuâ taciturnior exit

Ple-

70. *Humanè commoda.*] Theſe Hills were at the Extremities of Rome, North and South, from whence the Poet ironically ſays *humanè commoda, no unreaſonable Diſtance.*

71. *Puræ ſunt plateæ.*] *But the Streets are clear.* To ſet this Objection, which he ſuppoſes Florus to make, in its full Light, our Poet makes uſe of a Compariſon *à fortiori*, as Logicians call it. At Athens, where there are very few People, a Man, who ſhould walk through the Street ruminating on his Books, would be ſufficiently laughed at. Then what would the World think of me, if I were meditating Verſes in the Streets of Rome ? SAN.

78. *Rite cliens Bacchi.*] The Poets ſacrificed to Bacchus every Year in the Month of March. His Feſtival was called *Liberalia*, and Ovid tells us, he had frequently aſſiſted at them. One of the Summits of Parnaſſus was conſecrated to this God.

80. *Cunctata ſequi veſtigia.*] *Incerta, dubia, in quibus detegendis cunctari neceſſe fuerit* ; or it may be explained, *quæ non niſi tarde & cunctanter aſſequuti ſumus.* This is the Reading of an ancient Manuſcript. *Contracta, contacta, cantata, cinctuta* and *non tacta*, are incapable of any tolerable Senſe. CUN. SAN.

Yet both muſt be obey'd: and here you ſee
A ſpecial Diſtance—"But the Streets are free,
"And, while you move with flowing Fancy fraught,
"Nothing occurs to diſconcert your Thought."
A Builder haſtens with his loaded Team,
His Porters: now a Stone, and now a Beam
Nods cumbrous Ruin: juſtling Waggons jar
With mournful Herſes in tumultuous War:
Hence runs a madding Dog with baneful Ire:
Thence a vile Pig polluted with the Mire.
Go then, and buſtle through the noiſy Throng,
Invoke the Muſe, and meditate the Song.
The Tribe of Writers to a Man admire
The peaceful Grove, and from the Town retire,
Devote to Bacchus, indolently laid,
Court ſoft Repoſe, and triumph in the Shade,
How then in Noiſe unceaſing tune the Lay,
Or tread where others hardly find their Way.
A manly Genius, who, long wont to chuſe
The calm Retreat of Athens for his Muſe,
Seven Years hath ſtudied, and with meagre Looks
Hath waxen old in Diſcipline, and Books,

Dumb

81. *Ingenium ſibi qui.*] For *ingenioſus qui*, as in Horace, *fatale monſtrum, quæ, &c.* in Terence, *ubi eſt ſcelus qui me perdidit?* and in Cicero, *duo importuna prodigia, quos egeſtas.* The Grammarians not underſtanding this Manner of Expreſſion, changed it for *ingenium, quod*; and *quod* made *taciturnius* neceſſary. The Glory of reforming the Text, ſo Mr. Sanadon calls it, is due to Mr. Cuningham.

Plerumque, & riſu populum quatit : hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, ac tempeſtatibus urbis
Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner ?
Frater erat Romæ conſulti rhetor ; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores :
Gracchus ut hic illi foret ; huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minùs argutos vexat furor iſte poetas ?
Carmina compono, hic elegos, mirabile viſu !
Cælatumque novem Muſis opus. Aſpice primùm
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
ſpectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.
Mox etiam (ſi fortè vacas) ſequere, & procul audi
Quid ferat, & quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, ac totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcæus puncto illius : ille meo quis ?

Quis,

87. *Frater erat Romæ.*] The fifty-four following Lines contain the ſixth Reaſon for our Author's not writing. The Profeſſion of a Poet is moſt melancholy. If he does not ſucceed, whatever Praiſes he gives to others, yet he ſhall be treated with Contempt and Laughter. If he would excel in his Art, what Toils muſt he ſupport ? In the Neceſſity of chuſing between theſe two Misfortunes, I ſhould prefer the firſt, and ſhould be better pleaſed to be laughed at by the Public, while I was ſatisfied with my Performance, than torment myſelf to deſerve their Applauſe. But, all things conſidered, it is better to poſſeſs ourſelves in Peace, and never write again. Such is the Reaſoning of Horace. The Conſtruction, by an Ellipſis uſual in our Author, hath ſome Difficulty ; *Romæ rhetor erat, frater conſulti, uterque ejuſmodi, ut alter*, &c. SAN.

89. *Huic ut Mucius ille.*] Thus the beſt Writers expreſs themſelves. *Numquid igitur aliud judicium venit, niſi uter utri inſidias fecerit ? Si hic illi, ut ne ſit impune ; ſi ille huic, tum nos ſcelere ſelvamur.* Cicero pro Milone. Caius Gracchus and Mucius Scævola had greatly diſtinguiſhed themſelves in Rome ; one by his Eloquence, the other by his Knowledge in the Laws.

92. *Cælatumque novem Muſis.*] This refers to *hic elegos*, as *mirabile viſu* does to *carmina compono*. *Carmen* in Horace uſually ſignifies Lyric Poetry, but here it cannot have any other Meaning. SAN.

Dumb as a Statue ſlowly ſtalks along,
And yields Diverſion to the gaping Throng.
Plung'd in a Tide of Buſineſs, through the Town
Toſs'd by the noiſy Tempeſt up and down,
How can my Muſe with animating Fire
Adapt her Numbers to the ſounding Lyre?
A Rhetorician, and a Lawyer once,
Brothers, and each in his Profeſſion Dunce,
Diſpens'd the Palms between themſelves alone,
And this a Gracchus, that a Mucius ſhone.
What milder Frenzy goads the rhiming Train?
I deal in Lyric, he in mournful Strain:
How grand the Diction, copious the Deſign!
A wonderous Work, and poliſh'd by the Nine!
See, with what Air of magiſterial Pride
And high Diſdain we view from Side to Side
Apollo's Temple, as if we ourſelves,
And none but we, ſupply'd the vacant Shelves!
Then follow farther, if your Time admits,
And at a Diſtance hear theſe mighty Wits;
How far entitled to his Blaſt of Praiſe,
Each freely gives, and arrogates the Bays.
Like Gladiators, who with bloodleſs Toils
Prolong the Combat, and engage with Foils,
With mimic Rage we ruſh upon the Foe,
Divide the Palm, and meaſure Blow for Blow.
Alcæus I in his Opinion ſhine,
He ſoars a new Callimachus in mine, Or

98. *Lento Samnites.*] Theſe bad Poets, playing their Compliments on each other, are pleaſantly compared to Gladiators fighting with Foils. The Battle is perfectly harmleſs, and the Sport continues a long time, *lento duello.* Theſe Diverſions were uſually by Candle-light, *ad lumina prima*, and the Gladiators were armed like ancient Samnites.

99. *Diſcedo Alcæus puncto illius.*] This refers to the ninety-firſt Line *carmina compono*, and Horace means, they compare him to

Quis, niſi Callimachus? Si plus adpoſcere viſus,
Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Quum ſcribo; & ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, ac mente receptâ,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.
Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verùm
Gaudent ſcribentes, & ſe venerantur, & ultro,
Si taceas, laudant, quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit, quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ.
Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit ac deſerta vetuſtas.

Ad-

the firſt Lyric Poet of Greece. *Puncto illius* is an Expreſſion taken from an ancient Cuſtom of giving Votes in the Comitia, when they made a Point over the Name of the Candidate, whom they choſe.

105. *Impune.*] *Boldly, and without Fear of their Reſentment.* Mr. Dacier underſtands it, *impune legentes*, as if no Revenge could overtake theſe reading Rhimers. The firſt Senſe is more natural and more true, for Horace had it always in his Power to put their Patience to the ſame Trial. SAN.

107. *Gaudent.*] The Pleaſure of making Verſes is a great Temptation, but it is a dangerous Pleaſure. Every Poet, in the Moment of writing, fancies he performs Wonders; but when the Fire of Imagination is paſt, a good Poet will examine his Work in cool Blood, and ſhall find it greatly ſinks in his Eſteem; but the more a bad Poet reads, the more he is charmed, *ſe veneratur amatque.* It is indeed an agreeable Diſtemper, but a Patient hath moſt Reaſon to be lamented, when there is leaſt Hope of his Cure. SAN.

109. *At qui legitimum.*] This is a Conſequence of our Author's Reaſoning, from whence he concludes, that the Profeſſion of Poetry

Or if Mimnermus more excite his Flame,
He ſtruts and glories in the darling Name.
Much I endure, when writing I would bribe
The public Voice, and ſooth the fretful Tribe
Of rival Poets: Now my rhiming Heat
Is cool'd, and Reaſon reaſſumes her Seat,
I boldly bar mine Ears againſt the Breed
Of babbling Bards, who without Mercy read.
Bad Poets ever are a ſtanding Jeſt,
But they rejoice, and, in their Folly bleſt,
Admire themſelves; nay, though you ſilent ſit,
Extort Applauſe, and wanton in their Wit.
But he, who ſtudies maſterly to frame
A finiſh'd Piece, and build an honeſt Fame,
Shall with his Papers, faithful to his Truſt,
Aſſume the Spirit of a Cenſor juſt,
Boldly blot out whatever ſeems obſcure,
Or lightly mean, unworthy to procure
Immortal Honour, though the Words give way
With warm Reluctance, and by Force obey;
Though yet enſhrin'd within his Deſk they ſtand,
And claim a Sanction from his Parent Hand.
As from the Treaſure of a latent Mine,
Long darken'd Words he ſhall with Art refine;
Full into Light, to dignify his Page,
Shall bring the Beauties of a former Age,
Once by the Catoes, and Cethegi told,
But now deform'd, and obſolete with Mould.

New

try hath too many Miſeries attending it, to be an Object of our Envy.

115. *Obſcurata diu.*] Our Poet's Advice of uſing old Words, is not without Limitation. He ſpeaks of ſignificative Terms, which give Majeſty and Force to a Diſcourſe, *ſpecioſa*; which are unknown only by the People, *obſcurata diu populo*, and underſtood by Men of

Adſciſcet nova, quæ genitor produxerit uſus:
Vehemens, & liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu: virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, ac torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quàm ſapere & ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argus,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro:
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More: bonus ſanè vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem, poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,

Et

Letters, converſant in the Writing of Authors of good Reputation. Laſtly, a Poet ſhould uſe them with Diſcernment and Diſcretion, for ſuch is the Force of the Word *bonus*. SAN.

119. *Adſciſcet nova.*] A Poet may uſe new Words; but they muſt be Words, which Cuſtom has in ſome meaſure already brought into the World, *genitor produxerit uſus*; ſuch as *pauperare, inimicare, æternare*, derived from *pauper, inimicus, æternus*; or ſuch as are formed by compounding two known Words, as *velivolum, ſaxifragum*. Our Ears are not offended by their Novelty, which is ſoftened or diſguiſed by our knowing their Original.

120. *Vehemens & liquidus.*] It is not neceſſary, with regard to Proſody, to read this Word in two Syllables. There is an Anapæſt in the Place of a Spondee, as in Lucretius,

Nam tibi vehementer nova res molitur ad auras.

125. *Cyclopa movetur*] There was a kind of Pantomimes amongſt the Romans, who could expreſs by Dancing, and the Movement of their Bodies, the Paſſions, Thoughts, and Actions of any Character they aſſumed; as of a Satyr or Cyclops. This Art might ſeem as eaſy to a Spectator, as the Natural in Writing does to a Reader; but an Actor and an Author know that they are not to be gained without infinite Labour.

126. *Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus.*] Horace draws two Concluſions, a pleaſant and a ſerious, from what he hath ſaid. The firſt is, that it were better to be a bad Poet while we fancy we ſucceed, than really ſucceed if it coſt ſo much Trouble; the ſecond, that it were

better

New Words he ſhall endenizen, which Uſe
Shall authoriſe, and currently produce;
Then, brightly ſmooth, and yet ſublimely ſtrong,
Like a pure River, through his flowing Song
Shall pour the Riches of his Fancy wide,
And bleſs his Latium with a vocal Tide.
Luxuriant Phraſes, under due Command
He ſhall reſtrain with wholeſom, forming Hand;
Poliſh the rude, and ſever from its Place
Whatever wants an Elegance or Grace.
He ſeems with Freedom, what with Pain he proves,
And now a Satyr, now a Cyclops moves.
I, for my part, would rather fairly paſs
For Dotard, Scribler, ſtupid Dolt, or Aſs,
Could I but pleaſe, or dupe myſelf in ſhort,
Than write good Senſe, and ſmart ſeverely for't.
At Argos liv'd a Citizen, well known,
Who long imagin'd, that he heard the Tone
Of deep Tragedians on an empty Stage,
And ſat applauding in extatic Rage:
In other Points a Perſon, who maintain'd
A due Decorum, and a Life unſtain'd,
Whoſe real Virtues you might well commend,
A worthy Neighbour, hoſpitable Friend,
Of eaſy Humour and of Heart ſincere,
Fond of his Wife, nor to a Slave ſevere,

Nor

better to ſtudy the Regulation of our Actions, than torture ourſelves to put a Number of Words into Cadence and Harmony. SAN.

128. *Fuit, haud ignobilis Argus.*] To prove, that the Party, which he ſeemed reſolved two Lines before to chuſe, was but in Jeſt, he tells a Story, not leſs ridiculous, than diverting. The uſual Reading *Argis* is an uncommon and an uncertain Expreſſion. We ſhould hardly ſay, *fuit haud ignobilis Romæ*; *fuit haud indoctus Lutetiæ*, without ſpecifying the Name, or Country, or Profeſſion of

Et ſigno læſo non inſanire lagenæ ;
Poſſet qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe : Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait ; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum :
Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numeroſque modoſque ediſcere vitæ.
Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor :
Si tibi nulla ſitem finiret copia lymphæ ;
Narrares medicis ; quòd quantò plura paraſti,
Tantò plura cupis, nulline faterier audes ?
Si vulnus tibi monſtratâ radice, vel herbâ
Non fieret lævius ; fugeres radice, vel herbâ

Pro-

the Perſon. Beſides, Torrentius aſſures us he found *Argus* in two Manuſcripts. Ariſtotle tells the Story of a Man, whoſe Name was Lycas, and ſays it happened at Abydos. SAN.

134. *Et ſigno læſo.*] The Romans generally ſealed a full Bottle, to prevent their Slaves from ſtealing the Wine. From whence Perſius ſays, he will never touch a Bottle of bad Wine with his Noſe, as Miſers try whether the Seal be unbroken, *Et ſignum in vapida naſo tetigiſſe lagæna.*

141. *Nimirum ſapere eſt.*] The Poet now takes a more ſerious Tone, and this Concluſion is the ſeventh Excuſe. He hath put it laſt, that he might more naturally fall into the Vein of Morality, which ends his Epiſtle. He would convince us, that good Senſe does not conſiſt in making Verſes, and ranging Words in poetical Harmony, but in regulating our Actions according to the better Harmony of Virtue.

145. *Quocirca mecum loquor hæc.*] We have one of theſe Soliloquies in the fourth Satire of the firſt Book, and the End of this Epiſtle is not unlike that of the ſecond Satire in the ſecond Book, whoſe Moral and Maxim is, that we have no Property, but in what we uſe and enjoy.

148. *Nullius*

Nor prone to Rage, although the Felon's Fork
Defac'd the Signet of a Bottle-Cork;
A Man, who ſhun'd (well knowing which was which)
The Rock high pendent, and the yawning Ditch;
He, when his Friends, at much Expence and Pains,
Had amply purg'd with Ellebore his Brains,
Wrought off his Madneſs, and the Man return'd
Full to himſelf, their Operation ſpurn'd.
" My Friends, 'twere better you had ſtopp'd my Breath;
" Your Love was Rancour, and your Cure was Death,
" To rob me thus of Pleaſure ſo refin'd,
" The dear Deluſion of a raptur'd Mind.
'Tis Wiſdom's part to bid adieu to Toys,
And yield Amuſements to the Taſte of Boys,
Not the ſoft Sound of empty Words admire,
And model Meaſures to the Roman Lyre,
But learn ſuch Strains and Rhapſodies, as roll
Tuneful through Life, and harmoniſe the Soul.
If no Repletion from the limpid Stream
Allay'd the Cravings of your thirſty Flame,
You ſtrait would tell the Doctor your Diſtreſs,
And is there none, to whom you dare confeſs,
That, in proportion to your growing Store,
Your Luſt of Lucre is inflam'd the more?
If you were wounded, and your Sores imbib'd
No ſoothing Eaſe from Roots or Herbs preſcrib'd,
You would avoid ſuch Medicines, beſure,
As Roots and Herbs, that could effect no Cure.
But

148. *Nulline faterier audes.*] He cannot diſcover, what he does not know. In Diſorders of the Body, the Mind being in Health, may ſearch for a Remedy. The Mind is the Eye, which gives Light to the Body; but if that Eye be Darkneſs, who can enlighten it? Indeed we do not ſeem to deſire it. In Diſtempers of the Body

Proficiente nihil curarier. Audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; & quum ſis nihilò ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen utêris monitoribus îſdem?
At, ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minùs, tu nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te ſi quis avarior uno.
Si proprium eſt, quod quis librâ mercatur & ære;
Quædam (ſi credis conſultis) mancipat uſus;
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; & villicus Orbî,
Quum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit. Das nummos; accipis uvam;
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?
Emtor Aricini quondam Veientis & arvi,
Emtum cœnat olus; quamvis aliter putat: emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed vocat uſque ſuum, quâ populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tamquam
Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,

Nunc

we ſubmit to the cruelleſt Torments of Phyſic, but in the Maladies of the Soul, we will not liſten to a Friend, who offers us a Cure; we rather chuſe to conceal or diſguiſe our Diſeaſe. DAC.

158. *Librâ mercatur & ære.*] In the Reign of Servius Tullius, the Romans weighed their Money before Witneſſes, in a Bargain of buying and ſelling. When this Cuſtom was afterwards changed, yet the ſame Expreſſion continued.

159. *Mancipat uſus.*] To prevent the perpetual Vexations of Law-ſuits, the Laws wiſely eſtabliſhed, that Poſſeſſion and Enjoyment for a certain Number of Years ſhould confirm a Title and aſcertain the Property of an Eſtate. This Right of Preſcription was called *uſucapio*.

171. *Vicina refigit jurgia.*] *Diſſolvit. Litium cauſas inter vicinos tollit.* This Reading is of an ancient Manuſcript, and hath been received by four of our beſt Editors. Rivers and Trees were the uſual Boundaries of Eſtates.

But you have heard, that Folly flies apace
From him, whom Heaven hath gifted with the Grace
Of happy Wealth, and though you have aſpir'd
Not more to Wiſdom, ſince you firſt acquir'd
A Fund, yet will you liſten to no Rule,
But that from Fortune's inſufficient School?
Could Riches add but Prudence to your Years,
Reſtrain your Wiſhes, and abate your Fears,
You then might bluſh with Reaſon, if you knew
One Man on Earth more covetous than you.
If that be yours, for which you fairly told
The Price concluded, (and as Lawyers hold,
In ſome things Uſe a Property ſecures)
The Land, which feeds you, muſt of courſe be Yours.
Your Neighbour's Bailiff, who manures the Fields,
And ſows the Corn, which your Proviſion yields,
Finds in effect, that he is but your Slave:
You give your Coin, and in Return receive
Fowls, Eggs, and Wine; and thus it will be found,
That you have bought inſenſibly the Ground,
The Fee of which to Purchaſers before
Perhaps, had been two thouſand Pounds, or more;
For what avails it in a Life well paſt,
At firſt to pay the Purchaſe, or at laſt?
The frugal Man, who purchas'd two Eſtates,
Yet buys the Pot-herbs, which his Worſhip eats,
Though he thinks not: this Tyrant of the Soil
Buys the mere Wood, which makes his Kettle boil;
And yet he calls that Length of Land his own,
From which the Poplar, fix'd to Limits known,
Cuts off Diſputes, as if he had the Power
Of that, which in the Moment of an Hour

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte ſuprema
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.
Sed, quia perpetuus nulli datur uſus, & heres
Heredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam;
Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani? ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro.
Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Getulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant, eſt qui non curat habere.
Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, & ludere, & ungi
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives & importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Sylveſtrem flammis ac ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,
Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-
quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.
Utar, & è modico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam;

173. *Morte ſuprema.*] All the Manuſcripts defend this Reading, *Quicquid eſt ſcriptorum codicum hanc lectionem tutantur*, ſays Dr. Bentley. The uſual reading, *Sorte ſuprema*, does not ſignify Death, which the Poet muſt here neceſſarily mean, but Danger, Difficulty, Diſtreſs before Death.

180. *Tyrrhena ſigilla.*] The Tuſcans were famous for making Statues and Vaſes of Earth or Copper gilt, with which they decorated their Temples and Apartments. *Veſtes*, in the next Line, not only ſignifies Clothes, but all Sorts of Tapeſtry, Carpets, *&c.* and, to ſhew how unneceſſary theſe Ornaments are, the Poet ſays, there are many People, who never give themſelves any Trouble or Concern about them. SAN.

184. *Herodis palmetis pinguibus.*] Judea was famous for its Woods of Palms, from whence Herod drew a conſiderable Revenue. He began to reign in 717; he reigned thirty-three Years and died in 750, between the thirteenth and twenty eighth of March, three Months after the Birth of our Saviour. SAN.

185. *Importunus.*] *Sibimet moleſtus.* Who gives himſelf a great deal of unneceſſary Trouble.

188. *Naturæ Deus.*] The Genius, who preſided over the Birth of Mortals, and governed their Horoſcope: that Conſtellation under

By Favour, Purchaſe, Force, or Fate's Commands
May change its Lord, and fall to other Hands.
Since thus no Mortal properly can have
A laſting Tenure; and, as Wave o'er Wave,
Heir comes o'er Heir, what Pleaſure can afford
Thy peopled Manors and encreaſing Hoard?
Or what avails it, that your Fancy roves
To join Lucanian to Calabrian Groves,
If Death, to Gold inflexible, muſt mow
Down Great and Small together at a Blow?
The gaudy Splendour, and the coſtly State
Of Jewels, Marble, Tuſcan Medals, Plate,
Pure Ivory Statues, Pictures hung on high,
And Garments tinctur'd with Sidonian Dye,
There are, who never could pretend to ſhare,
And ſome who never thought them worth their Care.
One Brother, fond of ſauntering and Perfume,
Prefers his Pleaſure to the wealthy Bloom
Of Herod's Gardens; while in queſt of Wealth,
Though rich, another ſhall forego his Health,
From dawning Day till ſhady Night with Toil
Burn the thick Copſe, and tame the ſavage Soil.
But whence theſe Turns of Inclination roſe,
The Genius this, the God of Nature knows:
That myſtic Power, which our Actions guides,
Attends our Stars, and o'er our Lives preſides:
This we may trace, propitious, or malign,
Stamp'd on each Face, and vary'd through each Line.
I from a Fortune moderate ſhall grant
Myſelf enough to ſatisfy my Want,

Nor

der which they were born. The Poet ſays this Genius dies with us, becauſe there never were two Men at the ſame Time of the ſame Inclination. There is a greater Difference between Man and Man in their Paſſions, than in their Faces. DAC.

Tollam ; nec metuam, quid de me judicet heres,
Quòd non plura datis inveneret. Et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantùm ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet : & quantùm diſcordet parcus avaro.
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores ;
Ac potiùs, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit : ego, utrum
Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ, ferar unus & idem
Non tumidis agimur velis Aquilone ſecundo ;
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris :
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
Non es avarus : abi. Quid ? cætera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugêre ? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione ? caret mortis formidine & irâ ?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos

192. *Quòd non plura datis invenerit.*] Horace confeſſes he was abſolutely ruined, when he returned from the Battle of Philippi. But he gladly takes all Occaſions of mentioning the Liberality of his Friends ; for although he had no paternal Fortune, yet he died in eaſy Circumſtances, and made Auguſtus his Heir.

197. *Feſtis quinquatribus.*] According to the mythological Tradition, Minerva came into the World the nineteenth of March, and therefore that Day was conſecrated to her. Four Days afterwards there was another Feſtival called *Tubiluſtrium ſacrorum*, the Purification of the muſical Inſtruments uſed in the Sacrifices. Theſe two Feſtivals were afterwards united, by including the three Days, which ſeparated them, and they were from thence called *quinquatrus*, or *quinquatria*. This Feſtival was a joyful Vacation for School-boys, and ſome of them diverted themſelves at their Maſter's Expence, by ſpending their Mineryal, a Preſent ſent to him in Money by their Parents. DAC. SAN.

199. *Procul procul abſit.*] This Reading hath been happily preſerved in a Manuſcript. Horace is not ſpeaking of an Houſe, *domus*, but of a Ship ; and ſuch a Mixture of Images would ſpoil the Metaphor. Beſides, the Repetition hath ſomewhat ſpirited and beautiful. BENT. CUN. SAN.

Nor fear the Cenſure of my thankleſs Heir,
That I have left too little to his Share;
And yet the wide Diſtinction would I ſcan
Between an open, hoſpitable Man,
And Prodigal; the Frugaliſt ſecure,
And Miſer, pinch'd with Penury; for ſure
It differs whether you profuſely ſpend
Your Wealth, or never entertain a Friend;
Or, wanting Prudence, like a Play-day Boy
Blindly ruſh on, to catch the flying Joy.
Avert, ye Gods, avert the loathſome Load
Of Want inglorious, and a vile Abode.
To me are equal, ſo they bear their Charge,
The little Pinnace and the lofty Barge.
Nor am I wafted by the ſwelling Gales
Of Winds propitious, with expanded Sails,
Nor yet expos'd to Tempeſt-bearing Strife,
Adrift to ſtruggle through the Waves of Life,
Laſt of the firſt, firſt of the laſt in Weight,
Parts, Vigour, Perſon, Virtue, Birth, Eſtate.
You are not covetous: be ſatisfy'd.
But are you tainted with no Vice beſide?
From vain Ambition, Dread of Death's Decree,
And fell Reſentment, is thy Boſom free?
Say, can you laugh indignant at the Schemes
Of magic Terrours, viſionary Dreams,

Por-

203. *Viribus, ingenio, &c.*] Our Poet's Wit and Virtue cannot be diſputed, and he was contented with his Health and Fortune. But it is not unpleaſant to hear him talk as if he was equally ſatiſfied with his Perſon and his Birth. The Commentators are willing to believe, there was ſomething pleaſing and graceful in his round, ſhort Figure, and as he was the Son of a Free-man, his Birth was not contemptible.

208. *Somnia.*] Horace reckons Dreams amongſt Illuſions of Magic, Miracles, and Stories of Spirits, perhaps forgetting how much

Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Natales gratè numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior ac melior fis accedente ſenectâ?
Quid te exemta levat ſpinis de pluribus una?
Vivere ſi rectè neſcis, decede peritis:
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: potum ne largiùs æquo
Rideat ac pulſet laſciva decentiùs ætas.

much Auguſtus was influenced by them, who not only believed his own Dreams, but thoſe of his Friends. Mr. Dacier pleaſantly compounds the Matter of Credit to be given to Dreams, when he compares them to the Stories of a known Liar, who may poſſibly ſometimes tell Truth.

Miracula.] Epicureans laughed at Miracles, which they ſuppoſed were performed by the general Courſe of Nature, without any Interpoſition of the Gods.

209. *Nocturnos Lemures.*] *Lemures* for *Remures* from the Ghoſt of Remus that haunted Romulus, who therefore inſtituted a Feſtival called *Lemuria*, in which Sacrifices were offered to the unquiet Dead. It began the ninth of May, and continued three Nights. The haunted Perſon roſe at Midnight, and walking bare-footed made a Noiſe by rubbing his Thumb and his third Finger together, to drive at a little Diſtance the troubleſome Spirit. He then waſhed his Hands three Times in Spring-water, and filled his Mouth with Beans, which he threw behind him, and without turning back his Head, pronouncing nine Times, *With theſe Beans I redeem me and mine.*

It was by no means doubted, that the Ghoſt followed him to gather up the Beans. He afterwards waſhed himſelf again in the ſame Water. Then ſtriking a Veſſel of Braſs, and pronouncing nine Times, *Thou Ghoſt of ſuch a Perſon, depart*, he was at Liberty to turn his Head, and the Charm was complete.

Portentous Wonders, witching Imps of Hell,
The nightly Goblin, and enchanting Spell?
Doſt thou recount with Gratitude and Mirth
The Day revolv'd, that gave thy Being Birth?
Indulge the Failings of thy Friends, and grow
More mild and virtuous, as thy Seaſons flow?
Pluck out one Thorn to mitigate thy Pain,
What boots it thee, while many more remain?
Or act with juſt Propriety your Part,
Or yield to thoſe of Elegance and Art.
Already glutted with a Farce of Age,
'Tis Time for thee to quit the wanton Stage,
Leſt Youth, more decent in their Follies, ſcoff
The nauſeous Scene, and hiſs thee reeling off.

211. *Lenior ac melior.*] Age ſoftens the Paſſions, *lenit animos*; Experience and Reflexion on our paſt Life contribute to render us better; from whence the Poet joins *lenior* and *melior*. An old Man who is not ſinking under a Weight of Years, is like a Fruit-tree in Autumn; it preſerves its Leaves for Beauty, and is laden with Fruit for Profit. Youth is the proper Time for laying up Proviſions of Wealth and Underſtanding, as Age is that of laying them out to Advantage. But what is left for Liberality, when our Youth has been ſpent in Diſſipation and Extravagance? SAN.

213. *Decede peritis.*] Give place to young People, who know how to enjoy the Sweets of Life, without the Bitterneſs of Ambition, Avarice, Fear and Superſtition. DAC.

Q. HORATII FLACCI
ARS POETICA.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris; aut turpiter atrum
Deſinat

It properly belongs only to great Poets to give Precepts of an Art, which they have exerciſed with Succeſs and Reputation. Horace did not here intend a complete Treatiſe of Poetry, and hath only touched upon the principal Rules, in ſuch a Manner as the Character of an Epiſtle will permit, which requires more Liberty, and cannot well comply with the Conſtraint of a regular, methodical Work. But even this Want of Connexion hath its peculiar Beauties, and we need only ſee the Form, into which Heinſius would reduce this Piece by tranſpoſing the different Parts of it, to make us acknowledge the Beauty of that Diſorder, in which it at preſent appears. Rapin ſays, with great Reaſon, that Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry is Nature itſelf put into Method, and good Senſe reduced into Principles. Without Suſpicion of Partiality to the preſent Work, we may be bold to aſſert, it is the moſt valuable Monument in its Kind, that Roman Antiquity hath left us. DAC. SAN.

Verſ. 1. *Humano capiti.*] All that our Poet ſays here may be referred in general to three Heads, the Fable, the Manners, and the Diction. We ſhould take notice, that this Piece particularly regards Epic and Dramatic Poetry, and that our Author only occaſionally mentions any other Kind.

The moſt important Precept for the Compoſition of a Poem, is Unity and Simplicity of Deſign. There ſhould be only one Action, to which all the Incidents ought to refer; and this Point of Perfection

HORACE's ART of POETRY.

SUPPOSE a Painter to an human Head
Should join an Horſe's Neck, and wildly ſpread
The various Plumage of the feather'd Kind
O'er Limbs of different Beaſts, abſurdly join'd;

Or

tion every regular Work requires. To ſhew the Neceſſity of this Rule, Horace compares an irregular Poem to Pictures formed by a wild Aſſortment of many Parts entirely unlike each other. Every Part, conſidered in itſelf, may have its proper, natural Perfection, while their Union produces nothing but what is monſtrous and ridiculous.

3. *Aut turpiter atrum.*] *Aut ſi mulier ſuperne formoſa in atrum piſcem turpiter deſinat.* We ſhall ſee the Neceſſity of this Correction. Firſt, *humanum caput* naturally ſignifies the Head of a Man, and we cannot underſtand it of an human Head in general, without deſtroying that Idea, which it immediately offers. Secondly, *mulier formoſa ſuperne* is a beautiful Woman from the Waiſt upwards. The Terms *ſuperne* and *inferne* are ever uſed to divide the human Body into two equal Parts; and as *deſinat*, which is here put for *inferne*, marks the half below, ſo *ſuperne* marks the half above. But what a monſtrous Figure does the Poet give us, if we read him without this Alteration? How can the Head of a Man, the Neck of an Horſe, the Limbs of different Beaſts, be a Woman above, or a Fiſh below? Horace propoſes two Pictures, one of which hath nothing of a Man but his Head; the other is the Buſt of a Woman. SAN.

Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſupernè!
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Fingentur ſpecies; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas:
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim;
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia; non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna profeſſis
Purpureus, latè qui ſplendeat, unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus: quum lucus & ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus;
Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortaſſe cupreſſum

Scis

6. *Piſones.*] Lucius Piſo and his two Sons. Velleius gives us this amiable Character of the Father, who was Conſul in 739. *When we ſpeak of Piſo, we ſhould have only one Voice and one Opinion. His Manners were formed with ſuch equal Strength and Softneſs, that it would be difficult to find a Perſon, who loved Repoſe more paſſionately, or who ſupported the Fatigue of Buſineſs more eaſily, or who diſcharged all the neceſſary Duties of his Office with leſs Oſtentation.*

7. *Velut ægri ſomnia.*] The Tranſlation of theſe two Lines is taken from Lord Roſcommon.

10. *Quidlibet audendi.*] Poets have much abuſed the Privilege of their Art, the *fecunda licentia vatum*, as Ovid calls it. The Liberty both of Painters and Poets, is by Nature confined within certain Bounds, and all, beyond thoſe Bounds, is the Wildneſs of an irregular Imagination.

14. *Inceptis gravibus.*] Unity and Simplicity of Deſign in a Poem, require a Relation and mutual Dependance of all eſſential Parts of it on each other, with at leaſt a Connexion of Uſe and Convenience of the leſs neceſſary Parts with the principal Action. From hence we ſhould ſtrike out all thoſe uſeleſs Incidents, which are introduced under the Title of Ornaments. Digreſſions may have their Beauties in Lyric and Elegiac Poems, but are abſolutely forbidden in the Dramatic and Epic. Young Writers, whoſe Genius is not

Or if he gave to View a beauteous Maid
Above the Waiſt with every Charm array'd,
Should a foul Fiſh her lower Parts infold,
Would you not laugh ſuch Pictures to behold?
Such is the Book, that like a ſick Man's Dreams,
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extremes.
" Painters and Poets our Indulgence claim,
" Their Daring equal, and their Art the ſame."
I own th' Indulgence---Such I give and take;
But not through Nature's ſacred Rules to break,
Monſtrous to mix the Cruel and the Kind,
Serpents with Birds, and Lambs with Tygers join'd.
Your opening promiſes ſome grand Deſign,
And Shreds of Purple with broad Luſtre ſhine
Sew'd on the Poem. Here inlabour'd Strain
A ſacred Grove, or fair Diana's Fane
Riſes to View; there through delicious Meads
A murmuring Stream its winding Water leads;
Here pours the rapid Rhine; the watry Bow
There bends its Colours, and with Pride they glow.
Beauties they are; but Beauties out of Place;
For though your Talent be to paint with Grace

A

not yet formed and diſciplined, or extremely willing to ſtop at any Opportunity of a gay and florid Deſcription, without dreaming, that they are wandering from their Subject, while they are thus decorating and making it fine with foreign Ornaments. SAN.

18. *Flumen Rhenum.*] The Rhimers of thoſe Days had, probably, full often teized our Poet with Deſcriptions of the Rhine, while they celebrated the Victories of Auguſtus on that River. DAC.

Aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus.] The Rainbow is very apt to turn a bad Poet's Head. It will be to little purpoſe to tell him, that Homer deſcribes it in a ſingle Epithet, and in Virgil, as Mr. Dacier obſerves, the Deſcription of Iris is as rapid as her Flight;

Mille trahens varias adverſo ſole colores
Advolat.----------

19. *Fortaſſe cupreſſum.*] Boughs of Cypreſs were carried in funeral

Scis ſimulare: quid hoc, ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? Amphora cœpit
Inſtitui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?
Denique ſit quidvis ſimplex dumtaxat & unum.
Maxima pars vatum, pater & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur ſpecie recti. Brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio: ſectantem lenia nervi
Deficiunt animique: profeſſus grandia turget:
Serpit humi tutus nimiùm timiduſque procellæ:
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber unus & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos:
Infelix operis ſummâ, quia ponere totum

neral Proceſſions, and placed before the Houſes of the Great, upon particular Occaſions of Sorrow, *Et non plebeios luctus teſtata cupreſſus.* Lucan. From hence, perhaps, this Tree was uſually drawn in votive Tablets; in Pictures carried by Beggars to excite Charity, and in thoſe uſed by Lawyers in Courts of Juſtice to raiſe the Compaſſion of the Judges, by repreſenting the Diſtreſſes of their Clients. A Painter might by frequent Practice excel in drawing a Tree, for which there was ſuch Demand, and he therefore abſurdly determines to ſhew his Skill upon all occaſions, even by painting it in the Middle of the Ocean, and making it overſhadow the Storm. The Commentators underſtand this Paſſage in a different Manner.

21. *Amphora cœpit.*] A bad Poet opens his Poem with ſomething great and magnificent, but amuſes himſelf with Trifles. A bad Potter begins a large and beautiful Vaſe, but produces only a worthleſs Pitcher. San.

23. *Denique ſit quidvis.*] This Line is a Concluſion drawn from all the Rules he laid down. In the following Verſes he gives a general Reaſon to ſupport the Precept, and to make it more ſenſible he confirms it by Examples taken from Style. Such as *brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio.* Dac.

26. *Sectantem lenia.*] Too much Delicacy enervates a Poem. How to unite Strength and Elegance is a Talent, which all Authors do not poſſeſs. *Levia* is a Fault of the Copyiſts or Grammarians, who did not recollect, that the Latins never uſed *nervoſus* in Oppoſition to *levis*, but to *lenis.* Bent.

28. *Serpit humi, &c.*] Poetry is a Sea, and they, who ſail on it, ſhould neither venture too far from Shore, nor coaſt too near it.

A mournful Cypreſs, would You pour its Shade
O'er the tempeſtuous Deep, if You were paid
To paint a Sailor 'midſt the Winds and Waves,
When on a broken Plank his Life he ſaves?
Why will you thus a mighty Vaſe intend,
If in a worthleſs Bowl your Labours end?
Then learn this wandering Humour to controul,
And keep one equal Tenour through the Whole.
But oft, our greateſt Errours take their Riſe
From our beſt Views. I ſtrive to be conciſe;
I prove obſcure. My Strength, my Fire decays,
When in Purſuit of Elegance and Eaſe.
Aiming at Greatneſs ſome to Fuſtian ſoar;
Some in cold Safety creep along the Shore,
Too much afraid of Storms; while he, who tries
With ever-varying Wonders to ſurpriſe,
In the broad Foreſt bids his Dolphins play,
And paints his Boars diſporting in the Sea.
Thus, injudicious, while one Fault we ſhun,
Into its oppoſite Extreme we run.
One happier Artiſt of th' Æmilian Square,
Who graves the Nails, and forms the flowing Hair,
Though he excels in every ſeparate Part,
Yet fails of juſt Perfection in his Art,

In

31. *In vitium ducit culpæ fuga.*] Apprehenſive of a tedious Uniformity, we run into a wild and monſtrous Variety of Images. Such are the common Effects of a diſordered, irregular Imagination, *ſi caret arte.*

32. *Æmilium circa ludum.*] Æmilius Lepidus had an Academy of Gladiators, where Polycletus hath now his public Bath. Such are the Words of the Scholiaſt.

Unus & ungues exprimet.] *Unus omnium optimè exprimet.* This Reading is taken from a conſiderable Number of Manuſcripts, and *imus*, in the common Editions, hath been proved incapable of any tolerable Senſe.

34. *Ponere totum.*] An Artiſt in Sculpture ſhould not only excel in ſeparate and ſingle Parts, but ſhould know how to form thoſe Parts into one grand Whole. In Painting there ſhould be a Keep-

Neſciet. Hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim, quàm naſo vivere pravo,
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.
Sumite materiem veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus; & verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſeret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit & Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici:
Pleraque differat, & præſens in tempus omittat.

In

ing and Harmony of the Figures, and in Poetry the Incidents or Epiſodes ſhould be wrought into the principal Action. Yet by too curious a Solicitude in finiſhing the ſingle and leſs important Parts, the nobler are generally neglected, or the Compoſition of the Whole is lifeleſs and inanimate.

In Proof of theſe Remarks we are obliged to a late anonymous Commentator on this Poem for the following Compariſon. A Landſkip-painter is to draw together, and form into one entire View certain beautiful, or ſtriking Objects. This is his main Care. It is not even eſſential to the Merit of his Piece to labour, with extreme Exactneſs, the principal conſtituent Parts. But for the reſt, a Shrub or Flower, a ſtragling Goat or Sheep, theſe may be touched very negligently. We have a great modern Inſtance. Few Painters have known to furniſh finer Scenes, or have poſſeſſed the Art of combining Woods, Lakes and Rocks into more agreeable Pictures, than G. POUSSIN. Yet his Animals are obſerved to be ſcarce worthy an ordinary Artiſt. The Uſe of theſe is ſimply to decorate the Scene, and ſo their Beauty depends, not on the Truth and Correctneſs of the Drawing, but on the Elegance of their Diſpoſition only. For, in a Landſkip, the Eye careleſsly glances over the ſmaller Parts, and regards them only in reference to the ſurrounding Objects. The Painter's Labour therefore is loſt, or rather miſemployed, to the Prejudice of the Whole, when it ſtrives to finiſh, ſo minutely, particular Objects. If ſome great Maſters have ſhewn themſelves ambitious of this Fame, the Objects, they have laboured, have always been ſuch as are moſt conſiderable in themſelves, and have, beſides, an Effect in illuſtrating and ſetting off the entire Scenery. It is chiefly in this View, that Ruiſdale's Waters, and Claude Lorrain's Skies are ſo admirable.

This learned and ingenious Writer endeavours to prove, in a Commentary and Notes lately publiſhed on this Poem, that it is not a Collection of Precepts on the Art of Poetry, in general, but a regular well-conducted Piece, uniformly tending to lay open the

State,

In one grand Whole unknowing to unite
Thoſe different Parts, and I no more would write
Like Him, than with a Noſe of hideous Size
Be gaz'd at for the fineſt Hair and Eyes.

Examine well, ye Writers, weigh with Care,
What ſuits your Genius; what your Strength can bear.
To Him, who ſhall a Theme with Judgement chuſe,
Nor Words, nor Method ſhall their Aid refuſe.
In this, or I miſtake, conſiſts the Grace,
And Force of Method, to aſſign a Place
For what with preſent Judgement we ſhould ſay,
And for ſome happier Time the reſt delay.

Would

State, and to remedy the Defects of the Roman Stage. Prejudiced, perhaps, againſt this new Scheme by the Authority of Antiquity and the univerſal Conſent of all the beſt modern Critics of all Nations, we may not be able to feel the juſt Force of this ingenious Author's Reaſoning, or to perceive that clear, indiſputable Connexion, which he has found in this Poem. However, his Work will always be allowed of exceeding Merit, and interſperſed with many Remarks of uncommon Erudition, and an animated Spirit of Criticiſm.

36. *Naſo vivere pravo.*] Some Editors, againſt all the Credit due to Manuſcripts, read *pravo vivere naſo*, probably, becauſe they found ſomething more elegant and harmonious in this Arrangement of the Words. This Principle hath in general been much abuſed, and particularly in our Editions of Horace, who profeſſes even a Careleſſneſs of Numbers.

38. *Sumite materiem.*] It is not enough that our Subject be ſimple and uniform, it muſt alſo be proportioned to our Strength. This is a Precept of ſo much Importance, that, if Horace had intended a complete and regular Work, he would certainly have put it before all others. SAN.

42. *Ordinis hæc virtus erit & Venus.*] The Diſpoſition of our Subject demands our beſt Attention, eſpecially in Poetry, where the greateſt Art is to vary from the natural, hiſtorical Order. As this was a new Precept, unknown to all ancient Writers of Poetics, our Author modeſtly gives it with *aut ego fallor.* SAN. DAC.

43. *Ut jam nunc dicat, &c.*] *Jam nunc*, when alone, ſignifies *preſently*; and when repeated, as it is here, it means, *from time to time, ſometimes.* An Hiſtorian follows the regular Order of Time, but an epic or dramatic Poet opens the Scene as near as he can to the Cataſtrophe. His Readers begin the Poem with greater Pleaſure, believing they already ſee the Concluſion of it; but when he

In verbis etiam tenuis cautuſque ſerendis,
Hoc amet, hoc ſpernat, promiſſi carminis auctor.
Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè neceſſe eſt
Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia ſumta pudenter.
Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem; ſi
Græco fonte cadent, parcè detorta. Quid autem?
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademtum
Virgilio Varioque? Ego cur, acquirere pauca
Si poſſum, invideor? quum lingua Catonis & Ennî
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, ac nova rerum
Nomina protulerit. Licuit ſemperque licebit
Signatum præſente notâ procudere nummum.

Ut

hath engaged their Curioſity, he alarms their Paſſions by a Chain of Incidents, that naturally riſe out of the Story, while he occaſionally diſcovers as much of his Deſign, as is neceſſary to lead them to the grand Event. DAC. SAN.

45. *In verbis etiam tenuis.*] The Commentators acknowledge the Perplexity of theſe Lines, and their Explainations have made it more ſenſible. They, who refer *hoc amet, hoc ſpernat promiſſi carminis auctor*, to the two preceding Verſes, can never make any tolerable Senſe of them. *Spernat differre jam nunc debentia dici*, and *amet dicere jam nunc dici debentia*, are the ſame Senſe in different Expreſſions. Mr. Dacier divides this Line both from the preceding and following Verſes. He would perſuade us, it is a ſeparate Precept for the Choice of Incidents. But ſurely the Poet would not leave it thus alone, or be contented with only one Line on a Subject of ſuch Importance. Since there is no other Manner of making our Author ſpeak reaſonably, regularly, or intelligibly, we ſhould acknowledge the Neceſſity of the Tranſpoſition, which was propoſed by Dr. Bentley, and received by Mr. Sanadon.

47. *Dixeris egregiè, notum, &c.*] Such as *velivolum*. Horace expects, that a Poet, who preſumes to make new Words, ſhall have a delicate Taſte, *tenuis*, and that he ſhall be diſcreet in the Uſe of that Indulgence, which he gives him, *cautus*. Words derived from the Greek Tongue, ſhould have ſtrong Marks of Reſemblance to thoſe, from which they are formed; and Words entirely new are not allowable, but when they are neceſſary to expreſs ſome new Diſcovery. Such are the Rules, which Horace and good Senſe eſtabliſh. The Romans were ſo cautious of admitting new Words, that we can hardly

Would You to Fame a promis'd Work produce,
Be delicate and cautious in the Uſe
And Choice of Words: nor ſhall You fail of Praiſe,
When nicely joining two known Words You raiſe
A third unknown. A new-diſcover'd Theme
For thoſe, unheard in ancient Times, may claim
A juſt and ample Licence, which, if us'd
With fair Diſcretion, never is refus'd.
New Words, and lately made, ſhall Credit claim,
If from a Grecian Source they gently ſtream,
For Virgil ſure, and Varius may receive
That kind Indulgence, which the Romans give
To Plautus and Cæcilius: or ſhall I
Be envied, if my little Fund ſupply
Its frugal Wealth of Words, ſince Bards, who ſung
In ancient Days, enrich'd their native Tongue
With large Increaſe? An undiſputed Power
Of coining Money from the rugged Ore,
Nor leſs of coining Words, is ſtill confeſt,
If with a legal, public Stamp impreſt.

As

hardly find eight or ten produced by Terence, Cæcilius, Cicero, Hortenſius, Auguſtus, Meſſala, Pollio, and Sergius Flavius, in the Courſe of two or three Ages. Quint. L. viii. C. 3. SAN.

50. *Cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis.*] The Chethegi are repreſented as a maſculine, hardy Race, who preſerved the Faſhions of their Fathers in their Dreſs, and Horace makes uſe of an old Word *cinctutis*, better to mark their Antiquity. SAN.

52. *Nova factaque nuper.*] This Reading has an Authority of Manuſcripts, and *facere verba* is more than once uſed by Cicero, as in our Language, *to make Words.*

59. *Procudere nummum.*] By good Fortune *procudere* hath been preſerved in ſeveral Manuſcripts, and an Edition of the Year 1509. *Nummum* has not had the ſame Happineſs. As the Paſſage treats of Words, *nomen* ſeized on a Place in this Line, and remained a peaceable Poſſeſſor. Luiſinus firſt perceived the Uſurpation, re-eſtabliſhed *nummum*, and Dr. Bentley hath confirmed the Poſſeſſion; a Piece of Juſtice, in Mr. Sanadon's Opinion, due to Horace. *Producere nomen* ſo near to *nomina protulerit* is a diſagreeable and uſeleſs Repetition, nor is the Thought ſupportable. If it were always allow-

Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtraque; ſive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus claſſes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; ſteriliſve diu palus aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave ſentit aratrum:
Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius: mortalia facta peribunt;
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos & gratia vivax.
Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidere: cadentque
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula; ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi.
Res geſtæ regumque ducumque, & triſtia bella
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero monſtravit Homerus.
Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primùm,
Poſt

ed to make new Words, why has the Poet written ſo many Lines to prove what was not diſputed with him? Or why does he juſtify himſelf for thoſe few, *pauca*, which he had made? But he is not uſed to reaſon in ſuch a Manner. He compares Words to Money, and as it is always permitted to coin new Money of new Metal, or to ſtrike a new Impreſſion upon old Pieces, if we have public Authority for it; ſo an Author has a Right to Words already eſtabliſhed, to form them a-new, or even to make others perfectly new, if common Uſage authoriſes them.

63. *Sive receptus terrâ Neptunus*] Agrippa opened a Communication between the Lucrine and Avernian Lake in 717, and built a magnificent Haven there, which he named Portus Julius in Honour of Auguſtus, who was at that Time only called Julius Octavius. SAN.

65. *Steriliſve diu palus.*] This Line, ſays Dr. Bentley, lies heavy on the Manes of Horace. All the Grammarians of twelve hundred Years quote it thus, as the ſingle Inſtance of *us* in *palus* made ſhort. The Doctor would have us read *ſteriliſve palus prius*, and Mr. Cuningham hath propoſed ſeveral Corrections, one of which *ſteriliſve palus dudum*, is received by Mr. Sanadon.

67. *Curſum mutavit iniquum.*] The Scholiaſt informs us, that Agrippa opened a Canal to receive the Waters of the Tiber, which had overflowed the Country.

71. *Si volet uſus.*] The People, ſays Socrates, is an excellent Maſter

As when the Foreſt, with the bending Year,
Firſt ſheds the Leaves, which earlieſt appear,
So an old Race of Words maturely dies,
And ſome new-born in Youth and Vigour riſe.
We and our nobleſt Works to Fate muſt yield,
Even Cæſar's Mole, which regal Pride might build,
Where Neptune far into the Land extends,
And from the raging North our Fleets defends;
That barren Marſh, whoſe cultivated Plain
Now gives the neighbouring Towns its various Grain;
Tiber, who, taught a better Current, yields
To Cæſar's Power, nor deluges our Fields!
All theſe muſt periſh, and ſhall Words preſume
To hold their Honours and immortal Bloom?
Many ſhall riſe, that now forgotten lie;
Others, in preſent Credit, ſoon ſhall die,
If Cuſtom will, whoſe arbitrary Sway,
Words, and the Forms of Language, muſt obey.
By Homer taught the modern Poet ſings,
In Epic Strains, of Heroes, Wars, and Kings. Un-

Maſter of Languages. But, as Mr. Dacier well obſerves, there is a great Difference between Monarchies and Republics. In Rome and Athens, all Degrees of People were more frequently mixed together, from whence there was no ſenſible Variation in their Language; among us, the People have no Commerce with the Court, and accordingly their Language is quite different.

73. *Res geſtæ, &c.*] There is a peculiar Propriety, ſays our ingenious Commentator, in this Enumeration of the ſeveral Kinds of Poetry, as addreſſed to the Dramatic Writer. He is not only to ſtudy, for the Purpoſes here explained, the characteriſtic Differences of either Species of the Drama. He muſt farther be knowing in the other Kinds of Poetry, ſo as to be able, as the Nature of his Work will demand, to adopt the Genius of each, in its Turn, and to transfer the Graces of univerſal Poetry into the Drama. Thus, to follow the Diviſion here laid down, there will ſometimes be Occaſion for the Pomp and high Colouring of the Epic Narration; ſometimes for the plaintive Softneſs and paſſionate Inconnection of the Elegy: and the Chorus, if characterized in the antient Manner, muſt catch the fiery, inraptured Spirit of the Ode.

75. *Verſibus impariter junctis.*] Elegy was at firſt only a Lamenta-

Poſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.
Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo:
Hunc ſocci cepere pedem grandeſque cothurni,
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, & populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus, & natum rebus agendis.
Muſa dedit fidibus Divos, pueroſque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.
Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego ſi nequeo ignoroque, poeta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire, pudens pravè, quàm diſcere malo?
Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:

In-

tion for the Death of a Perſon beloved, and probably aroſe from the Death of Adonis. It was afterwards applied to the Joys and Griefs of Lovers. TOR. DAC.

77. *Exiguos elegos.*] The Pentameter, which Horace calls *exiguum*, becauſe it has a Foot leſs than the Hexameter. For the ſame Reaſon, he ſays *Verſibus impariter junctis.* DAC.

79. *Archilochum proprio.*] There were Verſes in this Meaſure long before the Time of Archilochus, but as he uſed them with particular Force, our Poet gives him the Honour of having invented them. DAC.

81. *Alternis aptum ſermonibus.*] No Meaſure is more natural, or more proper for Converſation than Iambic, from whence Ariſtotle, as Quintilian informs us, ſays, *iambus humanior videtur.* SAN.

81. *Populares vincentem ſtrepitus.*] There are many Reaſons given to explain this Remark. The Cadence of Iambics is more ſenſible, and their Meaſures more ſtrongly marked than any other. *Inſignes percuſſiones eorum numerorum.* Cic. The Pronunciation is more rapid, and this Rapidity forms, according to Ariſtotle, a greater Number of ſharp Sounds. Mr. Dacier adds, that the Iambic, being leſs different from common Converſation, more eaſily engaged the Attention of an Audience.

Natum rebus agendis.] Iambic Verſes are fit for Action, becauſe, as Quintilian expreſſes it, they are always riſing and increaſing in every Part; then paſſing lightly over a ſhort, they ſupport and repoſe themſelves on a long Syllable.

No

Unequal Meaſures firſt were tun'd to flow
Sadly expreſſive of the Lover's Woe;
But now, to gayer Subjects form'd, they move
In Sounds of Pleaſure, and the Joys of Love:
By whom invented, Critics yet contend,
And of their vain Diſputings find no End.
Archilochus, with fierce Reſentment warm'd,
Was with his own ſevere Iambics arm'd,
Whoſe rapid Numbers, ſuited to the Stage,
In comic Humour, or in tragic Rage,
With ſweet Variety were found to pleaſe,
And taught the Dialogue to flow with Eaſe;
Their numerous Cadence was for Action fit,
And form'd to quell the Clamours of the Pit.
The Muſe to nobler Subjects tunes her Lyre;
Gods, and the Sons of Gods her Song inſpire,
Wreſtler and Steed, who gain'd th' Olympic Prize:
Love's pleaſing Cares, and Wine's unbounded Joys.
But if, through Weakneſs, or my Want of Art,
I can't to every different Style impart
The proper Strokes and Colours it may claim,
Why am I honour'd with a Poet's Name?
Abſurdly modeſt, why my Fault diſcern,
Yet rather burſt in Ignorance, than learn?
Nor will the Genius of the comic Muſe
Sublimer Tones, or tragic Numbers uſe;

Nor

No modern Languages have any Rules of Proſody, but an Heroic Line in Engliſh hath four Iambic Meaſures in Reading, Accent, and Pronunciation. From hence ariſes the peculiar Happineſs of its Numbers for Tragedy. The two firſt Syllables are either long or ſhort.

83. *Muſa dedit fidibus.*] All other Poetry was an Invention of Men, Lyric Poetry was a Preſent of the Gods. Orpheus, the firſt Lyric Poet, was inſtructed by his Mother Calliope. SAN.

86. *Deſcriptas ſervare vices.*] As each Kind of Poetry hath its

Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decentem.
Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit;
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore,
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri
Telephus ac Peleus, quum pauper & exul uterque
Projicit ampullas ac ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querelâ.
Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata; dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primùm ipſi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Tele-

proper Character, there is alſo a Kind of Style peculiar to it. *Vices*, the different Characters of different Poems. *Operumque colores*, the various Ornaments of Language and Expreſſion, are like the Colours in Painting. DAC.

91. *Cœna Thyeſtæ.*] The Supper of Thyeſtes, ſays Mr. Dacier, is put for all Sorts of Tragedies. But why this Subject ſhould be ſingled out, as the Repreſentative of the reſt, is no where explained by the Commentators. The Reaſon was, that the Thyeſtes of Ennius was peculiarly chargeable with the Fault here cenſured: as is plain from a curious Paſſage in the *Orator*; where Cicero, ſpeaking of the looſe Numbers of certain Poets, obſerves this, in particular, of the Tragedy of Thyeſtes, *Similia ſunt quædam apud noſtros: velut in Thyeſte,*

Quemnam te eſſe dicam? qui tardâ in ſenectute.

et quæ ſequuntur: quæ, niſi cùm tibicen acceſſerit, orationi ſunt ſolutæ ſimillima: which Character exactly agrees to this of Horace, wherein the Language of that Play is cenſured, as flat and proſaic, and hardly riſing above the plain Narrative of an ordinary Converſation in Comedy. The Words *exponi* and *narrari* in this Precept are admirably choſen to expreſs the two Faults condemned: The firſt implying a Kind of Pomp and Oſtentation in the Language, which is therefore improper for the low Subjects of Comedy: And the latter, a flat, proſaic Expreſſion, not above the Caſt of a common Narrative, and therefore equally unfit for Tragedy.

Nor will the direful Thyeſtean Feaſt
In comic Phraſe and Language be debas'd.
Then let your Style be ſuited to the Scene,
And its peculiar Character maintain.
Yet Comedy ſometimes her Voice may raiſe,
And angry Chremes rail in ſwelling Phraſe:
As oft the tragic Language humbly flows,
For Telephus or Peleus, 'midſt the Woes
Of Poverty or Exile, muſt complain
In proſe-like Style; muſt quit the ſwelling Strain,
And Words gigantic, if with Nature's Art
They hope to touch their melting Hearer's Heart.
'Tis not enough, ye Writers, that ye charm
With Eaſe and Elegance; a Play ſhould warm
With ſoft Concernment; ſhould poſſeſs the Soul,
And, as it wills, the liſtening Croud controul.
With them, who laugh, our ſocial Joy appears;
With them, who mourn, we ſympathiſe in Tears;
If you would have me weep, begin the Strain,
Then I ſhall feel your Sorrows, feel your Pain;

But

92. *Singula quæque locum teneant.*] The tragic and comic Style muſt not encroach on each other. Nature hath eſtabliſhed this Law. Comedy muſt not aſſume the Buſkin, and Tragedy muſt not deſcend into the Sock. Such are the Words of Quintilian. The beſt Copies and Editions read *decentem.*

95. *Et tragicus plerumque dolet.*] Comedy hath Paſſions in common with Tragedy, and then it may imitate the tragic Style. We may therefore ſay on this Occaſion what Quintilian does of Eloquence, *Omnis eloquentia habet aliquid commune: id imitemur quod commune eſt.* Grief is the only Paſſion, in which Tragedy may lower its natural Greatneſs of Expreſſion. Dr. Bentley very well obſerves, that *tragicus* muſt agree with Telephus and Peleus. *Tragicus* for *tragicus actor* is never uſed.

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Telephe, vel Peleu, malè ſi mandata loquêris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Triſtia mœſtum
Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, laſciva; ſeverum, ſeria dictu.
Format enim Natura priùs nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit:
Poſt effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
Intererit multum Divuſne loquatur, an heros;
Maturuſne ſenex, an adhuc florente juventâ
Fervidus; & matrona potens, an ſedula nutrix;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;
Colchus, an Aſſyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.
Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Honoratum ſi fortè reponis Achillen,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triſtis Oreſtes.

Si

engaging, intereſting, and affecting, *dulcia*. Horace here treats of what the Latins call *affectus animi*, which ſhould be different according to the Circumſtances of the Speaker. Nannius.

105. *Triſtia mœſtum.*] Nature hath given to each Paſſion its peculiar Air, Language and Action. The different Changes diſcover themſelves in the Face, the Voice, the Geſture, and all the Attitudes of the Body, as they are produced by the Movements of the Soul. Thus the Strings of a muſical Inſtrument give their proper Tones, when touched by a maſterly Hand.

118. *Colchus an Aſſyrius.*] Every Nation, whether from their Climate or Education, hath a Difference of Manners and Sentiments. Thus, the People of Colchos were ſavage and cruel; thoſe of Aſſyria, falſe and cunning. The Thebans were ignorant and rude; the Argives polite and proud. Nan.

120. *Scriptor honoratum, &c.*] Horace having ſpoken of the Manners, now proceeds to the Characters, which are the moſt eſſential Parts of dramatic, as well as epic Poetry. Dr. Bentley, with his uſual Spirit of correcting, reads *Homereum* inſtead of *honoratum*,

But if your Heroes act not what they ſay,
I ſleep or laugh the lifeleſs Scene away.
The varying Face ſhould every Paſſion ſhow,
And Words of Sorrow wear the Look of Woe;
Let it in Joy aſſume a vivid Air;
Fierce when in Rage; in Serioufneſs ſevere:
For Nature to each Change of Fortune forms
The ſecret Soul, and all its Paſſions warms:
Tranſports to Rage, dilates the Heart with Mirth,
Wrings the ſad Soul, and bends it down to Earth.
The Tongue theſe various Movements muſt expreſs,
But, if ill-ſuited to the deep Diſtreſs
His Language prove, the Sons of Rome engage
To laugh th' unhappy Actor off the Stage.
Your Style ſhould an important Difference make
When Heroes, Gods, or awful Sages ſpeak;
A florid Youth, whom gay Deſires enflame;
A buſy Servant, or a wealthy Dame;
A Merchant, wandering with inceſſant Toil,
Or He, who cultivates the verdant Soil;
But if in foreign Realms You fix your Scene,
Their Genius, Cuſtoms, Dialects maintain.
Or follow Fame, or in th' invented Tale
Let ſeeming, well-united Truth prevail:
If Homer's great Achilles tread the Stage,
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving Rage,
Like Homer's Hero, let him ſpurn all Laws,
And by the Sword alone aſſert his Cauſe.
With untam'd Fury let Medea glow,
And Ino's Tears in ceaſeleſs Anguiſh flow.
From Realm to Realm her Griefs let Iö bear,
And ſad Oreſtes rave in deep Deſpair. But

ratum, and ſupports his Conjecture with much Learning, and not much leſs Probability. But ſuch an Alteration is too bold to be

Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, & audes
Perſonam formare novam ; ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.
Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere : tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quàm ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, ſi
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem ;
Nec verbo verbum curabis reddere fidus
Interpres ; nec deſilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem referre pudor vetet aut operis lex.
Nec ſic incipies, ut ſcriptor cyclicus olim :
FORTUNAM Priami cantabo & nobile bellum.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu ?
Parturiunt montes ; naſcetur ridiculus mus.

Quantò

admitted without apparent Neceſſity. Mr. Creech, who ſeems to have firſt ſuſpected the Text, reads *aut ſibi convenientia finge ſcripta. Inhonoratum ſi fortè, &c.*

125. *Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis.*] Having explained the *famam ſequere*, he now explains the latter Part of the Verſe, *aut convenientia finge.* A Perſon of the Imagination ſhould have his *Manners*, which ought to be maintained agreeably to the Condition, Paſſions, and Character given him by the Poet. DAC. SAN.

128. *Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere.*] *Communia*, *Subjects, which every Poet hath an equal Right to invent.* It is not eaſy to form theſe Perſons of the Imagination, and give them proper and natural Characters. But ſince a Poet may form them as he pleaſes, he becomes leſs pardonable, if they are not ſuch as they ought to be. Beſides, it is difficult to invent, and he may promiſe himſelf more Succeſs, if he take his Story from Homer, whom Plato calls the Father of Tragedy. NAN. DAC.

131. *Publica materies.*] The Poet means two very different Things in two Expreſſions, that have the ſame Senſe. He hath called new-invented, unknown Subjects *communia* ; here by *publica materies* he means ancient, known Subjects, becauſe the Stage and the People are in Poſſeſſion of them already. NAN.

132. *Nec circa vilem patulumque, &c.*] In taking the Subject of a Tragedy from Homer, we ſhould not amuſe ourſelves with a vile Circuit, open to the whole World, by taking all the Circumſtances and Epiſodes of his Poem, and even his Manner of connecting them. We ſhould imitate the Ancients, but not copy them in a ſervile Manner. The Subject may belong to them, yet the Incidents, Epiſodes, and Diſpoſition of it ſhould be our own. DAC. SAN.

But if You venture on an untry'd Theme,
And form a Perſon yet unknown to Fame,
From his firſt Entrance to the cloſing Scene,
Let him one equal Character maintain.
'Tis hard a new-form'd Fable to expreſs,
And make it ſeem your own. With more Succeſs
You may from Homer take the Tale of Troy,
Than on an untry'd Plot your Strength employ.
Yet would You make a common Theme your own,
Dwell not on Incidents already known;
Nor Word for Word tranſlate with painful Care,
Nor be confin'd in ſuch a narrow Sphere,
From whence (while You ſhould only imitate)
Shame and the Rules forbid You to retreat.
Begin your Work with modeſt Grace and plain,
Nor like the Bard of everlaſting Strain,
I SING the glorious War and Priam's Fate——
How will the Boaſter hold this yawning Rate?
The Mountains labour'd with prodigious Throes,
And lo! a Mouſe ridiculous aroſe.

Far

133. *Nec verbo verbum,*] Is a Manner of Expreſſion uſual in the beſt Authors, and this Reading is of the beſt Manuſcripts. Our Commentators ſeem to miſtake the Meaning of this Paſſage, when they ſtrictly underſtand it of tranſlating. The Poet is talking of Imitation only, and adviſes his Imitators not to tranſlate, when they pretend only to imitate. Indeed, the Precept, if taken in a general Senſe, will be perfectly true; that all verbal, literal Tranſlations muſt be cold and lifeleſs.

134. *Nec deſilies imitator in arctum.*] He continues his Allegory of the *vilis Orbis*. He will not only not ſuffer his Imitator to copy the Thoughts and Expreſſions of Homer, but would have him avoid even his Order and Connexion of Events, for fear of engaging himſelf in ſuch Circumſtances, as not to be able to retreat with Honour, or without injuring the Laws, which he had eſtabliſhed for the Conduct of his Poem; or, as he expreſſes it in another Place, without being obliged to call to a God to relieve him out of the Difficulty, *dignus Deo vindice nodus.*

136. *Scriptor cyclicus.*] A Poet, who knows not the poetical Art of throwing Events out of their natural Order, and making them riſe with

Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nîl molitur ineptè!
Dic mihi, Muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.
Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdin.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
Semper ad eventum feſtinat; & in medias res,
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit; & quæ
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit:
Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.
Tu, quid ego & populus mecum deſideret, audi.
Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis, & uſque
Seſſuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat:
Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores,
Mobilibuſque decor, maturis dandus & annis.

Red-

with more of the Marvellous, but follows the methodical Connexion of the Fable or Hiſtory, while he propoſes to write the whole Life and Adventures of his Hero. The Reader may find a larger Account of theſe Words in the Notes on the ſeventh Ode, firſt Book.

140. *Qui nîl molitur ineptè.*] *Moliri* ſignifies to attempt and begin a Deſign; or to diſpoſe and range the different Parts of it. Homer muſt be always admired for that modeſt Simplicity, with which he begins his two Poems, and for the Diſpoſition of his Fable. SAN.

146. *Nec reditum Diomedis.*] We do not know the Poet whom Horace means. He wrote a Poem on the Return of Diomed from the War of Troy, and began it with the Death of his Uncle Meleager. Thus he gave a Beginning to the Beginning of his Action, before which, as Ariſtotle obſerves, nothing ſhould be ſuppoſed neceſſary.

148. *Et in medias res.*] The latter End of this Verſe explains the Beginning of it. Homer is ſo earneſt to arrive at the End of his Poem, that, even at the opening of it, he tranſports his Readers into the Middle of his Subject. Thus the Commentators, in general, explain it; but Mr. Dacier underſtands *medias res*, Things of a middle and indifferent Nature, what the Greeks called μέσα.

150. *Deſperat tractata niteſcere.*] A Metaphor taken from Things

poliſhed

Far better He, who ne'er attempts in vain,
Opening his Poem in this humble Strain,
MUSE, ſing the Man, who, after Troy ſubdu'd,
MANNERS and Towns of various Nations view'd.
He does not laviſh at a Blaze his Fire,
Sudden to glare, and in a Smoke expire:
But from a Cloud of Smoke he breaks to Light,
And pours his ſpecious Miracles to Sight;
Antiphates his hideous Feaſt devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.
He would not, like our modern Poet, date
His Hero's Wanderings from his Uncle's Fate;
Nor ſing ill-fated Ilium's various Woes,
From Helen's Birth, from whom the War aroſe;
But to the grand Event he ſpeeds his Courſe,
And bears his Readers, with impetuous Force,
Into the midſt of Things, while every Line
Opens, by juſt Degrees, his whole Deſign.
Artful he knows each Circumſtance to leave,
Which will not Grace and Ornament receive;
Then Truth and Fiction with ſuch Skill he blends,
That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.
Mine and the public Judgement are the ſame;
Then mark what I, and what your Audience claim.
If you would keep us 'till the Curtain fall,
And the laſt Chorus for a Plaudit call,
The Manners muſt your ſtricteſt Care engage,
The Levities of Youth and Strength of Age. The

poliſhed by the Force of handling. Hiſtory and a Poet's Imagination may furniſh him with a great Number of Incidents, but his own Judgement muſt direct him in the Choice of them. Whatever is languiſhing, or incapable of appearing with Grace and Action, ſhould be thrown out of his Poem. SAN.

156. *Notandi ſunt tibi mores.*] The Manners muſt be well diſtinguiſhed, and ſtrongly marked, *deſignandi, exprimendi.*

157. *Maturis dandus & annis.*] This Reading has been found as a Cor-

Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer, ac pede certo
Signat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas.
Imberbus juvenis, tandem cuſtode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibuſque & aprici gramine campi;
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper,
Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupiduſque, & amata relinquere pernix.
Converſis ſtudiis, ætas animuſque virilis
Quærit opes & amicitias, inſervit honori;
Commiſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quòd
Quærit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quòd res omnes timidè gelidéque miniſtrat,
Dilator, ſpe lentus, iners, paviduſque futuri;
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, cenſor caſtigatorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt: ne fortè ſeniles

Man-

a Correction in an ancient Manuſcript, and we may believe the Scholiaſts had it in their Copies, ſince one of them explains it by *maturum ſenem*; the other by *maturo ſeni*. *Mobilibus* can only agree with *annis*, and abſolutely excludes *naturis*. The Latins uſe *natura* for the Eſſence of Things; the Virtue natural to each Creature; the Temperament of Perſons; but theſe never change, or can be changed. Our Poet here divides the Life of Man into two equal Parts; the Levity and Inconſtancy of Youth or Infancy, *mobiles anni*; the Maturity and Firmneſs of Manhood, or Age, *anni maturi*. After this general Diviſion, he runs through the four Ages, and gives to each of them its proper Character. BENT. CUN. SAN.

161. *Imberbus*] Is of an ancient Manuſcript. The beſt Authors uſe *imberbi*, not *imberbes*.

172. *Spe lentus, iners, paviduſque futuri.*] The common Reading, *ſpe longus*, is unknown to all good Authors. We have *ſpes longa* more than once in Horace, to ſignify an Hope, which we carry a great Way, and the Bounds of which are far diſtant. But ſuch Hopes can only agree with our earlier Years, for old Age is more confined. It ſees Things much nearer, and whatever is beyond a certain Diſtance is beyond its Reach. Beſides, their Experience of the

The Child, who now with firmer Footing walks,
And with unfaultering, well-form'd Accents talks,
Loves childiſh Sports; with cauſeleſs Anger burns,
And idly pleas'd with every Moment turns.
The Youth, whoſe Will no forward Tutor bounds,
Joys in the ſunny Field, his Horſe and Hounds;
Yielding like Wax, th' impreſſive Folly bears;
Rough to Reproof, and ſlow to future Cares;
Profuſe and vain; with every Paſſion warm'd,
And ſwift to leave, what late his Fancy charm'd.
With Strength improv'd, the manly Spirit bends
To different Aims, in ſearch of Wealth and Friends;
Boldly ambitious in Purſuit of Fame,
And wiſely cautious in the doubtful Scheme.
A thouſand Ills the aged World ſurround,
Anxious in ſearch of Wealth, and when 'tis found,
Fearful to uſe, what they with Fear poſſeſs,
While Doubt and Dread their Faculties depreſs.
Fond of Delay, they truſt in Hope no more,
Liſtleſs, and fearful of th' approaching Hour;
Moroſe, complaining, and with tedious Praiſe,
Talking the Manners of their youthful Days;
Severe to cenſure; earneſt to adviſe,
And with old Saws the preſent Race chaſtiſe. The

the paſt, makes old People depend but little upon the future. Horace here follows Ariſtotle in the Characters, which he hath drawn of the different Ages of Man; but Ariſtotle ſays, that old Men are difficult to hope δυσελπίδες, which is directly contrary to *ſpe lengus*, but perfectly agrees with *ſpe lentus*.

A Manuſcript, in which a Letter, that muſt certainly have been a P, before *avidus*, is eraſed, hath even in that Eraſement preſerved the ancient Reading. *Avidus futuri*, for *vitæ avidus* is an Expreſſion perfectly unknown, nor will it agree with *iners* immediately before it. Beſides, *pavidus futuri* anſwers exactly to προσδοκητικὸς, which Ariſtotle uſes to expreſs thoſe Diſquietudes, Fears and Apprehenſions of Futurity, that uſually attend old Age, and are quite unknown to Youth. BENT. CUN. SAN.

175. *Multa ferunt anni venientes.*] He returns to his firſt Diviſion

Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.
Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur:
Segniùs irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quàm quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in ſcenam; multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens:
Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.
Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ poſci vult, & ſpectata reponi.
Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.

Actoris

ſion of human Life into two Parts. *Anni venientes*, the Years preceding Manhood; *anni recedentes*, the Years going back towards old Age and Death. The Ancients reckoned the former by Addition; the latter by Subſtraction. The French have an Expreſſion like this of *recedentes anni*. They ſay, *eſt ſur ſon retour*, *he is upon his Return*, when a Perſon is declining in Years. DAC.

178. *Semper in adjunctis.*] *Adjuncta ævo*, every Thing which attends Age; *apta ævo*, every Thing proper to it. NAN. DAC.

184. *Facundia præſens.*] The Recital of an Actor preſent, which ought to be made with all the Pathetic, *facundia*; or a Recital inſtead of the Action, *facundia facti vicaria, quæ rem quaſi oculis præſentem ſiſtit.* DAC. SAN.

185. *Ne pueros coram populo.*] It is much diſputed whether Horace abſolutely condemns all Kinds of Killing on the Stage, or only ſuch execrable Murders, as he mentions in theſe Lines. Mr. Dacier boldly aſſerts, that none but bad Poets, who have not Genius enough to move an Audience by the Narrative, ever introduced theſe bloody Spectacles. Mr. Sanadon, with as little Reſerve, aſſures us, that Sports, where human Blood is ſhed, can be pleaſing only to a ſavage, cruel People, who have loſt all Senſe of Humanity.

Ne pueros,] Is of ſeveral excellent Manuſcripts; *multa tolles ex oculis ne, &c.* as *multa ferunt anni venientes——ne forte ſeniles, &c.*

189. *Neve minor, neu ſit quinto.*] Whether there be any Thing of

The Bleſſings flowing in with Life's full Tide,
Down with our Ebb of Life decreaſing glide;
Then let not Youth, or Infancy engage
To play the Parts of Manhood, or of Age:
For where the proper Characters prevail,
We dwell with Pleaſure on the well-wrought Tale.
The Buſineſs of the Drama muſt appear
In Action or Deſcription. What we hear,
With weaker Paſſion will affect the Heart,
Than when the faithful Eye beholds the Part.
But let not ſuch upon the Stage be brought,
Which better ſhould behind the Scenes be wrought;
Nor force th' unwilling Audience to behold
What may with Grace and Eloquence be told.
Let not Medea, with unnatural Rage,
Slaughter her mangled Infants on the Stage:
Nor Atreus his deteſted Feaſt prepare,
Nor Cadmus roll a Snake, nor Progne wing the Air.
For while upon ſuch monſtrous Scenes we gaze,
They ſhock our Faith, our Indignation raiſe.
If you would have your Play deſerve Succeſs,
Give it five Acts complete; nor more, nor leſs:
Nor let a God in Perſon ſtand diſplay'd,
Unleſs the labouring Plot deſerve his Aid:
Nor a fourth Actor, on the crouded Scene,
A broken, tedious Dialogue maintain.

The

of Reality and Truth in this Precept may be diſputed, but the beſt Poets, ancient and modern, have held it inviolable. They have conſidered it as a juſt Medium between a Length, which might grow languiſhing and tedious; and a Shortneſs, too much crouded with Incidents. Many learned Commentators on Scripture aſſure us, that the Song of Solomon was a nuptial Play, and ſome of them tell us, it is naturally divided into five Acts. If this Criticiſm be true, the Jews were acquainted with dramatic Pieces of five Acts above ſix hundred Years before Ariſtotle came into the World.

192. *Nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.*] The Poet does not forbid a fourth

Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non propoſito conducat & hæreat aptè.
Ille bonis faveatque & conſilietur amicè;
Et regat iratos, & amet pacare tumentes:
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis; ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam, legeſque, & apertis otia portis:
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deoſque precetur & oret,
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat Fortuna ſuperbis.
Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula; ſed tenuis ſimplexque foramine pauco
Aſpirare & adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu:
Quò ſanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi caſtuſque verecunduſque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius feſtis impunè diebus:
Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque licentia major.

Indoctus

a fourth Perſon to ſpeak, but would have him ſay very little, as the Scholiaſt underſtands the Precept. Indeed, a Converſation of three People is moſt agreeable, becauſe, it is leſs confuſed, and leſs divides the Attention of the Audience. RODELL.

193. *Actoris partes chorus.*] The chorus was not introduced between the Acts, merely to relieve the Audience, but had a Part in the Play, and concurred with the other Actors to carry on the Plot, and ſupport the Probability of it. The Choriphæus, or firſt Perſon of the Chorus, entered into the Acts, and ſpoke for all thoſe, of whom the Chorus was compoſed; *officiumque virile defendat.* The Chorus filled up the Intervals of the Acts with their Songs, which were compoſed of Reflexions upon what was paſt, or their Apprehenſions of what might happen.

196. *Conſilietur amicè.*] *In ſcriptis omnibus ſic legitur*, ſays Cruquius.

197. *Amet pacare tumentes.*] The common Editions read *amet peccare timentes*, but this Expreſſion would ſay the ſame as *bonis faveat*, and even ſay it more feebly. The preſent Reading is of ſeveral Manuſcripts.

The Chorus muſt ſupport an Actor's Part;
Defend the Virtuous, and adviſe with Art;
Govern the Choleric, the Proud appeaſe,
And the ſhort Feaſts of frugal Tables praiſe;
Applaud the Juſtice of well-govern'd States,
And Peace triumphant with her open Gates.
Intruſted Secrets let them ne'er betray,
But to the righteous Gods with Ardour pray,
That Fortune with returning Smiles may bleſs
Afflicted Worth, and impious Pride depreſs;
Yet let their Songs with apt Coherence join,
Promote the Plot, and aid the main Deſign.

Nor was the Flute at firſt with Silver bound,
Nor rival'd emulous the Trumpet's Sound:
Few were its Notes, its Form was ſimply plain,
Yet not unuſeful was its feeble Strain
To aid the Chorus, and their Songs to raiſe,
Filling the little Theatre with Eaſe,
To which a thin and pious Audience came,
Of frugal Manners, and unſullied Fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her State,
And broader Walls inclos'd th' imperial Seat,
Soon as with Wine grown diſſolutely gay
Without Reſtraint ſhe chear'd the feſtal Day,
Then Poeſy in looſer Numbers mov'd,
And muſic in licentious Tones improv'd;

Such

200. *Ille tegat commiſſa.*] The Choriphæus was preſent through the whole Play, and was often neceſſarily intruſted with the Secrets of the Perſons of the Drama. To preſerve the Probability, the Poets choſe a Chorus, that was obliged by their own Intereſt to keep theſe Secrets, and without acting contrary to their Duty. Euripides hath greatly offended againſt this Precept. DAC.

211. *Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque.*] Their Conqueſts gave them Riches; Riches introduced Luxury, and Luxury formed a new Taſte,

Indoctus quid enim ſaperet liberque laborum,
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?
Sic priſcæ motumque & luxuriem addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem:
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevêre ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumque ſagax rerum, ac divina futuri
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.
Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agreſtes Satyros nudavit, & aſper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quòd
Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator, functuſque ſacris, & potus, & exlex.

Verùm

Taſte, which the Poets and Muſicians were obliged to gratify with a Licentiouſneſs of Numbers in their Verſes, and a Wantonneſs of Sounds in their Muſic. Socrates and Plato ſay, that laſcivious Muſic always proceeds from an Ignorance of the Mind and a Corruption of the Heart.

212. *Liberque Laborum.*] Lazy and idle after their Harveſt and Vintage. DAC.

215. *Tibicen.*] In what Manner the Tibia could be made of Uſe to harmoniſe a Poet's Numbers, and clear an Actor's Expreſſion to an Audience, is, perhaps, to us inconceivable. Yet Cicero tells us, that they, who were more knowing in this Muſic, could readily diſtinguiſh, at the firſt Sound of the Tibia, whether the Actor pronounced Antiope or Andromache, which the reſt of the Audience were incapable of gueſſing at. In another Place, he blames the Poets for the Careleſſneſs of their Numbers, which were ſo extremely like Proſe, as only to be diſtinguiſhed from it by the Modulation and Harmony of the Tibia. This Inſtrument was generally uſed in the declamatory Parts of Tragedy, as the Lyre was in the Chorus,

Traxitque vagus.] Dreſs, as well as Muſic, was corrupted. *Vagus* relates to the Motions of the Chorus in ſinging the Strophe and Antiſtrophe. DAC.

216. *Fidibus voces crevêre.*] The Lyre originally had only three Strings; Orpheus added a fourth, and it afterwards increaſed to ſeven, from thence called Heptachord. The ſame Changes happened to the Lute, *cithara*, and they both loſt their original Simplicity and Majeſty, *ſeveris*, or that *antiquæ muſicæ ſeveritas*, Severity of Sounds, as Tully calls it. The firſt of theſe Inſtruments was uſed in Comedy; the ſecond in Tragedy. SAN.

Such ever is the Taſte, when Clown and Wit,
Ruſtic and Critic, fill the crouded Pit.

He, who before with modeſt Art had play'd,
Now call'd in wanton Movements to his Aid,
Fill'd with luxurious Tones the pleaſing Strain,
And drew along the Stage a Length of Train:
And thus the Lyre, once awfully ſevere,
Increas'd the Strings, and ſweeter charm'd the Ear:
Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted Elocution glow'd;
Pour'd forth prophetic Truths in awful Strain,
Dark as the Language of the Delphic Fane.

The tragic Bard, who for a worthleſs Prize
Bid naked Satyrs in his Chorus riſe,
Though rude his Mirth, yet labour'd to maintain
The ſolemn Grandeur of the tragic Scene;
For Novelty alone he knew could charm
A lawleſs Croud, with Wine and Feaſting warm.

217. *Eloquium inſolitum.*] Ignorance and a Corruption of Manners having vitiated their Taſte, it neceſſarily followed, that Arts and Sciences muſt feel a ſenſible Alteration. Poets and Orators quitted the Language of Nature, and grew fond of a figurative Style, ſhining Thoughts, and perplexed Expreſſions. The ſame Cauſes have produced the ſame Effects in all Ages. SAN.

221. *Agreſtes Satyros nudavit.*] Our Commentators imagine, that Horace means the Atellanæ, but theſe were a particular Species of Comedy; *Comœdiarum formæ ſunt tres: Palliatæ, Togatæ, Atellanæ.* DONATUS.

The Satyrs were a Kind of looſer, lighter Tragedies, Τραγῳδία παίζουσα, of a Character between real Tragedy and Comedy. They ſeem to have been introduced on the Roman Stage in the Auguſtan Age, when our Author ſeemed willing to encourage them, inſtead of the low Pleaſantry of the Atellanæ, and laid down theſe Precepts for their future Improvement. It is probable, from the Silence of all future Writers, that he did not ſucceed. The only Piece of this Kind remaining to us is the Cyclops of Euripides, in which Ulyſſes is the principal Actor.

For the better Part of this Note the Tranſlator is obliged to the anonymous Author of the Commentary on the Art of Poetry.

223. *Incolumi gravitate.*] Rejecting every Thing ſerious. Bidding Farewel to all Gravity.

Verùm ita riſores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere ſeria ludo;
Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.
Effutire leves indigna tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus
Intererit Satyris paulùm pudibunda protervis.
Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina ſolùm
Verbaque, Piſones, Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo:
Nec ſic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil interſit, Davuſne loquatur & audax
Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
An cuſtos famuluſque Dei Silenus alumni.
Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar: ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem; ſudet multùm, fruſtraque laboret

Auſus

228. *Nuper.*] This proves, that the ſame Actor, as Mr. Dacier obſerves, who had been an Oreſtes or Ulyſſes in the principal Tragedy, played a Character in the Satyr. Thus Plautus in the Prologue to his Menechmes, *This Town, during this Play, ſhall be Epidamnum, and when it has been acted, it may be any other City. As in a Company of Players, the ſame Perſon ſhall, at different Times, be a Pandar, a Youth, an old Man, a Beggar, a King, a Paraſite, a Sooth ſayer.* St. Jerom hath finely imitated this Paſſage; *Our Vices oblige us to play many Characters, for every Vice wears a different Maſk. Thus in a Theatre, the ſame Perſon plays a robuſt and nervous Hercules, a diſſolute Venus, and a furious Cyclops.*

229. *Migret in obſcuras, &c.*] The former of theſe Faults, a low and vulgar Expreſſion in the comic Parts, *humili ſermone*, would almoſt naturally adhere to the firſt Eſſays of the Roman Satyrs, from the buffoon Genius of the Atellanæ: and the latter, a Language too ſublime in the tragic Part, *nubes & inania captat*, would ariſe from not apprehending the true Meaſure and Degree of the tragic Mixture. To correct both theſe, the Poet gives the exacteſt Idea of the Satyrs, in the Image of a Roman Matron, Sharing in the Mirth of a religious Feſtival. The Occaſion obliged to ſome Freedoms, and yet the Dignity of her Character demanded a decent Reſerve. Commentary on the Art of Poetry.

And yet this laughing, prating Tribe may raiſe
Our Mirth, nor ſhall their Ridicule diſpleaſe;
But let the Hero, or the Power divine,
Whom late we ſaw with Gold and Purple ſhine,
Stoop not in vulgar Phraſe, nor yet deſpiſe
The Words of Earth, and ſoar into the Skies.
For as a Matron, on our feſtal Days
Oblig'd to dance, with modeſt Grace obeys,
So ſhould the Muſe her Dignity maintain,
Amidſt the Satyrs and their wanton Train.
If e'er I write, no Words too groſly vile
Shall ſhame my Satyrs and pollute my Style.
Nor would I yet the tragic Style forſake
So far, as not ſome Difference to make
Between a Slave, or Wench, too pertly bold,
Who wipes the Miſer of his darling Gold,
And grave Silenus, with inſtructive Nod
Giving wiſe Lectures to his pupil God.
From well known Tales ſuch Fiction would I raiſe
As all might hope to imitate with Eaſe;

Yet

232. *Matrona moveri juſſa.*] Young Women were uſually choſen to dance in Honour of the Gods; but in ſome Feſtivals, as in that of the great Goddeſs, the Pontiffs obliged married Women to dance. From hence the Poet ſays *juſſa.* DAC.

234. *Dominantia verba.*] What the Greeks call κύρια, as if they were maſters of the Thing they would expreſs; as we ſay in Engliſh, *calling Things by their proper Names.*

238. *Emuncto Simone.*] The Poet, ſpeaking of the Style of Comedy, as Mr. Dacier obſerves, makes uſe of a low comic Word *emuncto*; a Beauty, which the Tranſlator hath endeavoured to preſerve, *who-wipes.*

239. *Silenus.*] This God was always the Coryphæus of theſe Satyric Performances. The Poets made him Governor and Foſter-Father of Bacchus. Orpheus begins a Hymn to him thus, *Hear me, O Venerable, Thou Foſter-Father of Bacchus.*

Auſus idem : tantùm ſeries junctúraque pollet ;
Tantùm de medio ſumtis accedit honoris.
Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenſes,
Aut nimiùm teneris juvenentur verſibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent ignominioſaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, & pater, & res :
Nec, ſi quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ.
Syllaba longa brevi ſubjecta, vocatur iambus,
Pes citus ; unde etiam trimetris adcreſcere juſſit
Nomen iambeis, quum ſenos redderet ictus
Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi : non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paulò graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondeos ſtabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus ac patiens ; non ut de ſede ſecundâ
Cederet, aut quartâ ſocialiter. Hic & in Accî
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Ennî.
In ſcenam miſſus magno cum pondere verſus,
Aut operæ nimiùm celeris curâque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex :

Et

243. *Tantùm de medio ſumtis.*] The Writers of Satyrs ſeem to have invented their Subjects, a Cuſtom which Horace condemns, who would have them *de medio ſumtis*, taken from ſome known Story. Theſe Subjects indeed appear extremely eaſy ; but whoever attempts to imitate him, ſhall find, that the Diſpoſition and Execution of his Plan hath coſt the Poet infinite Trouble.

246. *Juvenentur.*] This is thought to be one of the Words, with which our Poet enriched the Latin Tongue.

248. *Quibus eſt equus, &c.*] The Knights, who have an Horſe, kept at public Expence ; *quibus eſt pater*, People of Birth, Patricians ; *quibus eſt res*, they, who have Wealth, and are therefore diſtinguiſhed from Knights and Patricians. DAC.

251. *Syllaba longa, &c.*] The next twelve Lines contain a Kin

of

Yet while they ſtrive the ſame Succeſs to gain,
Should find their Labour, and their Hopes are vain:
Such Grace can Order and Connexion give;
Such Beauties common Subjects may receive.
Let not the Wood-born Satyr fondly ſport
With amorous Verſes, as if bred at Court;
Nor yet with wanton Jeſts, in mirthful Vein,
Debaſe the Language and pollute the Scene,
For what the Croud with laviſh Rapture praiſe,
In better Judges cold Contempt ſhall raiſe.

Rome

of Proſody for the Latin Meaſures fit for Tragedy. The Tranſlator, deſpairing of making them intelligible to an Engliſh Reader, or pleaſing to one who underſtands the Original, never attempted to tranſlate them. He has, beſides, the Example of Lord Roſcommon and Mr. Oldham, to plead in his Excuſe. However, the Notes may be not unuſeful.

252. *Pes citus*] An Iambic is one ſhort and one long Syllable. To this Form it owes its Rapidity, and although an Iambic Verſe really conſiſts of ſix feet, yet it is called Trimetre; the Swiftneſs of it making it but three Meaſures in Scanning, and Pronunciation.

254. *Primus ad extremum.*] Pure Iambics, without Mixture of any other Meaſure; as this Line, *Suis & ipſa Roma viribus ruit.*

255. *Tardior ut paulò graviorque.*] The Poets mixed Spondees to correct the Swiftneſs of the Iambics, and to make them more agreeable to the Gravity of Tragedy. Horace calls the Spondees *ſtabiles*, becauſe, as they conſiſt of two long Syllables, they ſupport themſelves equally. DAC.

257. *Non ut de ſede ſecundâ.*] The Iambics yield only the odd Places to the Spondee, the firſt, third, and fifth; but preſerves the ſecond, fourth and ſixth for itſelf. This Mixture renders the Verſe more noble, and it may be ſtill called *trimetre*, the ſecond Foot being Iambic. The comic Poets, better to diſguiſe their Verſe, and make it appear more like common Converſation, inverted the tragic Order, and put Spondees in the even Places. DAC.

258. *Socialiter.*] Like Friends, to whom all Things are in common.

259 *Nobilibus trimetris.*] Horace blames Ennius and Accius for neglecting this Mixture of Spondees with Iambics, and for making their Verſes hard and heavy by ill-placing the Spondees, or by having too many of them. *Nobilibus trimetris* is ſpoken ironically DAC.

260. *In ſcenam miſſus,*] Is the Reading of ſeveral Manuſcripts.

Et data Romanis venia eſt indigna poetis.
Idcircone vager, ſcribamque licenter? an omnes
Viſuros peccata putem mea; tutus & intra
Spem veniæ cautus? Vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.
At veſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
Laudavere ſales; nimiùm patienter utroſque
(Non dicam ſtultè) mirati: ſi modò ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto,
Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus & aure.
Ignotum tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camenæ
Dicitur, & plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis
Qui

Our Poet ſays, the Verſes of Ennius and Accius were ſo heavy with a Weight of Spondees, that they could not walk of themſelves, and were therefore puſhed upon the Stage. They diſhonoured their Author, and ſhewed, that he was either too haſty and had not given himſelf Time to faſhion his Poem; or, which is yet more ſhameful, that he had offended againſt the Rules of an Art, which he did not underſtand.

266. *Intra ſpem veniæ cautus.*] Mr. Dacier ſtrangely explains theſe Words, when he pretends, that *intra ſpem veniæ* means *extra ſpem, ſine ſpe veniæ.* He quotes a Paſſage in Florus, *intra gloriam fuit*, which is directly againſt him. The Hiſtorian, ſpeaking of Horatius, who killed his Siſter, ſays *Citavere leges nefas; ſed abſtulit virtus parricidam, & facinus intra gloriam fuit. The Valour of the Murderer covered whatever was criminal in his Action, and made it be conſidered only on the glorious Side.* Mr. Dacier's Miſtake aroſe from his believing, that *intra* always ſignifies, on this Side. BENT.

270. *At veſtri proavi.*] This Reading is of the firſt Editions and the greater Number of Manuſcripts. The Poets ſpeaks to the Piſoes, and prevents an Objection they might poſſibly make.

271. *Nimium patienter utroſque.*] Mr. Cuningham very well ſaw, that the Conſtruction and Uſage of Latin Authors required this Correction, and that after *numeros & ſales*, which are both in the plural Number, and in the maſculine Gender, we ſhould read *utroſque* inſtead of *utrumque.*

272. *Non*

Rome to her Poets too much Licence gives,
Nor the rough Cadence of their Verſe perceives;
But ſhall I then with careleſs Spirit write?
No—— let me think my Faults ſhall riſe to Light,
And then a kind Indulgence will excuſe
The leſs important Errours of the Muſe.
Thus, though perhaps I may not merit Fame,
I ſtand ſecure from Cenſure and from Shame.

Make the Greek Authors your ſupreme Delight;
Read them by Day, and ſtudy them by Night. ——
"And yet our Sires with Joy could Plautus hear,
"Gay were his Jeſts, his Numbers charm'd their Ear."
Let me not ſay too laviſhly they prais'd,
But ſure their Judgement was full cheaply pleas'd:
If You, or I, with Taſte are haply bleſt,
To know a clowniſh from a courtly Jeſt;
If ſkillful to diſcern, when form'd with Eaſe
The modulated Sounds are taught to pleaſe.

Theſpis, Inventor of the tragic Art,
Carried his vagrant Players in a Cart:

High

272. *Non dicam ſtultè.*] This little Alteration, which is of Manuſcript-Authority, ſoftens the Judgement, that Horace gives of Plautus, and it is therefore of Importance. The common Reading, *ne dicam ſtultè mirati*, has raiſed a violent Quarrel among the Commentators on theſe two Authors, to ſupport the Cenſure of one, or ſave the Honour of the other. Plautus had many Excellencies; his Language is of exceeding Purity; his Wit, in Cicero's Opinion, is eaſy, and polite. Yet he had his Faults; his Pleaſantries are not ſeaſoned with that Delicacy, which gives a true Value to Wit; his Jeſts are often low, cold and indecent; his Verſification is unequal, and his Meaſures not perfectly chaſte. Yet his Faults were treated with much Indulgence. Was this owing to the Stupidity of the Age? I ſhall be very cautious of making ſuch an Aſſertion, ſays Horace, *non dicam ſtultè*. Let me only ſay, that his Beauties prejudiced the World in his Favour. SAN.

274. *Digitis callemus & aure.*] The Reader may ſee the Note on the eleventh Line of the Carmen Seculare.

276. *Vexiſſe poemata.*] Theſpis has the Honour of inventing

Qui canerent agerentque, peruncti fæcibus o:a :
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Succeſſit vetus his comœdia, non ſine multâ
Laude : ſed in vitium libertas excidit, ac vim
Dignam lege regi : lex eſt accepta ; choruſque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.
Nil intentatum noſtri liquere poetæ ;
Nec minimum meruere decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta,
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.
Nec virtute foret clariſve potentius armis,
Quàm linguâ, Latium, ſi non offenderet unum-
quemque poetarum limæ labor & mora. Vos, ô
Pompilius ſanguis, carmen reprendite, quod non
Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque
Præſectum decies non caſtigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium miſerâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit ſanos Helicone poetas

Demo-

Tragedy, becauſe he made ſome remarkable Improvements in it. He firſt relieved the Chorus, when fatigued with ſinging, with an Actor, who recited the Adventures of ſome illuſtrious Perſon ; and he afterwards added a ſecond Player and formed the Dialogue. Theſe Improvements are expreſſed by *canerent agerentque poemata* ; one marks the Chorus, which he found eſtabliſhed ; the other means the Actors, whom he added. SAN.

278. *Perſonæ.*] Ariſtotle tells us, that it was not known in his Time by whom the Maſk was invented.

281. *Succeſſit vetus his comœdia.*] When Tragedy had arrived at ſome Degree of Perfection, the Poets began to cultivate Comedy, which before lay neglected. But as they indulged to the moſt exceſſive Licentiouſneſs, ſuch as expoſing the Magiſtrates on the Stage by their Names, or by Maſks painted like them, Lamachus made the firſt Reformation among them, and Alexander the Great a ſecond. One gave Birth to the middle Comedy ; the other to the new, in which the Chorus was no longer allowed, *turpiter obticuit.*

High o'er the Croud the mimic Tribe appear'd,
And play'd and ſung, with Lees of Wine beſmear'd.
Then Æſchylus a decent Vizard us'd,
Built a low Stage; the flowing Robe diffus'd:
In Language more ſublime his Actors rage,
And in the graceful Buſkin tread the Stage.
And now the comic Muſe again appear'd,
Nor without Pleaſure and Applauſe was heard;
But ſoon, her Freedom riſing to Exceſs,
The Laws were forc'd her Boldneſs to ſuppreſs,
And, when no longer licens'd to defame,
She ſunk to Silence with Contempt and Shame.
No Path to Fame our Poets left untry'd;
Nor ſmall their Merit, when with conſcious Pride
They ſcorn'd to take from Greece the ſtoried Theme,
And dar'd to ſing their own domeſtic Fame,
With Roman Heroes fill the tragic Scene,
Or ſport with Humour in the comic Vein.
Nor had the Miſtreſs of the World appear'd
More fam'd for Conqueſt, than for Wit rever'd,
Did we not hate the neceſſary Toil
Of ſlow Correction, and the painful File.
Illuſtrious Youths, with juſt Contempt receive,
Nor let the hardy Poem hope to live,
Where Time and full Correction don't refine
The finiſh'd Work, and poliſh every Line.

Becauſe

288. *Vel qui prætextas.*] *Togatæ*, when uſed alone, ſignifies any theatrical Piece, of which the Subject or Plot was taken from a Roman Story, as *palliatæ* ſignified the ſame among the Greeks. But when *prætextæ* is ſet in Oppoſition to *togatæ*, the firſt means Tragedy, and the ſecond Comedy, becauſe the *prætexta* was a Robe worn only by the firſt Perſons of the Commonwealth, but the *toga* was the ordinary Habit of the common People.

294. *Præfectum decies.*] A metaphor taken from Statuaries, who

Democritus ; bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam : ſecreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciſcetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile nunquam
Tonſori Licino commiſerit. O ego lævus,
Qui purgor bilem verni ſub temporis horam !
Non alius faceret meliora poemata. Verùm
Nil tanti eſt. Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.
Munus & officium, nîl ſcribens ipſe, docebo ;
Unde parentur opes ; quid alat formetque poetam ;
Quid deceat, quid non ; quò virtus, quò ferat error.
Scribendi rectè, ſapere eſt & principium & fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ :
Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur.
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis ;
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hoſpes ;

Quod

ran their Nail over their Work, to try whether it were poliſhed. *It hath paſſed the Nail*, was a Grecian Proverb ; and we have already had *ad unguem factus homo*.

297. *Democritus.*] The bad Rhimers of our Poet's Days abuſed this Precept by underſtanding it literally. Ariſtotle tells us, that to ſucceed in Poetry, we muſt have either an excellent Genius, or be inſpired even to Madneſs. Nothing better ſhews the Sublimity of this Art, or better convinces us, what that Madneſs is, which an excellent Genius can ſupply. SAN.

300. *Si tribus Anticyris.*] There were really three Places of this Name, but ſome of them, perhaps, owe their Hellebore to the Poet's Pleaſantry of enlarging the Quantity for the Uſe of bad Rhimers.

301. *Tonſori Licino.*] Licinus was a famous Barber, whom Auguſtus made a Senator, to reward his Hatred for Pompey.

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet, at Cato nullo :
Pompeius parvo. Quis putet eſſe Deos ?

301. *O ego lævus.*] Since Madneſs makes a Poet, how unlucky have I been to purge away my Choler, and in the Spring eſpecially, when

Becauſe Democritus in Rapture cries
" Poems of Genius always bear the Prize
" From wretched Works of Art," and thinks that none
But brain-ſick Bards can taſte of Helicon;
So far his Doctrine o'er the Tribe prevails,
They dare not ſhave their Heads, or pare their Nails;
To dark Retreats and Solitude they run,
The Baths avoid, and public Converſe ſhun:
A Poet's Fame and Fortune ſure to gain,
If long their Beards, incurable their Brain.
Ah! luckleſs I! who purge in Spring my Spleen—
Elſe ſure the firſt of Bards had Horace been.
But ſhall I then, in mad Purſuit of Fame,
Reſign my Reaſon for a Poet's Name?
No; let me ſharpen others, as the Hone
Gives Edge to Razors, though itſelf has none.
Let me the Poet's Worth and Office ſhow,
And whence his true poetic Riches flow;
What forms his Genius, and improves his Vein;
What well or ill becomes each different Scene;
How high the Knowledge of his Art aſcends,
And to what Faults his Ignorance extends.
Good Senſe, that Fountain of the Muſe's Art,
Let the ſtrong Page of Socrates impart,
For if the Mind with clear Conceptions glow,
The willing Words in juſt Expreſſions flow.
The Poet, who with nice Diſcernment knows
What to his Country and his Friends he owes;
How various Nature warms the human Breaſt,
To love the Parent, Brother, Friend or Gueſt;

What

when it has a more powerful Effect, and would conſequently have made me a better Poet? DAC.

309. *Scribendi rectè.*] It is pleaſant enough that Horace, after giving

Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium ; quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis ; ille profectò
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctem imitatorem, & vivas hinc ducere voces.
Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte,
Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quàm verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.

Romani

giving us the Judgement of Democritus, propoſes good Senſe as the firſt Requiſite for a Poet, and ſends his Poet for that good Senſe to the Moral Writings of Plato and other Diſciples of Socrates ; for Socrates, as we are informed by Cicero, never wrote himſelf. This good Senſe is neceſſary to direct, and command that Madneſs of Inſpiration which Democritus required.

317. *Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque.*] By this Model of Life and Manners, Horace deſigns Nature, that only Original of all the different Manners we ſee on the Stage of the World. Therefore a good Imitator, a good Poet, when he draws a Character for the Stage, does not conſider how particular Perſons act, when inſpired by ſuch or ſuch Paſſions, but he enquires what they ought to do, or what Nature directs them to do. He paints after Nature, not after any particular Copy, which is often confuſed and imperfect. DAC.

318. *Vivas hinc ducere voces.*] This Reading is of all the Manuſcripts, and although Mr. Dacier rejects it, his laſt Note will explain and confirm it.

A Painter, who draws the Picture of a beautiful Woman after the moſt beautiful Life, cannot pretend to draw the Picture of Beauty. His Piece is only a Copy of another Piece, an Imitation of an Image, not of Life. He ſhould have conſulted the original Ideas of Beauty. Thus in Poetry ; a Poet, who would repreſent a Miſer, cannot be ſaid to draw the Character from the Life, if he paint only the Avarice of ſome ſingle Perſon. He ſhould caſt his Eye upon Nature, and contemplate her Idea of Avarice, for that is the true Original.

This Compariſon is taken from Mr. Dacier, though ſomewhat alter'd, and applied contrary to what the Critic intended it. As an

What the great Offices of Judges are,
Of Senators, of Generals ſent to War;
He ſurely knows, with nice, well-judging Art,
The Strokes, peculiar to each different Part.
Keep Nature's great Original in View,
And thence the living Images purſue;
For when the Sentiments and Diction pleaſe,
And all the Characters are wrought with Eaſe,
Your Play, though void of Beauty, Force and Art,
More ſtrongly ſhall delight, and warm the Heart,
Than where a lifeleſs Pomp of Verſe appears,
And with ſonorous Trifles charms our Ears.
To her lov'd Greeks the Muſe indulgent gave,
To her lov'd Greeks, with Greatneſs to conceive,
And in ſublimer Tone their Language raiſe ——
Her Greeks were only covetous of Praiſe.

Our

an additional Proof to this Reaſoning, let us hear our ingenious and critical Commentator. Truth, ſays he, may be followed too cloſely in Works of Imitation; that is, the Artiſt, attaching himſelf too cloſely to the ſcrupulous Exhibition of Particulars, fails of repreſenting the general Idea of the Kind: In which Senſe it is, that Demetrius, the Statuary, is reprehended, by a very good Judge, as being *nimius in veritate*. Quinctil. l. 12. c. 10. And a great Painter, Caravage, hath been alſo cenſured on the ſame Account. The ſame holds in Poetry, for—— in deviating from particular and partial, the Poet for faithfully imitates univerſal Truth.

319. *Specioſa locis.*] *Sentiments*; *common place Thoughts of moral Philoſophy.* A Comedy with fine Sentiments, and in which the Manners are juſtly marked, will ſucceed better than one, in which the Conduct is faultleſs and the Verſe is beautiful. But in Tragedy, the Manners and Sentiments are not ſo neceſſary as the Diſpoſition of the Fable. It may ſubſiſt without the Manners, but not without Action. DAC.

320. *Fabula, &c.*] *Fabula* does not mean the Fable, but the Play in general. *Arte* is the Art of expreſſing the Thoughts properly, gracefully and harmoniouſly. *Pondus* is the Force and Energy of good Verſification.

323. *Ore rotundo.*] Among the Greeks there are many Inſtances

Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini, ſi de quincunce remota eſt
Uncia, quid ſuperet? poterat dixiſſe, triens. Eu!
Rem poteris ſervare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. An, hæc animos ærugo & cura peculî
Quum ſemel imbuerit, ſperemus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda cedro, & levi ſervanda cupreſſu?
Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
Aut ſimul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
Quidquid præcipies, eſto brevis: ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis causâ ſint proxima veris;
Ne, quodcunque volet, poſcat ſibi fabula credi;
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

Cen-

ces of this *Rotundity of Expreſſion*. *An oratorial Period requires a round Mouth*. Ariſtophanes ſays of Euripides, *I enjoy the Rotundity of his Language*.

327. *Filius Albini.*] Albinus was a rich Uſurer. His Son is aſked, if you take one from five Ounces, how many remain? Another would have anſwered ſimply four Ounces; but the Boy, to ſhew himſelf a Maſter of Diviſion, ſays, there remains the Third of a Pound, *triens*. When he was aſked, If you add one to five Ounces, how many do they make? he might have ſaid, ſix Ounces; but he anſwers more learnedly, that one added to five makes half a Pound, *ſemis*.

There are Terms of ancient Arithmetic, which could not be made intelligible to an Engliſh Reader, and therefore the Tranſlator hath given the general Meaning of the Paſſage, by the Terms of modern Arithmetic Subtraction and Addition. The Original has been rendered difficult by a Number of Errors in the Text, which are here corrected by the beſt Manuſcripts and Editions.

332. *Linenda cedro.*] To preſerve their Books, the Ancients rubbed them with Oil of Cedar, and kept them in Caſes of Cypreſs, becauſe this Wood was leſs liable to Corruption. NAN.

338. *Ficta*

Our Youth, Proficients in a nobler Art,
Divide a Farthing to the hundredth Part;
Well done, my Boy, the joyful Father cries,
Addition and Subtraction make us wiſe.

But when the Ruſt of Wealth pollutes the Soul,
And money'd Cares the Genius thus controul,
How ſhall we dare to hope, that diſtant Times
With Honour ſhould preſerve our lifeleſs Rhimes?

Poets would profit or delight Mankind,
And with the Pleaſing have th' Inſtructive join'd.
Short be the Precept, which with Eaſe is gain'd
By docile Minds, and faithfully retain'd.
If in dull Length your Moral is expreſt,
The tedious Wiſdom overflows the Breaſt.
Would you divert? the Probable maintain,
Nor force us to believe the monſtrous Scene,
Which ſhews a Child, by a fell Witch devour'd,
Drag'd from her Entrails, and to Life reſtor'd.

Grave

338. *Ficta voluptatis causâ.*] Our Author ſpeaks of comic Poets particularly. Fiction joined to Probability ſometimes makes a greater Impreſſion than Truth itſelf. A Poet, ſays Ariſtotle, may repreſent Things as they might poſſibly have happened; an Hiſtorian muſt deſcribe the very Facts. SAN.

329. *Ne quodcunque volet.*] *Fabula* here means Comedy, and the Poet ſays, that Comedy ought not to expect we ſhould truſt it with whatſoever it demands; an Expreſſion, by which he would ſay, that a Poet ſhould not bring into a Comedy all thoſe Incidents the Subject might poſſibly ſupply, or ſeem to demand. *Ne*, inſtead of *nec*, is of the beſt Manuſcripts and Editions. BENT. SAN.

340. *Lamiæ*] Were Spectres, who under the Form of beautiful Women firſt debauched young People, and then devoured them. Such Chimæras have been invented in all Ages and Countries, which Nurſes and Mothers have made uſe of to frighten Children. A Cuſtom attended with moſt unhappy Conſequences. Nothing is more capable of diſordering their tender Minds, and of making Impreſſions of Horrour on them, which they feel their whole Lives. SAN.

Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poemata Ramnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Soſiis, hic & mare tranſit,
Et longum noto ſcriptori prorogat ævum.
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignoviſſe velimus:
Nam neque chorda ſonum reddit, quem vult manus ac mens;
Poſcentique gravem perſæpe remittit acutum:
Nec ſemper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.
Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo eſt?
Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſque,
Quamvis eſt monitus, veniâ caret; ut citharœdus
Ridetur, chordâ qui ſemper oberrat eâdem:
Sic mihi qui multùm ceſſat, fit Chœrilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum riſu miror; & idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verùm operi longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.

Ut

343. *Omne tulit punctum.*] Alluding to the Manner of voting at the Comitia by putting a Point over the Name of a Candidate.

352. *Quas aut incuria fudit.*] We may ſay of Works, as of Men, *vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur, optimus ille, qui minimis urgetur.* But there are Negligences, as Longinus obſerves, rather than Faults, which eſcape the beſt Authors while they are in Purſuit of ſomewhat great, and cannot deſcend to a Care or Concern for Trifles.

359. *Indignor quandoque, &c.*] Faults are as rare in Homer, as Beauties in Chœrilus. We laugh at the accidental Beauties of a bad Poet, and wonder by what ſtrange Chance he happened to write ſo many good Lines; but we are angry when a good Poet happens to ſlumber over his Work.

It were to be wiſhed, when a bad Author has any lucky Verſes, that the next good Writer on the ſame Subject would take them

Grave Age approves the Solid and the Wiſe;
Gay Youth from too auſtere a Drama flies;
Profit and Pleaſure, then, to mix with Art,
T' inform the Judgement, nor offend the Heart,
Shall gain all Votes; to Bookſellers ſhall raiſe
No trivial Fortune, and acroſs the Seas
To diſtant Nations ſpread the Writer's Fame,
And with immortal Honours crown his Name.

Yet there are Faults, that we may well excuſe,
For oft the Strings th' intended Sound refuſe;
In vain his tuneful Hand the Maſter tries,
He aſks a Flat, and hears a Sharp ariſe;
Nor always will the Bow, though fam'd for Art,
With Speed unerring wing the threatening Dart.

But where the Beauties more in Number ſhine,
I am not angry, when a caſual Line
(That with ſome trivial Faults unequal flows)
A careleſs Hand, or human Frailty ſhows.
But as we ne'er thoſe Scribes with Mercy treat,
Who, though advis'd, the ſame Miſtakes repeat;
Or as we laugh at him, who conſtant brings
The ſame rude Diſcord from the jarring Strings;
So, if ſtrange Chance a Chœrilus inſpire
With ſome good Lines, with Laughter I admire;
Yet hold it for a Fault I can't excuſe,
If honeſt Homer ſlumber o'er his Muſe;
And yet, perhaps, a kind indulgent Sleep
O'er Works of Length allowably may creep.

Poems

them from him. He has no Right to them; they do not belong to him. The Public would certainly encourage ſo juſt a Scheme, ſince it is the only one that can poſſibly preſerve theſe Lines of good Luck to Poſterity.

360. *Verùm operi longo*] Is authoriſed by the firſt Editions and by

Ut pictura, poesis; erit quæ, si propiùs stes,
Te capiat magis; & quædam, si longiùs abstes.
Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.
O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paternâ
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium ac tolerabile rebus
Rectè concedi: consultus juris, & actor
Causarum mediocris abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantùm Cascellius Aulus,
Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:
Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,
Si paulùm summo decessit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis;

In-

by a greater Number of Manuscripts, than *opere in longo*. It is in itself more elegant.

361. *Ut pictura, poesis; erit, &c.*] Poetry, as well as Painting, hath its proper Light, and Point of View, in which alone its Effects can be distinguished; and as judicious Painters do not finish all the Figures of a Picture with equal Care, so Poets leave some Parts of a Poem less richly coloured, that the Reader may unbend his Attention, and be better prepared for Beauties more interesting, and more highly finished. One equal Brightness in a Picture, or one uninterrupted Shine of Thoughts in a Poem, would fatigue the strongest Admirer.

371. *Diserti Messalæ.*] Messala Corvinus, who inherited the Eloquence, as well as Courage of his Ancestors. A little before his Death he so lost his Memory, as to forget his own own Name.

Cascellius Aulus was a Roman Knight, one of the greatest Lawyers of his Time. But his having Courage to preserve his Liberty in an Age of universal Slavery, raises his Character with greater Honour,

Poems like Pictures are ; ſome charm when nigh,
Others at Diſtance more delight your Eye ;
That loves the Shade, this tempts a ſtronger Light,
And challenges the Critic's piercing Sight :
That gives us Pleaſure for a ſingle View ;
And this, ten times repeated, ſtill is new.
Although your Father's Precepts form your Youth,
And add Experience to your Taſte of Truth,
Of this one Maxim, Piſo, be aſſur'd,
In many Things a Medium is endur'd :
Who tries Meſſala's Eloquence in vain,
Nor can a knotty Point of Law explain
Like learn'd Caſcellius, yet may juſtly claim,
For Pleading or Advice, ſome Right to Fame ;
But God, and Man, and letter'd Poſt denies,
That Poets ever are of midling Size.
As jarring Muſic at a jovial Feaſt,
Or muddy Eſſence, or th' ungrateful Taſte
Of bitter Honey, ſhall the Gueſts diſpleaſe,
Becauſe they want not Luxuries like theſe ;
So Poems, form'd alone to give Delight,
Are deep Diſguſt, or Pleaſure to the Height.
The Man, who knows not how with Art to wield
The ſportive Weapons of the martial Field,

The

nour, than all his Wit and Learning. The Triumvirs, Lepidus, Antony and Auguſtus, could not compel him to draw up their Edict of Proſcription ; nor is it leſs glorious to Auguſtus, as Mr. Dacier well remarks, that a Man of ſuch a Spirit of Freedom ſhould be mentioned with Applauſe by a Poet of his Court.

373. *Non Dî, non conceſſere columnæ.*] No one knows an indifferent Poet, ſays an ancient Author, and we know very few good. Theſe Gods are Apollo, Bacchus and the Muſes, who preſided over Poetry, and theſe Columns are Pillars, around which the Bookſellers placed their Books intended for Sale. *Meos habeat neque pila libellos.*

375. *Sardo cum melle.*] Sardinia was full of bitter Herbs, from whence

Indoctuſque pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit ;
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impune coronæ :
Qui neſcit verſus, tamen audet fingere. Quid nî ?
Liber & ingenuus, præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ facies diceſve Minervâ :
Id tibi judicium eſt, ea mens. Si quid tamen olim
Scripſeris, in Metii deſcendat judicis aures,
Et patris, & noſtras ; nonumque prematur in annum,
Membranis intus poſitis. Delere licebit
Quod non edideris : neſcit vox miſſa reverti.
Sylveſtres homines ſacer interpreſque Deorum
Cædibus ac victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus ;
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidoſque leones.
Dictus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere ſono teſtudinis, & prece blandâ
Ducere quò vellet. Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis ;
Concubitu prohibere vago ; dare jura maritis ;

Oppida

whence the Honey was bitter. White Poppey-ſeed roaſted was mingled with Honey by the Ancients. Nan.

383. *Liber & ingenuus.*] Horace probably had in view ſome particular Knight, who fancied he could write Verſes, becauſe he was well-born and rich. This Opinion ſtill prevails, but is more ridiculous now, than in the Days of Horace. The greateſt Men among the Romans were not only Scholars, but Authors in all Kinds of Erudition. San.

385. *Tu nihil.*] From this Verſe to the End of his Poem, Horace treats of the principal Aſſiſtances, neceſſary for our Succeſs in Poetry ; Nature, Art, Application, and the Criticiſm of an intelligent Friend. San.

388. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*] Cinna was nine Years compoſing his Poem, called Smyrna ; Iſocrates was ten Years correcting his Panegyric. But Horace does not poſitively limit the Time, which depends on the Judgement and Labour of each Author ; for too much Correction may weaken the Force and enervate the Spirit of his Work. Dac.

The bounding Ball, round Quoit, or whirling Troque;
Will not the Laughter of the Croud provoke:
But every deſperate Blockhead dares to write ———
Why not? His Fortune's large to make a Knight;
The Man's free-born; perhaps, of gentle Strain;
His Character and Manners pure from Stain.

But Thou, dear Piſo, never tempt the Muſe,
If Wiſdom's Goddeſs ſhall her Aid refuſe;
And when you write, let candid Metius hear,
Or try your Labours on your Father's Ear,
Or even on mine; but let them not come forth,
'Till the ninth ripening Year mature their Worth.
You may correct what in your Cloſet lies:
The Word, once ſpoke, irrevocably flies.

The Wood-born Race of Men when Orpheus tam'd,
From Acorns and from mutual Blood reclaim'd,
This Prieſt divine was fabled to aſſuage
The Tiger's Fierceneſs, and the Lion's Rage.
Thus roſe the Theban Wall; Amphion's Lyre,
And ſoothing Voice the liſtening Stones inſpire.
Poetic Wiſdom mark'd, with happy Mean,
Public and private; ſacred and profane;
The wandering Joys of lawleſs Love ſuppreſt;
With equal Rites the wedded Couple bleſt;

Plan'd

391. *Sylveſtres homines*] Poets were the firſt Prieſts, Philoſophers, and Legiſlators. Orpheus is called the ſacred Interpreter of the Gods, becauſe he compoſed Hymns in Honour of them, and inſtructed Mankind in the Ceremonies of Religion.

398. *Maritis.*] Huſbands and Wives, who were equally obliged by the Laws to preſerve their Chaſtity inviolable.

Oppida moliri ; leges incidere ligno ;
Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. Poſt hoc inſignis Homerus
Tyrtæuſque mares animos in Martia bella
Verſibus exacuit. Dictæ per carmina ſortes,
Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt ; & gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis ; luduſque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis ; ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.
Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt. Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium : alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amicè.
Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer ; ſudavit & alſit ;
Abſtinuit Venere & Baccho. Qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque magiſtrum.
Nec ſatis eſt dixiſſe : Ego mira poemata pango :
Occupet extremum ſcabies : mihi turpe relinqui eſt,
Et, quod non didici, ſanè neſcire fateri.

Ut

399. *Leges incidere ligno.*] Solon wrote his Laws in Verſe, and began them with a Prayer to Jupiter to bleſs and make them obeyed. The firſt Laws among the Greeks were engraved on Wood ; thoſe of the Romans on Copper.

403. *Dictæ per carmina ſortes.*] Horace places Oracles in the firſt, but Ariſtophanes, with more Juſtice, in the ſecond Age of Poetry ; for they were earlier than Homer, and the Trojan War. Perhaps he means, that at firſt Oracles were delivered in Proſe, and afterwards in Verſe, which is true in Fact. DAC.

404. *Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt.*] If this be not underſtood of Phyſics, Horace idly repeats what he ſaid a little before. *Vita* for *Natura*. Empedocles wrote natural Philoſophy in Greek, as Lucretius did in Latin, Verſe. DAC. SAN.

408. *Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen.*] Horace does not forget the grand Queſtion, but determines, that Nature and Art ſhould be joined together. Nature gives Facility ; Art gives Method and

Plan'd future Towns, and inſtituted Laws:
So Verſe became divine, and Poets gain'd Applauſe.
Homer, Tyrtæus, by the Muſe inſpir'd,
To Deeds of Arms the martial Spirit fir'd.
In Verſe the Oracles divine were heard,
And Nature's ſecret Laws in Verſe declar'd;
Monarchs were courted in Pierian Strain,
And comic Sports reliev'd the wearied Swain;
Apollo ſings, the Muſes tune the Lyre,
Then bluſh not for an Art, which they inſpire.
'Tis long diſputed, whether Poets claim
From Art or Nature their beſt Right to Fame;
But Art, if not enrich'd by Nature's Vein,
And a rude Genius, of uncultur'd Strain,
Are uſeleſs both; but when in Friendſhip join'd,
A mutual Succour in each other find.
A Youth, who hopes th' Olympic Prize to gain,
All Arts muſt try, and every Toil ſuſtain;
Th' Extremes of Heat and Cold muſt often prove,
And ſhun the weakening Joys of Wine and Love.
Who ſings the Pythic Song, firſt learn'd to raiſe
Each Note diſtinct, and a ſtern Maſter pleaſe;
But now—— Since I can write the true Sublime,
Curſe catch the hindmoſt, cries the Man of Rhime.
What! in a Science own myſelf a Fool,
Becauſe, forſooth, I learn'd it not by Rule.

As

Safety, or, as Tully expreſſes it, Art is more certain than Nature. Art is never ſo perfect, as when it imitates Nature; and Nature never ſucceeds ſo well, as when it conceals Art. DAC.

414. *Pythia cantat tibicen.*] *Pythia cantica*, Songs like the Hymns, which were ſung in Honour of Apollo, by the Chorus in ſome Comedies. A Player, called Pythaules, played in the Interval, when the Chorus left off ſinging.

Bacche in this Line is of Manuſcript-Authority. It has more Elegance, and better agrees with *Venere*, than *vino*.

Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas;
Adſentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis.
Si verò eſt, unctum rectè qui ponere poſſit,
Et ſpondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
Litibus implicitum; mirabor, ſi ſciet inter-
noſcere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
Tu ſeu donaris, ſeu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad verſus factos tibi ducere plenum
Lætitiæ: clamabit enim: Pulchrè, bene, rectè!
Palleſcet; ſuper his etiam ſtillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem; ſaliet, tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo; ſic
Deriſor vero plus laudatore movetur.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Ac torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborent
An ſit amicitiâ dignus. Si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi ſub vulpe latentes,
Quinctilio ſi quid recitares: Corrige, ſodes,
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. Meliùs te poſſe negares,
Bis terque expertum fruſtra; delere jubebat,
Et malè formatos incudi reddere verſus.
Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere, malles,

Nil

434. *Reges dicuntur multis.*] Men are tried by Wine, ſays a Greek Poet, as Metals are by Fire. Tiberius made this drunken Proof of his Confidents.

438. *Quinctilio.*] The Reader may find his Character in the Notes on the twenty-fourth Ode of the firſt Book. *Recitares, jubebat, ſumebat*, are Terms, which ſhew, that he was dead, when this Poem was written.

441. *Formatos.*] This Correction conſiſts in an Alteration of only a ſingle Letter, and the Scholiaſts, by their Manner of explaining the Word, muſt certainly have found it in their Manuſcripts. *Tornatos incudi reddere* has two Metaphors, that cannot agree in the ſame Sentence,

As artful Criers, at a public Fair,
Gather the paſſing Croud to buy their Ware,
So wealthy Poets, when they deign to write,
To all clear Gains the Flatterer invite.
But if the Feaſt of Luxury they give,
Bail a poor Wretch, or from Diſtreſs relieve,
When the black Fangs of Law around him bend,
How ſhall they know a Flatterer from a Friend?

If e'er you make a Preſent, or propoſe
To grant a Favour; while his Boſom glows
With grateful Sentiments of Joy and Praiſe,
Never, ah! never let him hear your Lays;
Loud ſhall he cry, How elegant! how fine!
Turn pale with Wonder at ſome happier Line;
Diſtil the civil Dew from either Eye,
And leap and beat the Ground in Extacy.

As Hirelings, paid for their funereal Tear,
Outweep the Sorrows of a Friend ſincere,
So the falſe Raptures of a Flatterer's Art
Exceed the Praiſes of an honeſt Heart.

Monarchs, 'tis ſaid, with many a flowing Bowl
Search through the deep Receſſes of his Soul,
Whom for their future Friendſhip they deſign,
And put him to the Torture in his Wine;
So try, when-e'er you write, the deep Diſguiſe,
Beneath whoſe flattering Smiles a Renard lies.

Read to Quinctilius, and at every Line——
"Correct this Paſſage, Friend, and that refine."
Tell him, you tried it twice or thrice in vain——
"Haſte to an Anvil with your ill-form'd Strain,
"Or blot it out." But if you will defend
The favourite Folly, rather than amend,

tence, nor was a Work ever ſent to an Anvil becauſe it was not perfectly finiſhed by a Turner's Wheel.

Nîl ultra verbi, aut operæ inſumebat inanis,
Quin ſine rivali teque & tua ſolus amares.
Vir bonus ac prudens verſus reprendet inertes;
Culpabit duros; incomptis adlinet atrum
Tranſverſo calamo ſignum; ambitioſa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;
Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Ariſtarchus; non dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel, exceptumque ſiniſtrè.
Ut mala quem ſcabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana;
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent fugiuntque poetam
Qui ſapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique ſequuntur.
Hic dum ſublimes verſus ructatur, & errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum
Clamet, Io cives; non ſit qui tollere curet.
Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem;
Quî ſcis, an prudens huc ſe projecerit, atque

Servari

443. *Nîl ultra verbi.*] Mr. Cuningham found *nîl* in a Manuſcript, which muſt neceſſarily require *verbi* and *operæ inanis*. It is here received as more elegant, than the uſual *nullum ultra verbum aut operam inſumebat inanem*. We have another Inſtance of this Expreſſion, *nîl verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.*

450. *Ariſtarchus*] was a Critic, who wrote above fourſcore Volumes of Comments on the Greek Poets. His Criticiſms on Homer were ſo much eſteemed, that no Line was thought genuine until he had acknowledged it. He was ſurnamed the Prophet or Diviner, for his Sagacity.

452. *Deriſum ſemel, exceptumque ſiniſtrè.*] This Verſe will bear a double Signification; *When the Public ſhall once laugh at him*, or, *when the Flatterer ſhall make him ridiculous.* The Poet is here only talking of the Friend, who deceives this bad Poet with falſe Praiſe, not of the Treatment he ſhall receive from the Public.

Dac. San.

453. *Mala quem ſcabies.*] A Leproſy. *Regius morbus*, the Jaundice,

He'll ſay no more, no idle Toil employ ——
" Yourſelf unrival'd, and your Works enjoy."
A friendly Critic, when dull Lines move ſlow,
Or harſhly rude, will his Reſentment ſhow:
Will mark the blotted Pages, and efface
What is not poliſh'd to its higheſt Grace:
Will prune th' ambitious Ornaments away,
And teach you on th' Obſcure to pour the Day:
Will mark the doubtful Phraſe with Hand ſevere,
Like Ariſtarchus candid and ſincere:
Nor ſay, for Trifles why ſhould I diſpleaſe
The Man I love? for Trifles ſuch as theſe
To ſerious Miſchiefs lead the Man I love,
If once the Flatterer's Ridicule he prove.
From a mad Poet, whoſoe'er is wiſe,
As from a Leproſy or Jaundice flies;
Religious Madneſs in its zealous Strain,
Nor the wild Frenzy of a moon-ſtruck Brain,
Are half ſo dreadful; yet the Boys purſue him,
And Fools, unknowing of their Danger, view him.
But heedleſs wandering if our Man of Rhime,
Burſting with Verſes of the true Sublime,
Like Fowler, earneſt at his Game, ſhould fall
Into a Well or Ditch, and loudly call,
" Good Fellow-Citizens and Neighbours dear,
" Help a poor Bard"——not one of them will hear;
Or if, perchance, a ſaving Rope they throw,
I will be there and—— " Sirs, you do not know

dice, becauſe the Patient muſt live delicately, and like a King. *Fanaticus error*; the Prieſts of Bellona were properly called Fanatics, and becauſe they made a thouſand extravagant Contorſions in delivering their Oracles, the Word *Fanaticus* was afterwards uſed for *furioſus*. *Iracunda Diana*. Lunatics.

462. *Huc ſe projecerit.*] This Reading is of the moſt ancient Manuſcripts,

Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique poetæ
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Inſiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire poetis.
Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec ſemel hoc fecit; neque ſi retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, & ponet famoſæ mortis amorem.
Nec ſatis adparet, cur verſus factitet; utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triſte bidental
Moverit inceſtus: certè furit, ac velut urſus
Objectos caveæ valuit ſi frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris, hirudo.

nuſcripts, and ſuch is the Language of all good Authors. Bent. Cun. San

465. *Ardentem frigidus Ætnam inſiluit.*] *In cold Blood, deliberately.* Horace by playing on the Words *ardentem frigidus* would ſhew, that he did not believe the Story, and told it as one of the Traditions, which Poets may uſe without being obliged to vouch the Truth of them. The Pleaſantry continues when he ſays, it is Murder to hinder a Poet from killing himſelf.

471. *An triſte bidental.*] What Crime muſt that Man have committed, whom the Gods in Vengeance have poſſeſſed with a Madneſs of writing Verſes? *Bidental* was a Place ſtruck with Lightning, which the Auſpices purified and conſecrated with a Sacrifice of a Sheep, *bidental.* It was an Act of Sacrilege ever to remove the Bounds of it, *movere bidental.*

" But he fell in on purpoſe, and, I doubt,
" Will hardly thank you, if you pull him out."
Then will I tell Empedocles's Story,
Who nobly fond of more than mortal Glory,
Fond to be deem'd a God, in madding Fit
Plung'd in cold Blood in Ætna's fiery Pit.
Let Bards be licens'd then themſelves to kill;
'Tis Murder to preſerve them 'gainſt their Will.
But more than once this Frolick he hath play'd,
Nor, taken out, will he be wiſer made,
Content to be a Man; nor will his Pride
Lay ſuch a glorious Love of Death aſide.
Nor is it plain for what more horrid Crime
The Gods have plagu'd him with this Curſe of Rhime;
Whether his Father's Aſhes he diſdain'd,
Or hallow'd Ground with Sacrilege prophan'd:
Certain he's mad, and like a baited Bear,
If he hath Strength enough his Den to tear,
With all the Horrours of a deſperate Muſe
The Learned and Unlearned he purſues.
But if he ſeize you, then the Torture dread,
He faſtens on you 'till he read you dead,
And like a Leech, voracious of his Food,
Quits not his cruel Hold, 'till gorg'd with Blood.

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